

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

THE MIRROR

DECEMBER

© M-M 2/47 BY R
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

15

ETTE GODDARD
PAUL HESSE

Hits of the Month: BETTY HUTTON, LT. ROBERT TAYLOR, KATHRYN GRAYSON, FRANK SINATRA
BOB HOPE, HERO WITHOUT UNIFORM—by Ed Sullivan



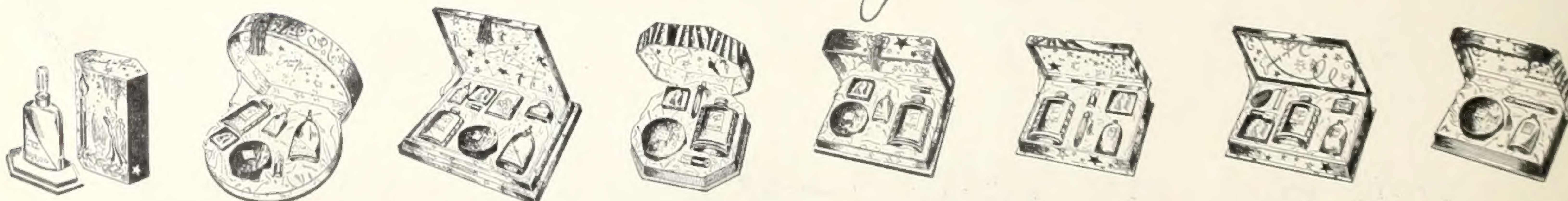
To Ellen—with Love!

One girl loves a soldier . . .
one loves a sailor . . . one loves
a lad in the Marines. But, they all
adore the gift which says,
"You're first in my heart."

Typical of the gorgeous
Evening in Paris gift sets.
Set illustrated sells at
\$2.95 plus tax.



Evening in Paris **BOURJOIS**



Evening in Paris gift sets to thrill her heart . . . and priced to suit every pocketbook . . . \$1.00 to \$15.00 (all prices plus tax)

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

the world applauds
a lovely smile!



Life can be brighter when your smile is right. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

BE LIGHT-HEARTED, Plain Girl—and smile! The best things in life don't always go to the girl who is prettiest. You can be a winner. You can find fun—and romance too, *if your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a hesitant smile, timid and self-conscious—but a warm, flashing smile that makes heads

turn, hearts beat faster. But remember, a smile like that depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft foods. And, as so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, is designed to aid the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



She's sitting pretty—the girl with the bright, flashing smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile sparkling!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Whether or not you care about that hick town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.



The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "Du Barry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.



"Girl Crazy" is about to tread the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

As for us—we've always been on the M-G-M bandwagon.



—Lea

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

DECEMBER, 1943

VOL. 24, NO. 1

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COVER: Paulette Goddard, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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It all starts when Dick disguises himself as a poor guy to get true-to-life material for his and Franchot's Sudsy Suds radio program.



It's love at first bite when he meets Mary in her diner. She takes him in as an on-the-cuff boarder.



Her scrappy family is a riot—particularly Pop Victor Moore's handy household inventions including the disappearing bologna and the spiral staircase eggs—



And the kid sister who gets herself up as a grown-up to go on the make for Dick—



And every night Dick phones in a blow-by-blow report of the family feuds—and a kiss-by-kiss report of his romance with Mary—and Franchot puts it on the air!



Tone falls in love with his unseen radio heroine and puts on the dog—the wolf!—to chisel in on his pal's romance, while Dick still has to make like he's out of a job!



Dick even stages a phony air raid alarm to keep the folks from hearing themselves on the air—



But when Pop joins the plot to broadcast Mary's big three-way love scene—comes the pay-off, comes fireworks, comes a hep-py comedy you'll roar at.

Paramount's "TRUE TO LIFE" Starring
Mary MARTIN • Franchot TONE • Dick POWELL • Victor MOORE
 with Mabel Paige • William Demarest • Directed by George Marshall

Hear these tunes by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer • "The Old Music Master" • "Mister Pollyanna" • "There She Was"
 Screen Play by Don Hartman and Harry Tugend

Below: Dashing duet, starring dual birthday celebraters Donald O'Connor, wearing his furs, and Peggy Ryan, wearing her smile



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINE



The girl guests fell for the kiddie cars. For example, Judy Garland



Right: Gloria Jean, who's romped her way through the O'Connor-Jean-Ryan films, had the right steer

Romance Lane—With Detours: Veronica Lake's husband, Major John Detlie, sold the Seattle home he provided for his wife and baby and both parties admit a divorce is imminent. Meanwhile, Veronica is comforting Photoplay cover photographer Paul Hesse who recently lost his beauteous wife, Elyse Knox, through the divorce courts. Incidentally, John Payne declares those rumors that he and Elyse are engaged are much too premature. Football star Tom Harmon, who left for the wars with the image of lovely Elyse in his heart, can't be reached for a statement. Elyse only smiles and says nothing. Which proves she's not only a beauteous but a smart girl. . . .

Mickey Rooney gets in Mickey Rooney's way even in affairs of the heart. The real reason behind the Rooney-Helen Mueller romance blues is that Helen is perfectly willing to listen to Rooney's pleas if only he'd keep his dates. Mickey, who does as he pleases when he pleases, has a habit of not showing up for dates, which can be death to any romance. Ava Gardner, who has received her Reno divorce from Mickey, expects, one hears, to marry millionaire Howard Hughes. But then, at one time or another everyone in Hollywood has expected to wed Mr. Hughes, it seems. . . .

Which reminds Cal how loudly Livvie de Havilland laughed at the news that Lana Turner had walked out of a Hughes romance to marry Stephen Crane. "I can see Howard's face," she laughed. We imagined, from the tone, Livvie was getting a kick out of Mr. Hughes's supposed jilting.

Captain Martha Raye treks to Mexico to divorce Captain Neal Lang in order to marry dancer Nick Condos. This will be Martha's third. . . .

With the announcement of Edna Skelton's engagement to Lt. Donald Zepfel, stationed at Oakland, a mystery that has puzzled even blasé Hollywood has solved itself—namely, just whom did Red Skelton love, his ex-wife Edna or his girl friend Muriel Morris? The three were always together at both professional and social engagements. Edna will continue on as Red's business manager and script writer. Muriel doesn't mind. But will Lt. Zepfel, one wonders? . . .

(Continued on page 6)

Kidder about the kiddie cars was Jane Withers, who came for fun, ended up by giving everyone lots of it



WHAT A GAL IS
Alice
FAYE

**HAIL!
HAIL!**



SOUND THE ALARM MEN
FOR *Carmen*
MIRANDA



LAUGH YOUR FILL
WITH *Phil*
BAKER



LET YOUR CHEERS RING
FOR THE KING OF SWING
Benny
GOODMAN
and his Orchestra

**The
Gang's
All Here**
in Technicolor!

The
Musical
Wonder
Show of
the Year!

with
Eugene PALLETTE · Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON · Tony DE MARCO

Directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY** · Produced by **WILLIAM LE BARON**

Screen Play by **Walter Bullock** · Based on a Story by **Nancy Winstler, George Root, Jr. and Tom Bridges**

WHAT A GANG
OF SONG HITS!

"The Polka Dot Polka"
"No Love, No Nothin'"
"A Journey To A Star"
"Paducah"
"The Lady In The Tutti
Frutti Hat"
"You Discover You're
in New York"
"Minnie's In The Money"
"Silent Senorita"
by **Leo Robin**
and **Harry Warren**

*Watch
for this great hit
from*

20th CENTURY-FOX
MAKERS OF MUSICAL MIRACLES—
AND OF THESE GREAT COMING HITS

Richard Tregaskis' **"GUADALCANAL DIARY"**

ORSON WELLES · JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's **"JANE EYRE"**

Franz Werfel's **"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"** introducing **JENNIFER JONES**

BETTY GRABLE · JOE E. BROWN · MARTHA RAYE in **"PIN-UP GIRL"** in Technicolor

WENDELL WILLKIE'S epochal **"ONE WORLD"**

The sweeping powerful **"WILSON"**

GLORIFYING THE ROMANTIC PIONEER SPIRIT OF AMERICA



Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity . . . a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism . . . immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved . . . brought to pulse-quicken life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!



JOHN WAYNE • MARTHA SCOTT
ALBERT DEKKER

IN OLD OKLAHOMA

Based on Thomson Burtis' Story "War of the Wildcats" with

Marjorie **RAMBEAU**
George "Gabby" **HAYES**
Grant **WITHERS**



BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS

IT'S A
Republic
PICTURE



This gentleman might be proposing to his girl—but it so happens he's married to her: The Robert Walkers

(Continued from page 4)

Betty Hutton went to New York and lost her heart to radio writer Charles Martin, the same Martin who once was romantically linked with Joan Crawford. At the New York station when Betty was preparing to leave for Hollywood, Martin secretly handed Betty a small box. Her eyes grew bright with anticipation. "Oh, Charles," she murmured as she unwrapped the package and suddenly stood transfixed at the contents. It was a box of clippings on Texas Guinan, the role Betty will play next in movies. . . .

Edgar Bergen, Charley McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd and Anne Shirley are a constant foursome these days. In fact, all three think Anne pretty wonderful. So many beaus do, however.

Hollywood This Month in Review: Stephen Crane came back to civilian life and his wife, Lana Turner. Stephen "failed to meet physical qualifications," according to his honorable discharge.

Maria Montez lifted her glass of wine in a farewell toast to her handsome husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, who left, after completing "The Cross Of Lorraine" to join the Free French forces overseas.

Henry Fonda arrived in town after a cruise. He's now a Lieutenant (J. G.). We glimpsed him at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios chatting with old friends. He seemed more sad-eyed than ever. Incidentally, the Fonda paternity suit, due for trial, may be dropped completely. In any event, Hollywood expects Henry to be completely exonerated.

Joel McCrea is saying farewell to movies for the duration after "Buffalo Bill," putting the temptation of his weekly salary behind him. Joel will accept a Government job.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



This gentleman might be holding his wife—and it so happens he is: Cheryl Walker and Dr. Jay Combe

Errol Flynn, 'tis said, is rewriting his book, changing the tenses from first to third and taking out some of the sting. His studio's suggestion, we hear. Saw Errol in Warners' Green Room the other day at luncheon. He sat quite alone, staring into some far-off space. Someone hinted, despite the fortune he's earned at Warner Brothers in the past few years, Flynn is hard put to it due to heavy drains on his finances.

Jane Wyman and husband, Captain Ronald Reagan, gave a party for Frank Sinatra who sat quietly and unobtrusively in a corner until someone said, "Sing, Frankie," and Frankie sang. That was all. Nothing else happened. Mr. Sinatra has left Hollywood to gather up wife and child for his return in November.

Director Walter Lang and his wife threw an old-fashioned box lunch "social" for Coast Guardsman Cesar Romero, who looks mighty different in his sailor suit. The girls (and why not try this yourself, hostesses) were asked by Mrs. Lang to bring a box or basket lunch, enough for two people. Then every girl and boy was given a number and at a signal the boy found the girl with his corresponding number and they ate her lunch together. Not a bad idea.

Parties are attended mainly by war widows—Ann Sothern whose husband, Bob Sterling, is in camp in Texas; Dolores Hope—while Bob was in Africa; and Mary Benny, whose husband Jack Benny was also abroad entertaining our boys; Annabella, whose Tyrone is in camp, and many others. They sit and talk about their absent spouses.

(Continued on page 8)



TURN ON
THE FUN!

A HEAT WAVE OF
WONDERFUL **GIRLS!**
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and
ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TORRIFIC!

MAE WEST ★ **VICTOR MOORE** ★ **WILLIAM GAXTON**
With **LESTER ALLEN** • **ALAN DINEHART** • **LLOYD BRIDGES**
Screen Play by Fitzroy Davis, George S. George & Fred Schiffer • Directed by Gregory Ratoff
A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

HAZEL SCOTT
TICKLING THE IVORIES
AS ONLY SHE CAN

XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.

SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA...HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!

The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA...starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THIS COLUMBIA PICTURE



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Sailor side of the picture: Susan Peters and Richard Quine, having a Mocambo date, get an over-the-shoulder visit from Gig Young...

...while Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero, across the Mocambo floor, get a look at the people who are busy looking at them



(Continued from page 6)

Ginger Rogers, luckier than most, used to be able to take her Marine husband, Jack Briggs, with her. However, Jackie has now been ordered overseas.

Not long ago they attended the Ray Milland party together and sat quite alone at a table in one corner of the patio. When friends joined them, Ginger and Jackie went right on cooing. Funny thing, too, but Ginger and Jackie left the party apparently for good and ten minutes later, to the hostess's amazement, rang the Milland bell and returned to the party. Still to sit alone.

One-Sentence Fact: Donald O'Connor has been deferred from the draft for six months at his studio's request.

Lon McCallister, now making "Home In Indiana," has until December first to report for duty.

Betty Grable (Mrs. Harry James), who has announced a coming event for next spring, will be a mighty pretty pin-up mama.

Lou Costello walked sixty steps for his mother on her sixtieth birthday.

Teresa Wright, down to eighty-nine pounds, has all Hollywood concerned over her health.

Nancy Coleman married Whitney Bolton, former publicity head of her studio, Warner Brothers.

Susan Peters will wed Richard Quine of the Coast Guard the minute his divorce is final.

Lynn Bari and Sid Luft, test pilot, who will marry in November, are the in-lovest couple in town.

Dinah Shore is considered the most regular star in Hollywood.

Kay Francis has never yet learned to pronounce the letter "R."

Lucille Ball's tomatoes won first prize in the Valley Garden Show.

Now, Now, No Quarreling: Those little feuds, that add even more spice to our curried chicken out here, have been gently popping up again. When Paulette Goddard, for example, heard Paramount had redone Dottie Lamour's dressing room as a surprise, she insisted upon being surprised, too. Good and surprised, what's more. So Paramount agreed and redid Paulette's dressing room in a Mexican motif while the actress was on another visit to old Meh-hee-co. . . .

It got pretty warm over on the "Ten Percent Woman" set, too, between Roz Russell and her leading man, Brian Aherne. It seems during one of Roz's scenes, Brian crossed and recrossed his legs before the camera, thereby stealing the scene.

Out of the corner of her eye Roz caught it and finally snapped, "Just (Continued on page 10)



..NOT FOR
this
GIRL FRIDAY!

A wartime Washington whirl of fun... with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss... in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!



It's from that *romantic*
Ladies Home Journal serial
by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland
in **GOVERNMENT GIRL**
Sonny Tufts



ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER • JAMES DUNN • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HARRY DAVENPORT • IRA D'CONNOR • SIG ROMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The millionth man to enter the Hollywood Canteen gets a million top-star wishes: Sergeant Earl Bell, surrounded by beauties Turner, Durbin and Dietrich



Hollywood Canteeners had a celebration picnic; everyone had a wonderful time. Threesome at the left caught in the act of being happy: Jinx Falkenburg, John Garfield and Ann Rutherford

(Continued from page 8)
how long were you with Ziegfeld, Brian?"

That stopped it. . . .

Those who hoped for a good old spanking feud between Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra were doomed to disappointment. The two had never been introduced the day they literally bumped into each other in the halls of NBC.

Both stopped. Bing looked Frankie up and down with a healthy curiosity.

"How ya, Frankie?" he said.

"How ya, Bing?" Frankie answered.

And with a smile each went on his way.

And that, in the words of the poet, was that.

Jottings: Carole Landis waited six weeks in New York for her husband, Captain Thomas A. Wallace, to arrive from England on leave and then, the minute he got here, Twentieth Century-Fox began screaming for Carole to come home for a movie. Always the way, isn't it?

What's happened to Diana Barrymore, the town asks. Starting off like

a four-alarm fire, Diana, who took third billing to Louise Allbritton and Robert Paige in "Fired Wife," has quieted down to a mere ash.

Personally, we feel Diana was badly handled—having been given too prominent roles for a beginner. Because her name was Barrymore everyone expected her to perform like a Barrymore. Maybe with a new start and more stage experience and less trying to outdo her famous father in his famous didoes, Diana will someday come back to Hollywood and show everybody. . . .

Hollywood Family: Few people in Hollywood realized that Mrs. de Havilland, mother of Olivia and Joan Fontaine, had theatrical aspirations until she collapsed at a rehearsal of "Arsenic and Old Lace" and was rushed to a hospital. Mrs. de Havilland has appeared in several local amateur plays.

Joan, herself, has had a miserable time during the filming of "Frenchman's Creek" and spent many vital days of shooting away from the set—some said with sinus, others said with nervousness and some claimed, oddly

enough, it was fear that ailed Joan. It seems Joan was seized with a conviction she was bad in the part and so built up the idea in her mind it was necessary for Olivia to rush over to comfort and bolster up her sister. Sometimes an Academy Award brings on as much grief as pleasure. That constant striving to reach the coveted heights again can wreck nerves and shatter faith in one's self and one's studio.

Whatever it is, this now renowned family keeps everyone guessing. 'Tis said Livvie's return to night life in the company of Major Anatole Litvak is an avenue to forgetfulness since Livvie's beau, Captain John Huston has gone overseas. Some say Livvie has tried desperately to get overseas as an entertainer to be near Huston. The suggestion comes to Cal that Livvie can begin right at home as an entertainer at some of our camps here.

Franklin or? Very casually Mr. Ronald Colman turned to the doorman on the "Kismet" set at M-G-M and said, "When Mr. Roosevelt comes, please admit him at once."

The word spread like wildfire: Mr. Colman was expecting a Roosevelt. Was it Jimmy or Elliott or who? And then he came and turned out to be Colman's former stand-in of many years who had adopted the name Roosevelt when he took the job with Ronald.

The stand-in, whose real name is Harry S. Sanderson, is now in the Coast Guard. The smile that played over Mr. Colman's face showed he appreciated very much the little commotion he had created.

Our Boys in Service: The whereabouts of our boys is of interest to fans everywhere and each month Cal
(Continued on page 12)

CHARLES BOYER ★ BARBARA STANWYCK

★
ROBERT CUMMINGS

★
ROBERT BENCHLEY

★
EDWARD G. ROBINSON

★
THOMAS MITCHELL



FLESH AND FANTASY

THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!

So different—it
defies comparison. So
enthralling—it has no equal.
So powerful—only these
great Stars could live its
matchless roles!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
Without precedent. Beyond
compare. A drama of love...
of hate...of terror
...of volcanic
emotion...
Unfolding with
all the terrifying
realness of your own
life...the story of Four
Fates... Eight Lives...
any one of which could
be *Yours!*

"FLESH AND FANTASY"

starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY

BETTY FIELD and **ROBERT CUMMINGS**

with **EDGAR BARRIER**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

with **THOMAS MITCHELL** • **C. AUBREY SMITH**
ANNA LEE • **DAME MAY WHITTY**

CHARLES BOYER and **BARBARA STANWYCK**

with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

Directed by **JULIEN DUVIVIER** • Produced by **CHARLES BOYER** and **JULIEN DUVIVIER**

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Laslo Vaday • Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETTY FIELD ★ CHARLES WINNINGER

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 10)

tries to supply information concerning some of our lads. Here are some new addresses:

Lt. Bruce Cabot, Air Corps, 2841 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Pvt. MacDonald Carey, Room 1107, Recruit Depot, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, South Carolina.

P. F. C. Don Castle, 1327 Rimpau Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Denning, Coast Guard Naval Armory, Lilac Terrace, Los Angeles, California.



Two good skates watching old hands on Follies skates: Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris

Lt. John (Stirling Hayden) Hamilton, of the U.S. Marines, can be reached through his agency at 121 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Lt. William F. Holden, Hq. A.A.F. Flying Training Command, P. R. O. Department, Texas, and Pacific Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

Robert Preston (enlisted under real name of Preston Meservy), U.S. Army Signal Corps, 595 Tech. School Sq., (S.P.) Basic Tng. Center No. 4, Miami Beach, Florida.

Lt. (S. G.) Rudy Vallee, Coast Guard, 7430 Pyramid Place, Hollywood, California.

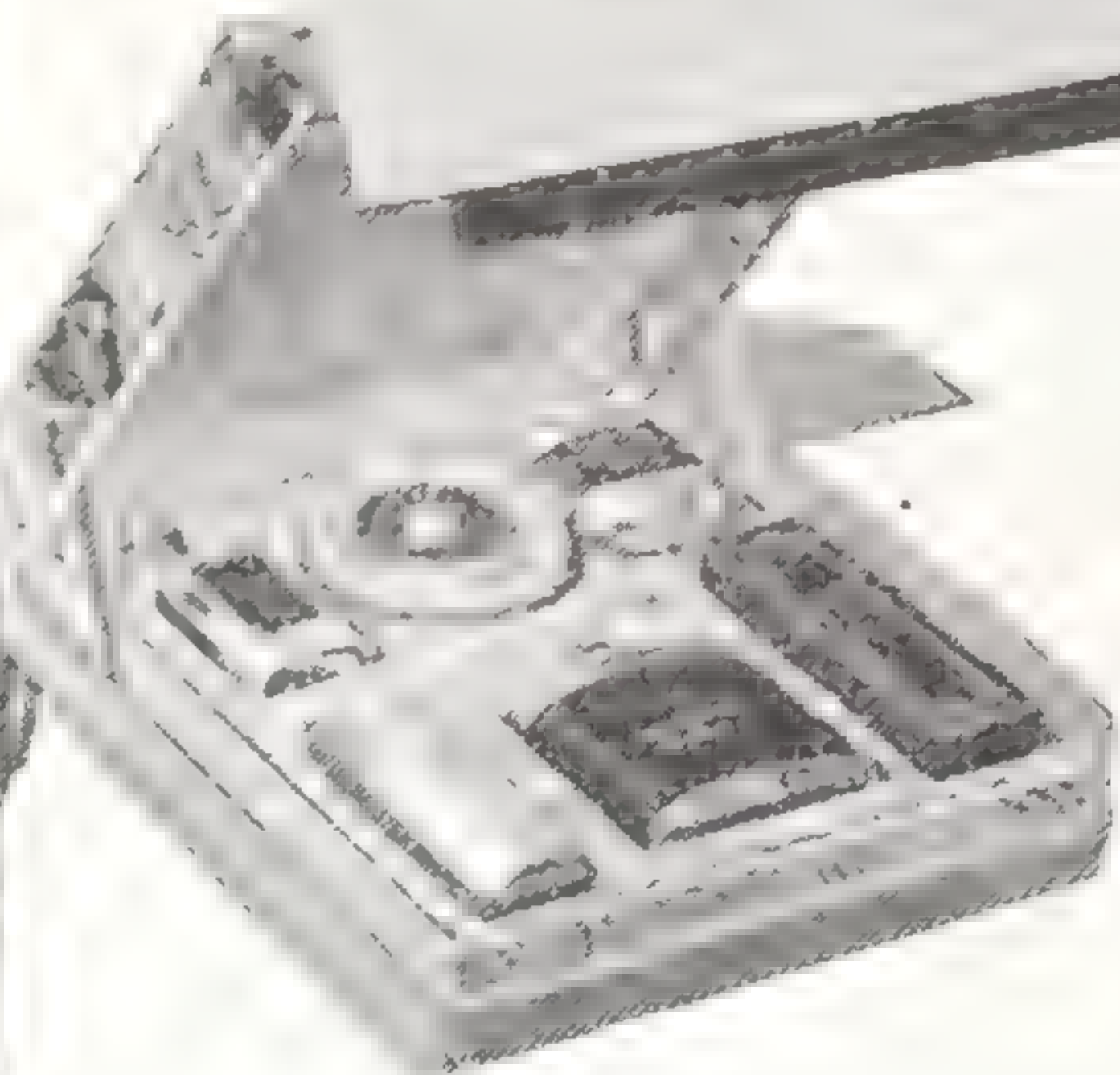
Lt. (J. G.) Robert Taylor, Navy Flying School, Dallas, Texas.

Lt. Tyrone Power, Marines, Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.

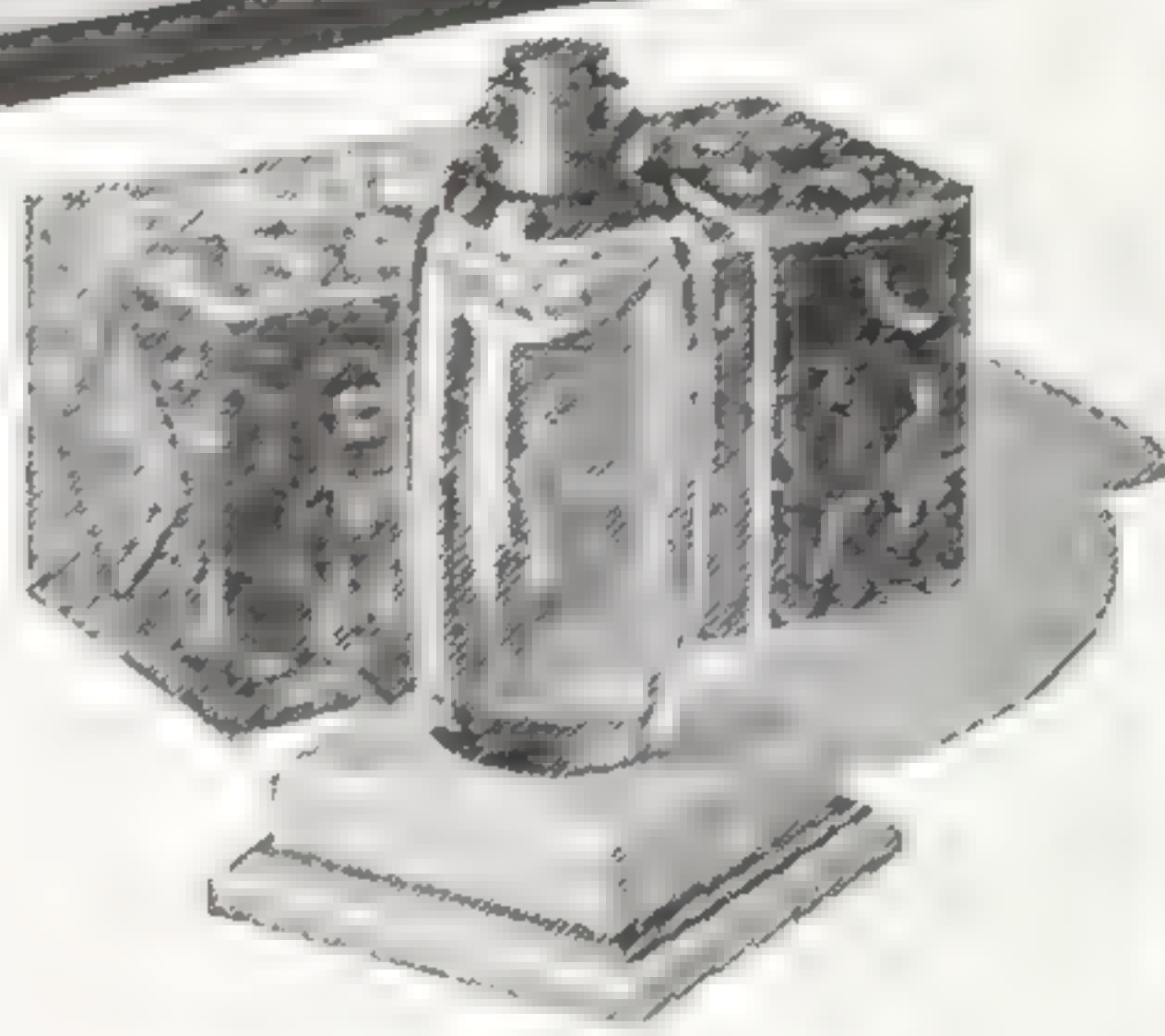
Pvt. George Reeves (enlisted as George Bessolo), Hq. and Hq. Sq., 1st A.A.F., Mitchel Field, New York.

Around Town: Hollywood got its dander up the past month or so and decided to get real upset over things. Robert Cummings sued his studio,

Wish good cheer this year with Yardley



• Handsome harvest! Men's Shaving Bowl, Invisible Talc, Lavender Hair Oil, Shaving Cream, After Shower Powder, Lavender Soap, \$5.



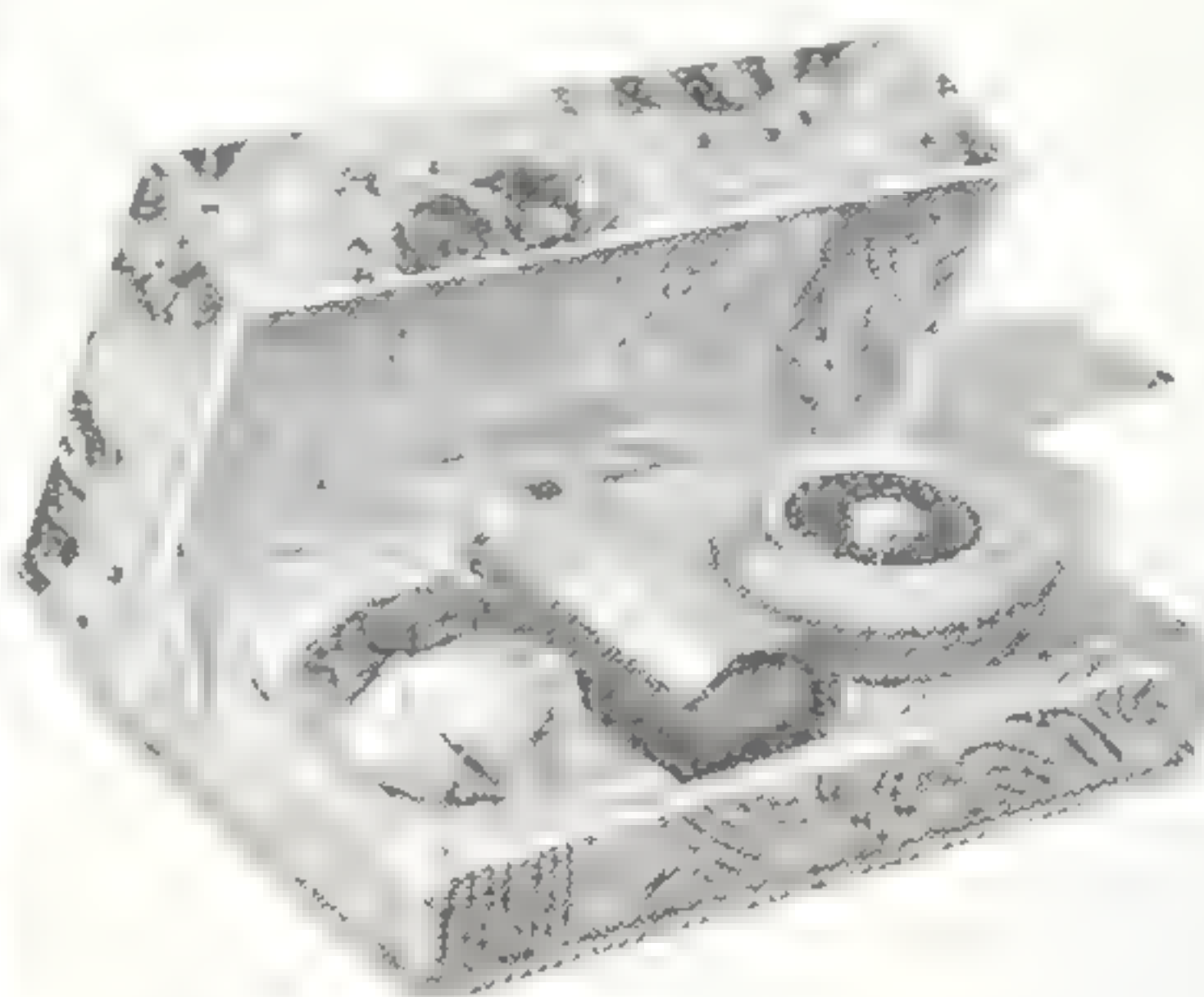
• "Bond Street" Perfume, favorite of charming women the world over. \$2.50, \$4.50, \$8.50, \$13.50.



• Beloved "Lavender," young as next year. Bound to be on every one's list! \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.75.



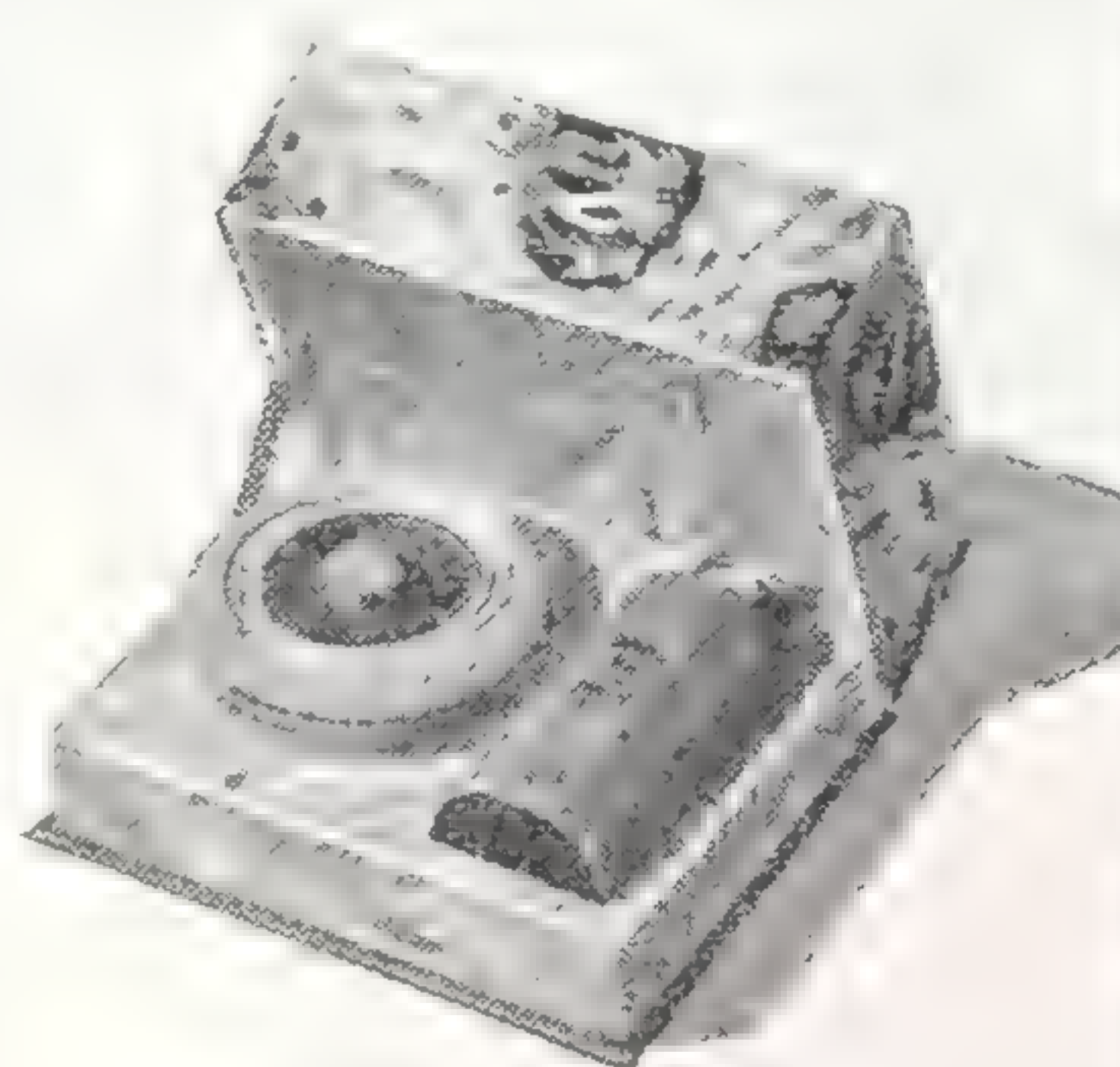
• Yardley English Lavender in a lovely array of 3 tablets of Lavender Soap and Talc and Hand Cream, \$2.35.



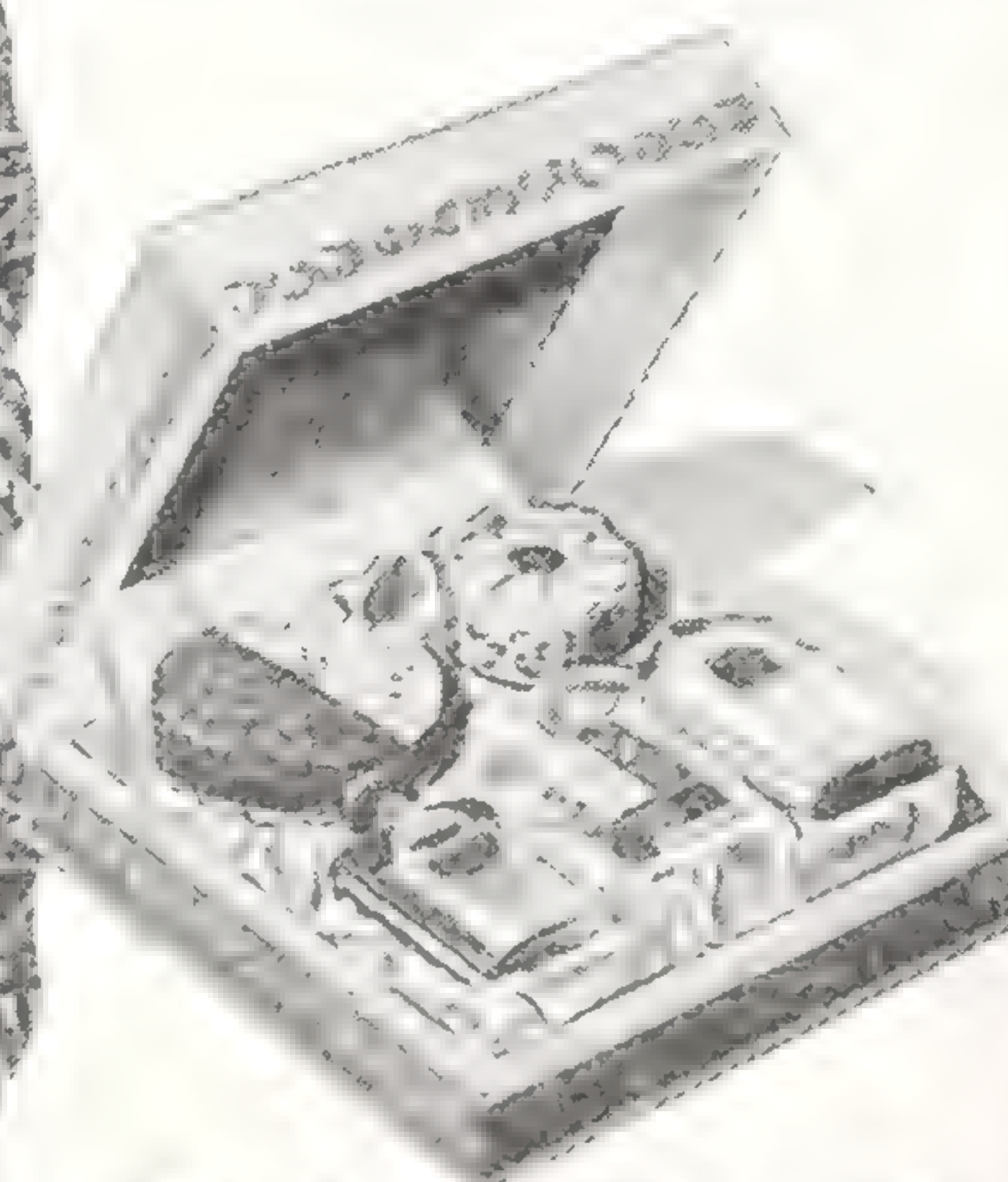
• Present perfect for him: Yardley's Shaving Bowl, Invisible Talc, famous Lavender Soap, \$2.55.



• Yardley's Shaving Bowl has no match for pleasing men! In the familiar container, \$1.



• Duet to delight men of any age . . . Yardley's Shaving Bowl and popular Invisible Talc, \$2.



• Grand gesture gift . . . "Bond Street" Perfume, Bath Dusting Powder, Toilet Water, Talc, "English Complexion" Powder, \$10.

YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

Universal, for a release of contract. The suit reaches the courts any moment. Mr. Cummings, of the Civil Air Patrol, is on constant call from Uncle Sam.

Olivia de Havilland really started the ball rolling by suing Warner Brothers Studio, claiming they had no right to add onto her seven-year contract the time she claims was spent at another studio on loan-out. Everyone in town is eagerly awaiting the outcome of this



Two "populars" at the popular Ice Follies show: Captain Ronald Reagan, wife Jane Wyman

suit as so many, many stars will be affected by the decision.

Brian Donlevy, one of the easiest-going actors in the business, got himself in a huff at Paramount because he claimed, according to newspaper accounts, they merely wanted him to play stooge to Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde." So Mr. Donlevy was immediately placed on suspension which means he can't work elsewhere until the matter is settled.

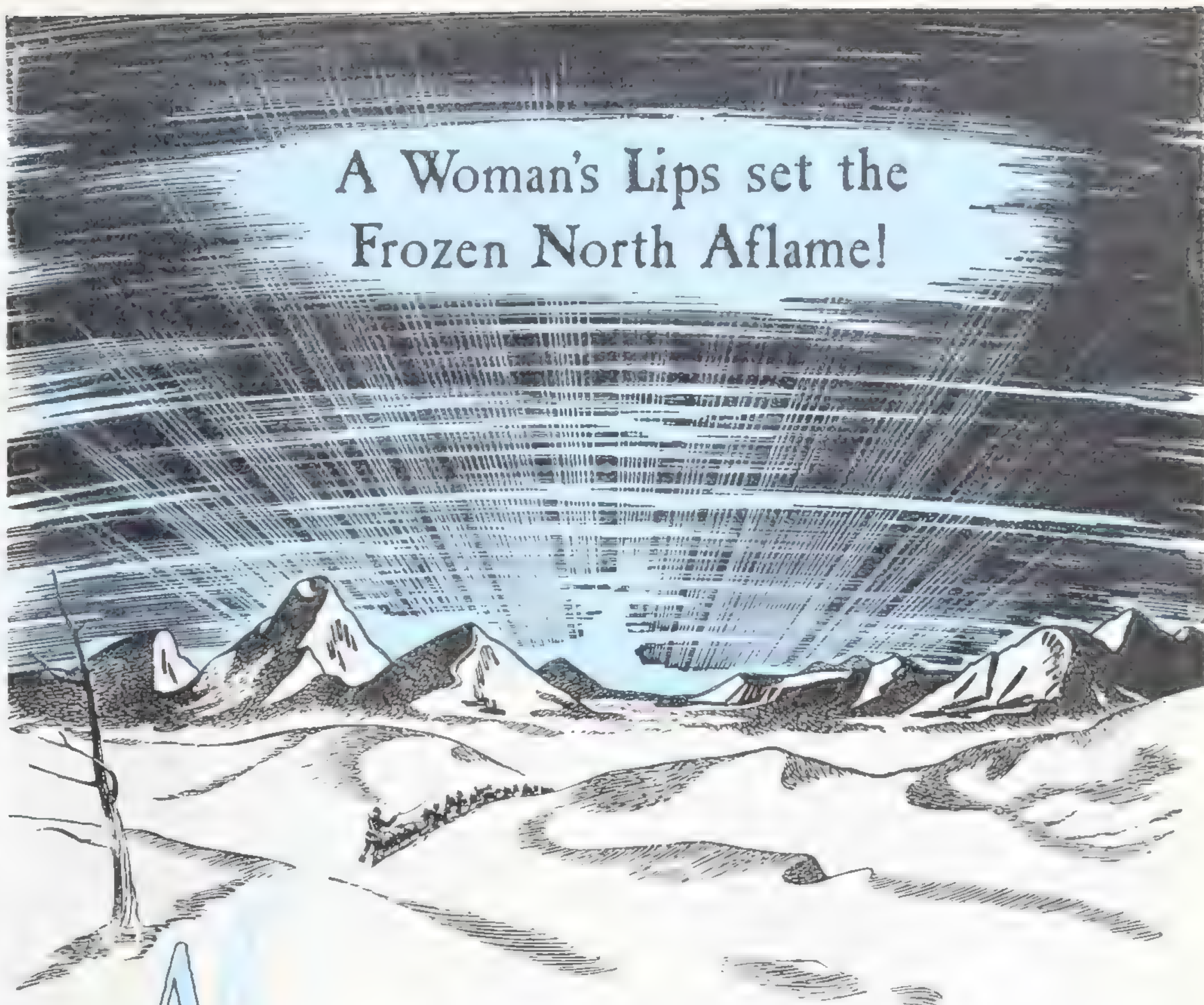
Remember when Ann Sheridan was suspended by Warners for over a year and was almost forgotten by the time she got back?

Uncle Sam threw a bombshell in Errol Flynn's face when he informed the actor he was over \$121,000 behind in income taxes. Imagine facing that hunk of news before breakfast!

And speaking of taxes, Marlene Dietrich finally got her back taxes settled and reclaimed the jewels held by Uncle Sam as sort of hostage. Just like a movie, isn't it?

When actor John Wayne separated from his wife and four children, he laid himself wide open to the draft by becoming 1-A in a hurry! So after his next picture, "Fighting Sea-Bees," Mr. Wayne will, in all probability, become a sojer in the army.

Hear tell Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was right in the thick of it when our troops landed in Italy. We're proud of him.



A Woman's Lips set the Frozen North Aflame!

A WOMAN'S CRY—and the Northwest Mounted is out to 'get their man'! Thru a million miles of snow-bound north, adventure piles on adventure in one of the most gallant of all screen stories.



JULIE BISHOP • HELMUT DANTINE • JOHN RIDGELY • GENE LOCKHART

Directed by RAOUL WALSH • Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Screen Play by Frank Gruber & Alvah Bessie • From a Story by Leslie T. White • Music by Adolph Deutsch

Hard to Get!



Find KLEENEX Tissues hard to get? Don't give up! Your dealer will have some shortly. Output is somewhat curtailed, but rather than skimp on Kleenex size and strength, we're determined to keep Kleenex quality "tops" in every particular!

TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS **Kleenex***

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND
for each statement we publish on why
you like Kleenex Tissues better than
any other brand. Address:
Kleenex 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 18, Illinois



When you reach for a KLEENEX Tissue, during colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

(From a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)



One and Only!

There's only one Kleenex!
Just let anyone try
to tell me any other
tissue is "just as good"!

(From a letter by R. D.,
Leominster, Mass.)

Reduce Absenteeism
—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

Authorities say that 1/2 of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold. So use Kleenex when sniffles start — to help keep your cold from spreading to others!



★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Joe Cotten, a guy who gets around: Here he's making faces for Ingrid Bergman and host David Selznick at a big party of the Hollywood month...

...and here he's acting as right flank for a tall Miss Temple. Left-flanker is Christopher Adams

Close Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood, unlike the proverbial leopard, is changing its spots before one's eyes and going right on as if nothing had happened. As if, for instance, it hadn't lost more than fifty percent of its male stars to the war and a large percent of its women stars to the more portentous occupation of prolonging the race through motherhood.

At Twentieth Century-Fox alone Betty Grable, Gene Tierney, Alice Faye, Cobina Wright Jr. and Brenda Marshall have left off careering, wholly or in part, to become mothers. All of which means new names and new faces. Fans will have to get acquainted all over again with these newcomers.

For instance, there's winsome little Jeanne Crain and cute little June Haver who are stepping right into the leads of "Home In Indiana." Quite a chance, that, for a studio to take; two unknowns, along with that one-picture lad ("Stage Door Canteen") Lon McCallister to carry the burden of an entire production. Betty Grable's roles, we're told, are to go to Gail Robbins, former singer with Ben Bernie's band.

Trudy Marshall, another unknown, will have the important femme lead in "The Sullivan Brothers." From M-G-M, Twentieth borrowed that new screen-comer, John Hodiak, to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat," which is some assignment, friends.

Roles that would automatically have gone to Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Bob Stack, Bob Preston, Clark Gable, George Montgomery, Alan Ladd. Who would have dreamed a short six months ago that a major studio would have cast five unknowns to play the title roles in one picture? Yet "The Sullivans" carry on with such names as James Cardwell, Eddie Ryan, Jack Campbell, John Alvin, and George Offerman. Over at Paramount unknowns are playing the leads in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." Gail Russell and Diana Lynn are the girls, and two lads, Jim Brown who played an incidental role in "Air Force" and brand-new Bill Edwards are the heroes.

Depend upon it, it's a new dawning, a new era in movies!

(Continued on page 119)



*Behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed
since the beginning of time*

He might have stepped from the frame of a Rembrandt painting, this bewigged figure of a man so patiently making lenses and squinting through them.

Night after night, like a child with a new toy, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, seventeenth century Dutch shopkeeper, hurried home to place anything and everything under his microscope: the brain of a fly, rain water, a hair, pepper, a cow's eye, scrapings from his teeth.

Then one day, behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time. Fantastic "little animals", thousands of them to a pin-point, dart and squirm as he gazes.

Not for an instant did he suspect any of them as foes of mankind, as possible destroy-

ers of health and life. But the enemy had at last been sighted. Man had taken his first faltering step in the war on germs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before the second step, a giant stride, was taken by Pasteur. He devoted his life to seeking out the microbes which he believed to be the cause of disease. In turn, his work inspired Lister to use carbolic acid in combating the almost inevitable gangrene which then followed surgery.

Soon Lister's fame as "the father of antiseptic surgery" spread across the Atlantic. No wonder that when a new, non-caustic, non-poisonous antiseptic and germicide was discovered in St. Louis, its sponsors named it *Listerine*, in his honor.

Today the shining bottle and amber color

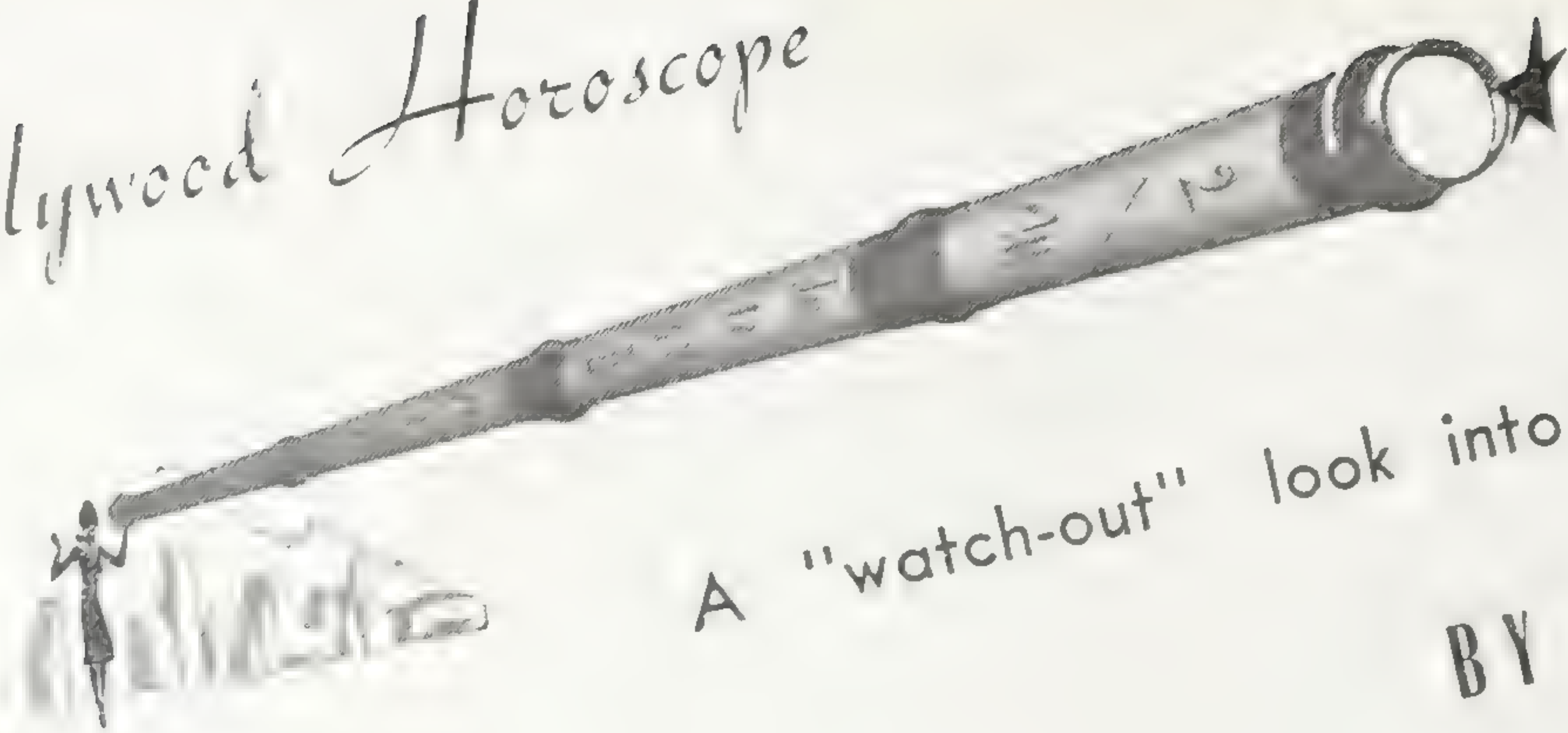
of Listerine Antiseptic are as familiar to millions of people as the face of a long trusted friend. In more than sixty years of service in the fight on infection, it has day after day proved deadly to germs but harmless to tissue... well meriting its almost universal citation as "the *safe* antiseptic and germicide."

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

L I S T E R I N E
A N T I S E P T I C
in service more than sixty years

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

Hollywood Horoscope



A "watch-out" look into the future of your favorites
BY MATILDA TROTTER

IN reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

Betty Grable: The glamorous Neptune contacting her Moon in her house of profession and prestige has brought Betty Grable into the limelight and showered her with publicity and public acclaim during 1943.

Now, however, the stars concentrate on Betty's health and domestic affairs. December 11 finds the unpredictable Uranus, disrupting Mars and the oppressive Saturn highlighted by a full moon, in her house of health and employment, opposing her natal Sun in the house of

Self. This means that Betty must guard her health. She must also watch her place in the starry firmament, lest she lose favor. Temperament threatens her. The next six months warn her of perturbing home conditions and danger of a marital upset. Under normal circumstances this would indicate disagreements in the home, but due to the war it could indicate a separation because of Harry James's going into the Armed Services or embarking on an entertainment tour.

George Brent: A change which has been pending for some time should materialize for George, under December's vibrations. December 11, the date when the full moon falls in Gemini, should mark an important milestone in his life. This indicates better financial arrangements for George, more satisfactory working conditions and a new high in his popularity. Travel is indicated.

Watch your step, George, or you're likely

to find yourself married again.

Ann Sothern: Venus going over Ann's mid-heaven in December and contacting Jupiter, planet of good fortune, and the Moon, which represents the public, favors her career.

Professionally December should be a fortunate period for Ann. However, Uranus, Saturn and Mars in her house of emotional experiences may bring her sudden anxiety over a loved one, or a disappointment in some longfelt wish.

Deanna Durbin: Deanna's home is the focal point in her chart this month. Her popularity may be threatened by some impulsive action on her part. Saturn, Uranus and Mars transiting her house of marriage and the public, advise her to be discreet, to guard against trouble through secret enemies and a tendency to antagonize her public or her partners. Look out for a financial shakedown, Deanna.

IRRESISTIBLE

as always! *

We dedicate to the

NAVY NURSES CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE *Ruby Red* LIPSTICK

Salute to the beauty power of America's women power ...to that alert, luminous look so superbly emphasized by the deep, glowing tone of Irresistible's Ruby Red Lipstick. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting. Destined to make you look your best while you're doing your best for your country. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10¢ AT ALL 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢



CURLS LIKE THESE ADD BEAUTY TO YOUR HAIR

Complete Home PERMANENT WAVE KIT

New Easy Home Way
Curls and Waves Hair
to Lovely Beauty and Allure



MONEY SAVING KIT

There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.



Lovely Curls

IN THREE QUICK STAGES

This Simple Easy *Charm-Kurl* Way...

Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c

THOUSANDS USE CHARM-KURL

Make This Easy Test...

CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as \$5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is safe. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C.O.D., pay 59c plus

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT. C1 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

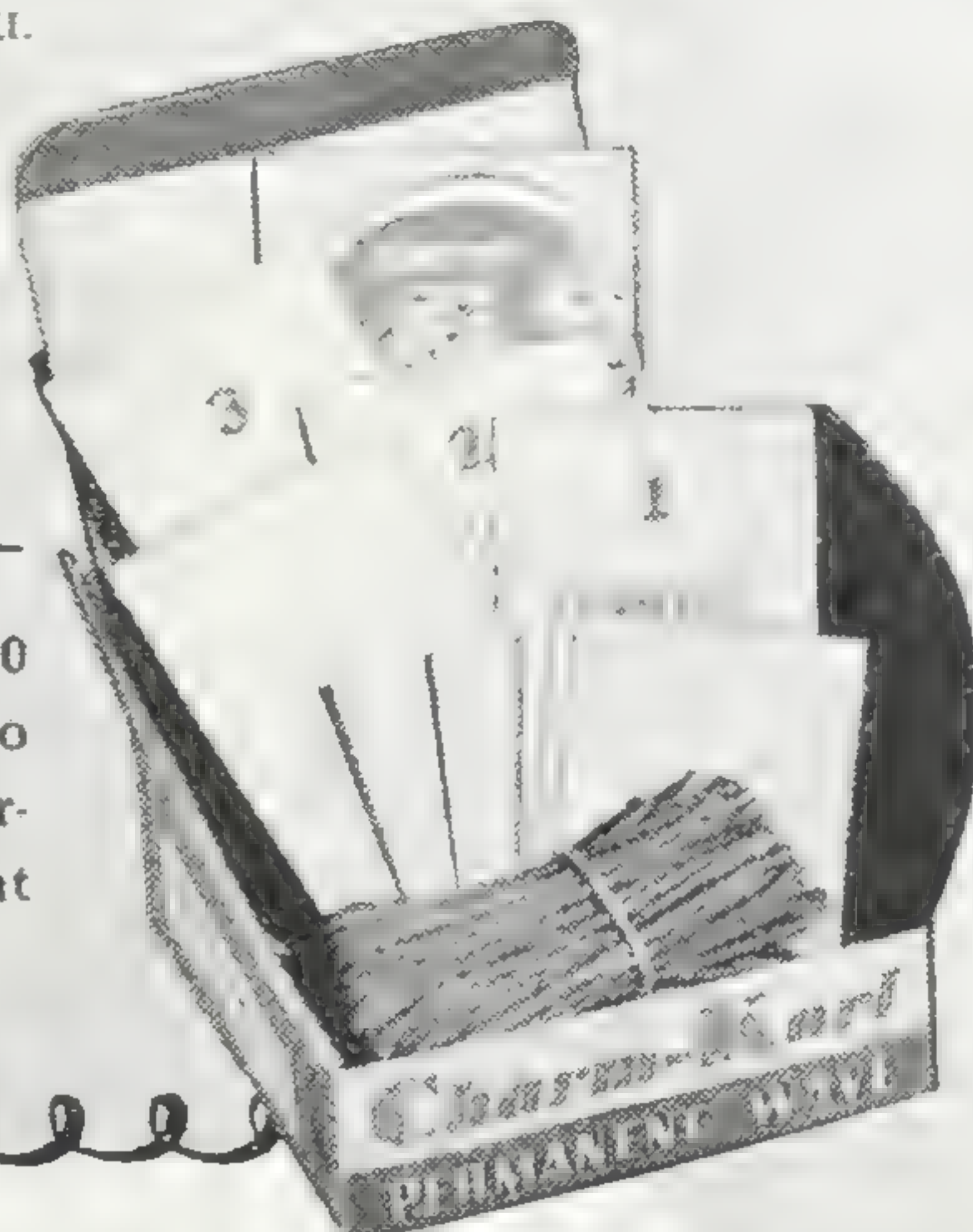
postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

CHARM-KURL is the largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 59c.

Each Charm-Kurl

Home Permanent Wave Kit Contains—

everything you need—shampoo, 40 curlers, and wave set—nothing else to buy. Be smart—be thrifty—treat yourself to a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave without delay.



WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers cheer CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit because it is easy to use, so economical and long-lasting. Positively cannot harm children's fine, soft hair. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll order an extra Kit for your daughter. She'll be overjoyed.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. C1 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way. If you want more than one kit, check below:

☐ 2 CHARM-KURL KITS, \$1.18, plus postage ☐ 3 CHARM-KURL KITS, \$1.77, plus postage.
(C.O.D. charges the same as for only one KIT)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance
(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order)



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Glamorous
Hollywood
Star

**A Little Secret
WORTH A MILLION
to your
COMPLEXION**

It's TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP—The secret of soft, natural-looking radiance. With this exciting new make-up from Hollywood, your complexion seems to take on a living veil of loveliness . . . never any dry, pasty, made-up look. Its non-drying effect on the skin is the special feature of TAYTON'S TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. See how perfectly it goes on in a new easy way, helping to conceal tiny blemishes—giving a fresh, youthful glow that lasts all day or all evening without retouching!

TAYTON'S six Cake Make-up shades were created to harmonize with natural skin tones. Many tests were made with Technicolor movie films—as well as tests in both daylight and artificial light, to assure the most flattering effect. Choose your own lovely shade today. Be sure you get TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP, the favorite with so many in Hollywood.

LARGE SIZE

39c

Guest Sizes, 10c
and 25c at your
10c counter.



TAYTON'S
TECHNA-TINT
CAKE MAKE-UP
America's Most Glamorous
Cosmetics

Tayton HOLLWOOD • CHICAGO • NEW YORK



A "to be seen": Kent Smith, Anna Sten in "The Girl From Leningrad"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

ALASKA HIGHWAY—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are brothers, both working as engineers on the famous Alaskan Highway and both in love with Jean Parker. Their rivalry, plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer, plus a spectacular forest fire and a landslide, keep the action going. (Sept.)

ALL BY MYSELF—Universal: Evelyn Ankers is a career girl who loves Neil Hamilton and loses him to night-club singer Rosemary Lane. To get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as her fiance and he in turn announces they're married. So then the whole thing becomes a jumble of misunderstanding. (Sept.)

✓ **BACKGROUND TO DANGER**—Warners: All kinds of secret agents are after a set of plans whipped up by the Nazis to break Turkey's neutrality. George Raft is an American agent posing as a machinery salesman through Central Europe and gets the plans first. Osa Massen, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Brenda Marshall and Turhan Bey all join the mix-up. (Sept.)

BAR 20—Sherman-U.A.: When *Hopalong Cassidy* is ambushed and his money stolen, he gets all riled up and sets out to recover the money and you never saw so much chasing and shooting and riding in your life. Dustine Farnum's jewels have also been stolen, so *Hoppy* sets out to get them back too. George Reeves is Dustine's fiance. With Victor Jory and Andy Clyde. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BEHIND THE RISING SUN**—RKO-Radio: A gripping, fascinating story portraying actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war, this shows the transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant. Tom Neal in this role is amazingly good and Margo as the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces is also very good, as are J. Carrol Naish and Robert Ryan. (Oct.)

✓ **BEST FOOT FORWARD**—M-G-M: Movie star Lucille Ball gets invited to a military academy senior prom and pandemonium is the result. Virginia Weidler is the girl Lucille cuts out by accepting the invitation, Nancy Walker provides some dead-pan comedy and William Gaxton is Lucille's bumptious press agent. Harry James and his band provide the music. (Sept.)

BOMBER'S MOON—20th Century-Fox: More of the same old stuff about an American flyer, George Montgomery, a Russian girl, Annabella, and a Czech officer, Kent Taylor (really a Nazi spy), who are permitted to escape from a German prison so that

they may lead the Germans to the underground workers. The three principals are good, but the story's been done too often before. (Nov.)

✓✓ **CLAUDIA**—20th Century-Fox: Completely captivating and utterly enchanting is this story of *Claudia*, played by Dorothy McGuire, the child wife who finally grows up. Robert Young as her older and thoroughly perplexed husband is completely real. Ina Claire is her mother and Reginald Gardiner the Englishman with whom *Claudia* innocently starts a flirtation. (Nov.)

COLT COMRADES—Sherman-U.A.: *Hopalong Cassidy* and his two pals, Andy Clyde and Jay Kirby, decide to buy a ranch and settle down, but they im-

(Continued on page 107)

SHADOW STAGE

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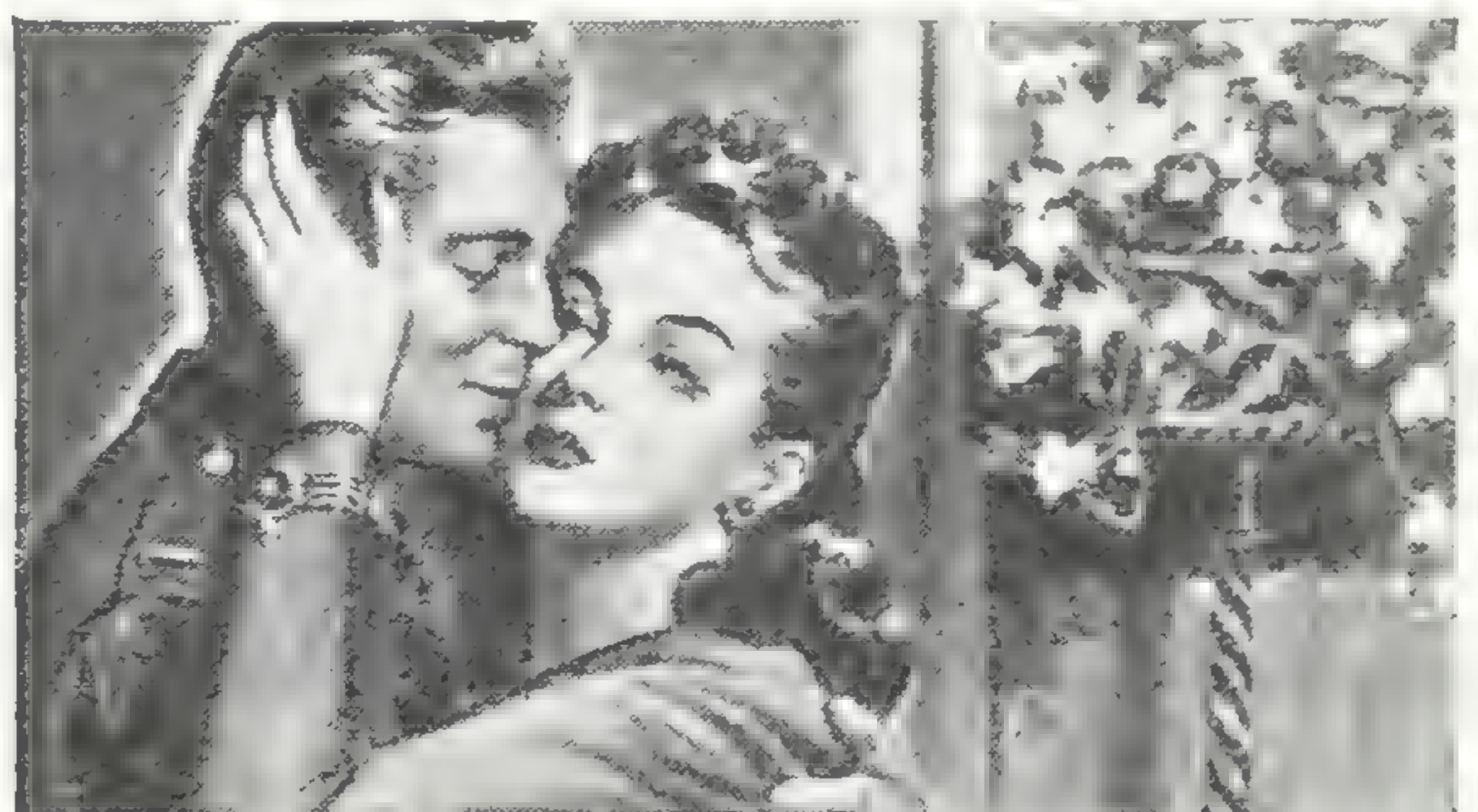
Sh-h! These lovely hands
are leading
a double life!



Daytime, you're washing dishes — doing all the extra little home-front chores. But remember—Toushay, smoothed on *beforehand*, guards hands even in hot, soapy water! Toushay's made to a special formula. Helps *prevent* dryness and roughness instead of waiting till damage is done. Helps keep busy hands looking as soft and party-pretty as ever!



Spare time, you're needed for all sorts of essential "war jobs"—work that may be hard on soft, white hands. But always guard them the new *beforehand* way—with Toushay! Use this new-idea lotion *before* every soap-and-water task. Notice how lush and creamy it is—what mmm, heavenly fragrance it has.



Nighttime's your glamour time — and Toushay'll help you look your loveliest! Use this velvety "beforehand" lotion all the other ways you'd use a lotion, too—to soften chapped hands, rough elbows and knees—as a powder base, or for a soothing all-over body rub! Toushay's inexpensive—so rich a few drops go a long way. Ask for it at your drug-gist's—today.

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

Oh!—look what this
NEW lotion with
LANOLIN
started!



"He said something about soft, adorable hands—and I think time and my heart stood still when he took my hand in his."

Get These New Benefits For Busy Hands

Give your busy hands new benefits—the kind that will help them to become adorably smooth and tempting to romance. It's so easy with the new Campana Cream Balm.

Lusciously creamy and smooth, this new creation of the famous Campana Laboratories contains lanolin—to help prevent skin dryness. Scientists have found that lanolin is the substance that most nearly duplicates the functions of the natural oils of the skin.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.



\$10.00 PRIZE Speaking English

YES, folks, the Limeys are mighty proud! The idol of the British movie public has landed on British soil—Captain Clark Gable of the U. S. Army Air Corps.

I wonder how many fans both over here and in U. S. A. thought that Gable's enlistment was just one more publicity stunt for M-G-M? Well, they were wrong.

Clark Gable has come over here to fight a real war—not on celluloid. He wants no publicity—goes about wearing dark glasses—refuses to sign autographs—and keeps his name and photograph out of every newspaper in the country.

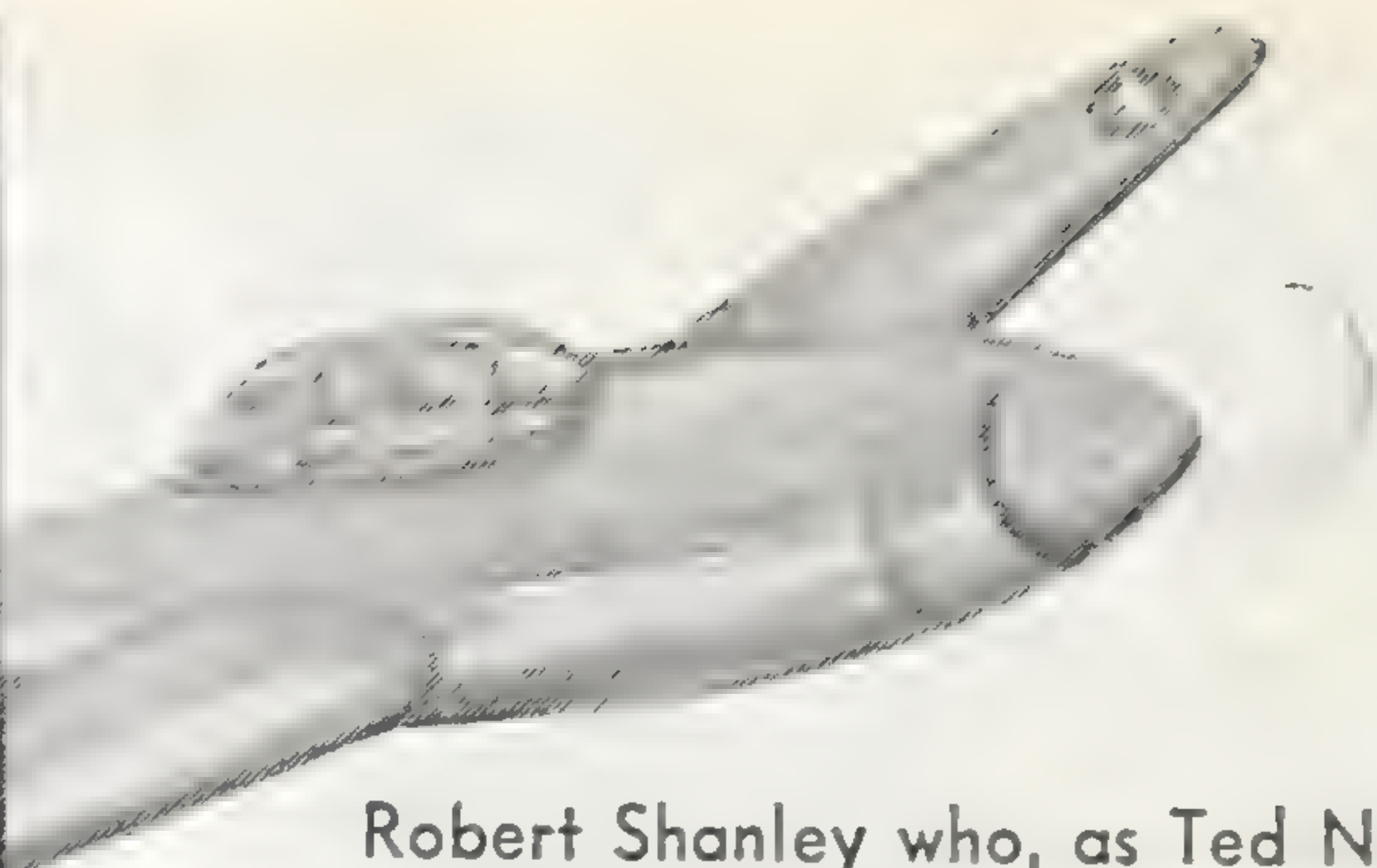
I have been a Gable fan for twelve years and claim to have the most comprehensive collection of Gable photographs in the world—over 14,000—and even my persistent efforts at locating Clark have failed completely.

He wants no fans—no hero worship. I guess that farm boy from Cadiz is just one more of Uncle Sam's brave sons, out to serve his country to the best of his ability, in the most inconspicuous way possible—just one more great guy. God bless him.

Joyce B. Clegg,
Rochdale, England.

\$5.00 PRIZE "... to be proud of."

AN orchid to Photoplay-Movie Mirror for the lovely vignette of Lena Horne and a huge bouquet to Twentieth Century-Fox and all concerned in the production of "Stormy Weather." At last a picture worthy of our Negro actors, a picture to be proud of. For the first time I sat in a theater actually glowing with pride because the actors on the screen were of my



Robert Shanley who, as Ted Nelson in "This Is The Army," gave reader Julie Shore the right answer to the big question in her romance

Speak FOR YOURSELF

race. No allusion to those features which "type" the Negro unfavorably; the story could be that of any theatrical star. With the exception of Bill Robinson, who was definitely miscast as the romantic lead, the whole production was tops.

Give us another similar to "Stormy Weather" soon. It will not only give employment to our Negro actors but will show those "Nasties" (especially Mr. Hitler) how it is done over here in the true American Way.

K. L. Hamilton,
Wilmington, Del.

\$1.00 PRIZE The Right Answer

KEN and I had been going together for quite some time. I knew he liked me, but I wasn't quite sure of my feelings toward him. Every time we went out he asked me to marry him and I kept answering, "No." He's a pilot in the Army Air Corps and was recently sent overseas.

Two weeks ago, to cure me of the blues, my girl friend dragged me off to see "This Is The Army." I came away from the show with reddened eyes and the realization of how much Ken meant to me.

I enjoyed the whole picture—and have seen it ten times since—but the number that started me crying was "American Eagles."

You probably won't print this letter, but could you please print a picture of Ted Nelson, who sang the Air Corps number so beautifully? I would like to send it to Captain Ken H. with a different answer to his usual question and a description of the number that (Continued on page 111)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS OF 3 WOMEN IN LOVE



THIS IS LEDA

Beautiful, ambitious, Leda determined to make up for an unhappy childhood by marrying into wealth and power. She succeeded; but then another man came along who made her triumph a mockery!

THIS IS BETSY

Happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy gave her heart to a musical genius. She listened to his playing because he wanted her to, but she only waited for the music to stop and the kisses to begin!



THIS IS MAIZIE

Blonde, popular, Maizie could have all the boy friends she wanted. But she chose a clandestine affair with a philandering artist and made a fateful tangle of both their lives!



A \$3.00

Best-Seller!

FREE

if you join THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB now . . .

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

by NANCY HALE

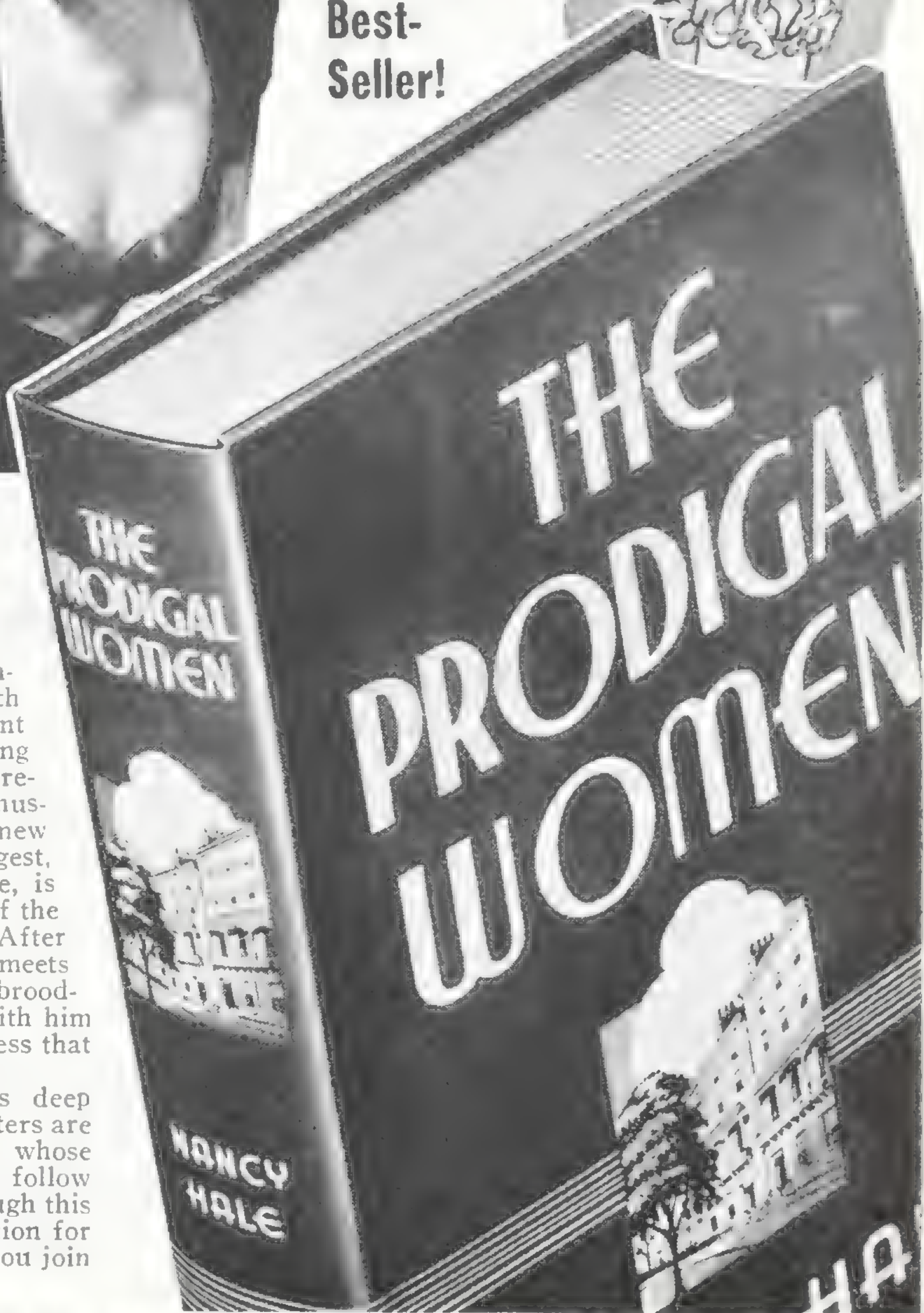
YOURS FREE with Dollar Book Club Membership—this dramatic, outspoken novel that has provoked more excitement and discussion than any other American novel in recent years.

"The Prodigal Women" is the story of three unforgettable girls and the men they loved. Leda March is the sensitive, unhappy daughter of an insignificant branch of a great Boston family. Not until the arrival in her town of the care-free, haphazard Jekyll family from the South does Leda begin to understand what companionship really is. The two Jekyll girls, blonde, popular Maizie, and the hoydenish Betsy, change the entire current of Leda's life, and the lives of the three girls from schoolday; on become inextricably woven together.

Maizie marries first. Her marriage to Lambert Rudd, magnetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a living hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even when it threatens her san-

ity and her life. Leda, determined and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless marriage with a wealthy and socially prominent young Boston physician. Shocking to her, as the years go by, is the realization that she wants Maizie's husband with a madness she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest, carefree and loving a good time, is first snared by the dancing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heartbreak of this affair, she meets Hector Connolly, tempestuous, brooding New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthy happiness that is denied the other girls.

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THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Dramatic love story: Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in "Jane Eyre"

✓✓ Jane Eyre
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The love story of a headstrong man and a timid governess.

THIS is the best love story to be told from the screen since the picture "Love Affair." Furthermore, we predict when fans glimpse the dynamic, impetuous love-making of Mr. Orson Welles, they will never let him return to his behind-the-screen activities. Mr. Welles has "it," great, clamorous, live hunks of "it."

We can think of no more perfect foil for Mr. Welles's wooing than the shy and violet retiring maid that Joan Fontaine makes of *Jane Eyre*. She is superb from start to finish.

Peggy Ann Garner, who plays *Jane* as a child, is a winsomely appealing little thing in the cold and heartlessly cruel atmosphere of the charity school. And Henry Daniell, as the hypocritical head of the school, is the most convincing rascal we've met up with in a long time.

Edith Barrett is the perfect *Mrs. Fairfax*, housekeeper of Mr. Welles's gloomy stone castle on the fog-bound moors of England. Margaret O'Brien is the child in the house, and Miss Fontaine's charge; her acting is splendid.

But it's the performances of Mr. Welles and Miss Fontaine you'll remember.

Your Reviewer Says: An emotional banquet.



Tiptop musical: Gene Kelly and Kathryn Grayson in "Thousands Cheer"

✓✓ Thousands Cheer
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: The love story of a private and a Colonel's daughter.

EVERYONE makes a home run while thousands cheer. A really tiptop, toptip musical with a full measure of talent pressed down and running over. In fact, our one objection is the sudden interruption of the love story with such guest stars as Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothorn, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Lena Horne, Marsha Hunt and many others coming between Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. It's not that we don't enjoy the work of the above-mentioned stars, but that the *affaire de cœur* between Kathryn and Gene is so tenderly fascinating we want to carry along with them to the very finish.

Grayson gives the performance of her career. Kelly keeps right on climbing up that ladder to fame. John Boles, the Colonel (estranged from his wife, Mary Astor), is Kathryn's handsome father, who attempts to watch over his daughter while she's visiting his camp.

The guest stars are brought to the camp to put on a show and what I mean is they really put it on.

José Iturbi's classical and boogie-woogie music sets hands to applauding like mad.

Your Reviewer Says: No wonder they cheer.



Intriguing fantasy: Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck in "Flesh And Fantasy"

✓✓ Flesh and Fantasy (Universal)

It's About: A fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story sequence.

CHARLES BOYER makes his bow as a producer in a mystic fantasy that intrigues, puzzles, entertains and bewilders.

It all begins with Robert Benchley telling a fellow club member of a disturbing dream. The friend then drags out several volumes of stories relating to dreams and visions, and characters appear on the screen to re-enact the stories.

The first sequence stars Betty Field and Robert Cummings and tends to prove that unselfish thoughts and actions bring beauty. Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, Anna Lee, S. Aubrey Smith and Dame May Whitty take over the next interlude that has Mitchell, a palmist, prophesying Robinson will commit a murder. The idea brews and takes such possession of Robinson he actually does commit the deed. Boyer himself takes over the final episode and becomes a tight-rope performer who dreams of falling as he sees the face of Barbara Stanwyck. Next day on shipboard, bound for New York, he actually meets Barbara for the first time and a dream concerning her guides his future.

It's all very odd, very intriguing.

Your Reviewer Says: A star-studded novelty.
(Continued on page 24)

For Best Picture of the Month and Best Performances See Page 115

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18

*Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!*



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



A MEMORY-MAKING HAIR-DO—to make him carry in his heart a lovely picture of you—no matter where he may go! But don't expect to get the same unforgettable results unless your hair itself has the shining smoothness of this girl's hair! Before styling, hers was washed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's more enchantment for a man in lovely shining hair, beautifully done, than in any new hat or dress!

So guard the precious beauty of your hair—don't let soap or soap shampoos rob it of its glorious natural lustre!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



*Soap film
dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

- ☐ CREAM?
- ☐ POWDER?
- ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a *powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

There's *one* powder created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.

QUEST
POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CRAMPS?
Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 22)

✓✓ Corvette K-225 (Universal)

It's About: *The dangers encountered by a convoy ship.*

THE picture "Action In The North Atlantic" stole the thunder from this exciting story of a corvette ship in action, but the glory still remains. For here, indeed, is an exciting story, one to stir the pulses and make the heart ache for our boys in action.

Randy Scott, who underplays his part just a little too much, gives, nevertheless, a socko performance as the ship's Captain. Perhaps it's this very quietness of Scott's that puts over his role so forcibly. Jim Brown, who leaped to attention with his first role in "Air Force," proves the fans were right; the boy has everything a star needs—naturalness, talent and a certain boyish appeal.

Ella Raines, a bright newcomer, shows great promise as Brown's sister. Pay her strict attention, for you'll be seeing much of Miss Raines in the future.

The tale is too familiar for repetition here, but in spite of this it remains a walloping good tale. Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support.

Your Reviewer Says: A man's picture, told manfully.

Always A Bridesmaid (Universal)

It's About: *Romance around the 'edges of a Lonely Hearts Club.*

THE Andrews Sisters, Patty, Maxene and LaVerne, conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles is sent out from the District Attorney's office and Gracie McDonald from the Police Force. Of course, the two, unaware of their real identity, meet and fall in love. But in between all this "love is everything" business, Charles Butterworth roams around as a confidence man selling phony shares to the Lonely Heartachers and

Edith Barrett and Billy Gilbert prove how wasted they are in nonessential roles.

The Andrews Sisters sing several numbers as only they can. Gracie McDonald grows cuter with every role.

Your Reviewer Says: Silliness set to music.

✓✓ Whistling in Brooklyn (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It's About: *An amateur radio detective finds himself accused of murder.*

RED SKELTON, as the Fox, that amateur radio detective who sees all and "gets too nosy, bub," is back in another of his hilarious series. And Ann Rutherford, as his girl friend, is with him.

This time Red is accused by the police of being "constant reader," the man wanted by the police for a series of murders. Red takes it all as a gag until he finds himself along with Ann, Rags Ragland, his chauffeur, and Jean Rogers, a newspaper woman, trapped in a warehouse and nowhere to go but up and down in a rickety elevator.

The fracas finally ends on the ball field of the Brooklyn Dodgers, of all screwy places, with "dem bums" in person all mixed up in the goings on.

None of it, of course, makes a bit of sense, but it does go for a lot of laughter, so who cares. Henry O'Neil, as the police lieutenant, and Sam Levene, as a racketeer, are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Play ball!

✓ Wintertime (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *The efforts of a pair of hotel managers to save their hostelry.*

OUR one-check approval goes to the ice-skating routines of Sonja Henie, lavishly staged, as usual, and expertly (Continued on page 114)



Martha Scott looks to the West, not the wild and woolly one, but a glamorized version, presented in "In Old Oklahoma." Her romantic sparring partner—hero John Wayne

Who wouldn't fight harder for a girl like that!



It's the man behind the gun that wins the battles. It's the woman behind the man that furnishes the inspiration.

Dearest:-

It is late and in the soft whispering of the night wind I hear your voice saying the things I long so much to hear.

Although you are far away, tonight somehow, you seem so near I can almost feel the tender warmth of your lips and the thrill of your arms.

Soon it will be Christmas - and I am thinking of another Christmas when you gave me my hope chest. Darling, I treasure my hope chest more than anything in the world except your love.

Already it is the sanctuary for many lovely, intimate things I'm saving for us. It is the most wonderful gift I ever had - wonderful because it is the symbol of the home we planned - of our hopes and the future we dream of.

It makes each hour of waiting a moment of thrilling anticipation of the time when we shall be together again - just us. And I shall wait for you, beloved, for you and you alone.

All my love - forever. Joanne



A MILLION MAIDENS

YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC GIFT

COULD any gift mean more to the girl who receives it than a genuine Lane Cedar Hope Chest? Could any other gift express so beautifully for the man who sends it those intimate things of the heart that can't be said?

But that is not all. There are many practical reasons why a genuine Lane is the gift of gifts from a man to the girl he loves.

Only LANE CEDAR CHESTS have all these MOTH PROTECTION Features. Built of 3/4-inch aromatic red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, Lane Hope Chests combine age-old romantic tradition with nature's own moth-

destroyer—the aromatic aroma of red cedar. No other wood has that aroma. No other wood possesses its power to destroy moths. And Lane Hope Chests are the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight red cedar chests in all the world. That's why the moth protection of a Lane is sure. That's why it is guaranteed by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

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STOP MOTH SABOTAGE with a LANE Cedar Chest!

Wacs, Waves, Spars, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Warworkers! Don't let your woolens become a part of America's estimated \$200,000,000.00 annual loss from moth sabotage! Woolens are vital war materials. Put them in the safe-keeping of a LANE Cedar Chest.

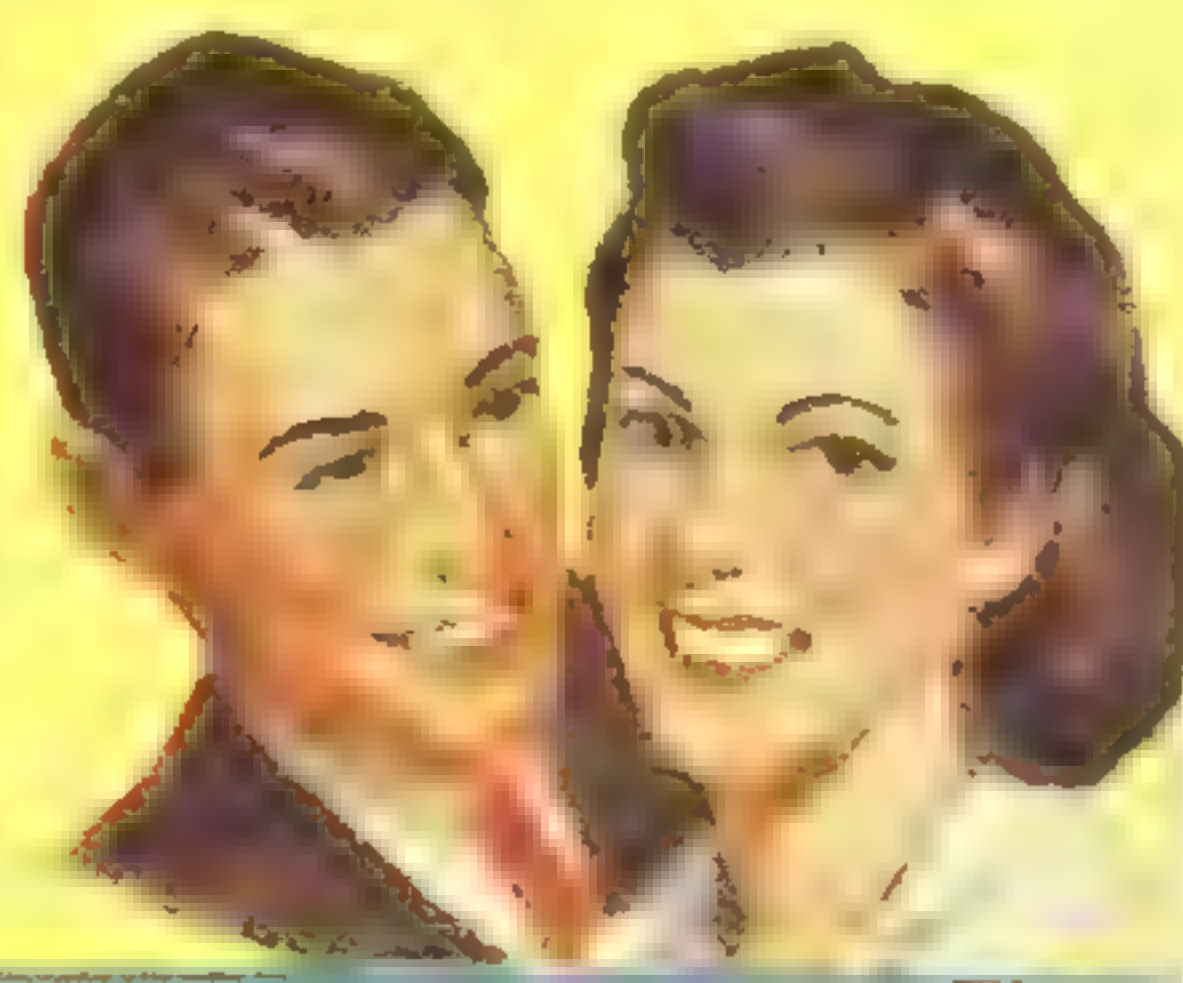
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No. 2043 (above), a modern design of exquisite beauty, American Walnut, Oriental Wood, and New Guinea Veneers used on exterior. Hand-rubbed and polished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

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Suggested Price
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Warworkers, too, are
starting their future
homes in LANE
CEDAR HOPE CHESTS

BUY WAR BONDS



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Cedar HOPE CHEST

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME



No. 1964, 18th Century drawer designs in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.

TO MEN AND WOMEN IN THE ARMED SERVICES

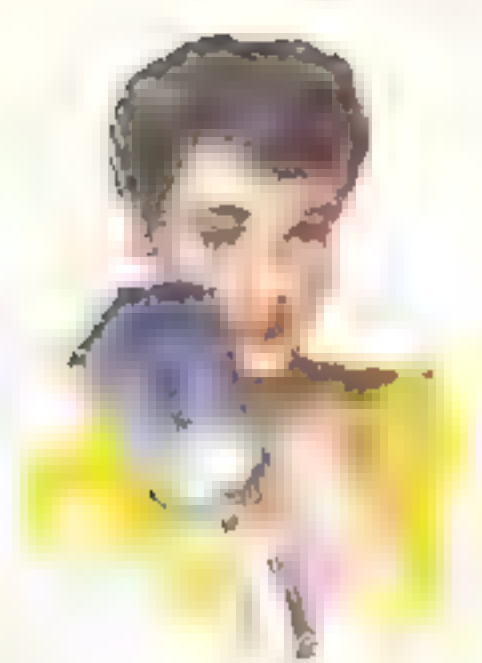
If you want to send a LANE Cedar Hope Chest to a certain someone and you don't know the Lane dealer's name in the community, write to the Lane factory. The LANE chest of your choice will be delivered in accordance to your wishes. We will assume the responsibility of attending to that important detail for you.

Create flattering new beauty
... IN JUST A FEW SECONDS

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"THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT A SOLDIER"



★ It creates a lovely new complexion



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Yes, just a few seconds to make up... and you'll be thrilled with the touch of glamour Pan-Cake Make-Up gives to your natural beauty. Created originally for Technicolor pictures by *Max Factor Hollywood*, Pan-Cake Make-Up is now the favored fashion with millions of girls and women.



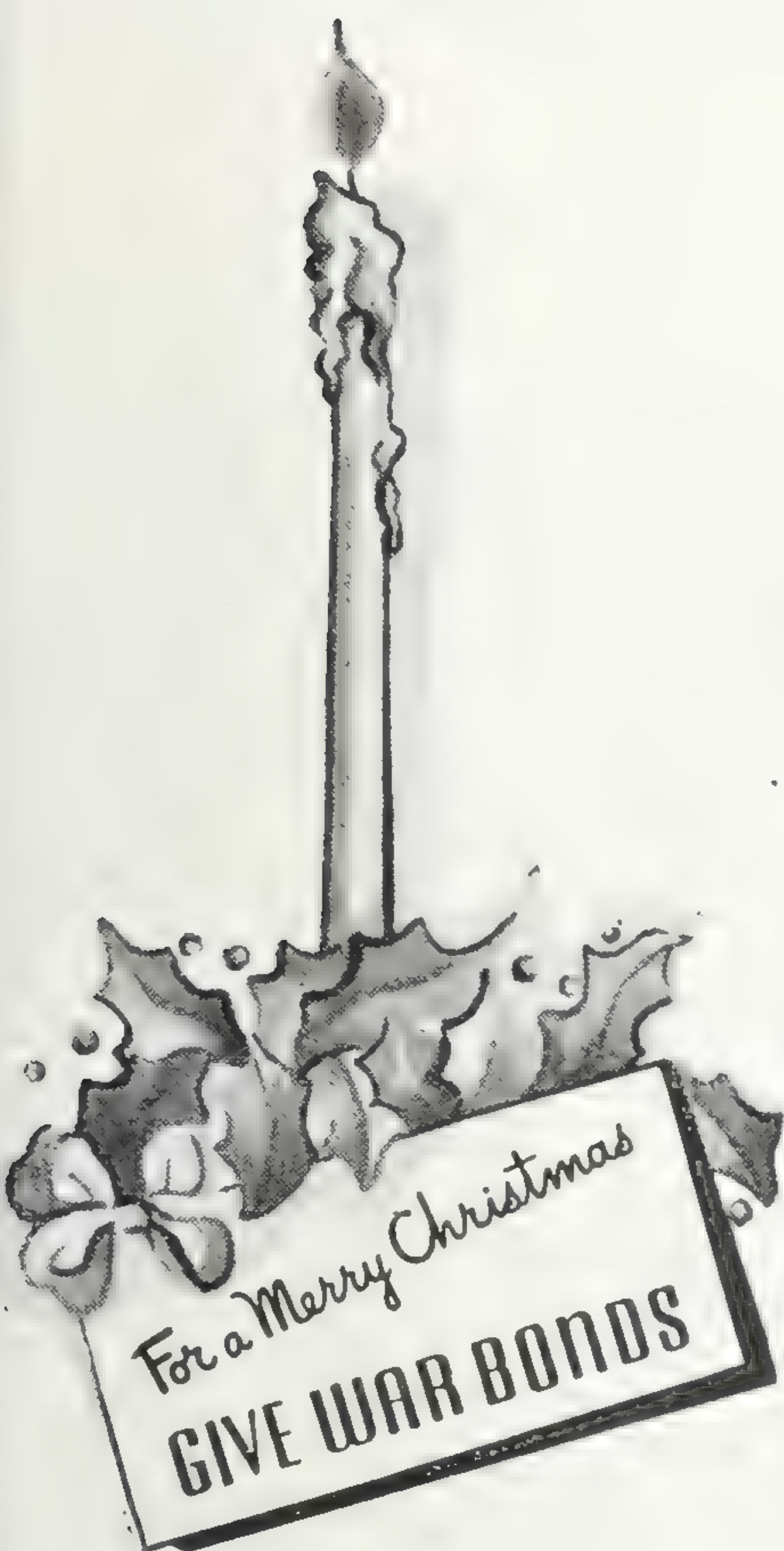
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ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR • HOLLYWOOD



In the Nation's Service



IT HAS been observed that the pain of going without a new hat in order to have the money for a War Bond is not comparable to the soldier's pain of a searing bullet or the agony of a world without democracy.

So it is not as a demand for praise that this story is written about the Hollywood stars who toured the country for twenty-three consecutive days, helping the nation oversubscribe the Third War Loan. It is written so that this smaller sacrifice of those who were on the Bond Cavalcade will not go unrecognized in a world of so much greater sacrifice.

If you were one of those whose purchase of a Bond entitled you to see the Bond Cavalcade two-hour show you knew that you were displaying as much patriotism as those who were entertaining you without any cost to their sponsor—the United States Treasury. Yet the fact remains that these stars were contributing twenty hours a day of their talents, were measuring against your Bond purchase their exhaustion and their month without salary, as much to their scale of living as a month without pay would be to yours.

Philadelphia was the first city on the Cavalcade. Rehearsals had been scanty, limited by the physical space of the train speeding eastward. Each performer knew what he was expected to do, but had no sure notion of how well he would do it. And before rehearsal could begin that day, there must be a two-hour parade through the city streets ending at the Ritz Carlton hotel already engulfed by waiting crowds anxious for a glimpse of the celebrities.

NO ONE reporter could have recorded all the sidelights of that day. This reporter was able to record the following:

Kathryn Grayson driving to the hotel to meet her accompanist for the first time, hoping he had been told to be ready with the same music she had been told she would sing. Betty Hutton backstage at the auditorium swapping a coke with a cop for a joking promise not to arrest her if she ever came back to Philadelphia. Mickey Rooney on his way to the show sitting on top of the back seat of a convertible. Jimmy Cagney sitting immobile in a special bus being led by motorcycles with screaming sirens. Dick Powell pleading that he be allowed to play the trumpet with Kay Kyser's band as part of his act even though his best friends were willing to tell him. Lucille Ball breaking the nervous tension with her rehearsal clowning.

Paul Henreid striding onstage that night into the blue glare of spotlights and into the outburst of exclamations from pleased feminine spectators. Fred Astaire from the wings watching the closing act of Mickey and exclaiming to everyone within earshot that there was the most spectacular performer in movies.

Harpo Marx as part of his act spending most of the show's time pursuing the lovely young starlets back and forth across the stage in various stages of undress. Kay Kyser in the hotel lobby after the performance anxiously inquiring for his mother and whether everything for her comfort at the hotel had been arranged. Back on the special train which served as hotel every night, Greer Garson offering everyone candy from a huge heart-shaped box and later, in the dining car, ordering champagne served to every lady.

Judy Garland eating her first meal of the day at the same table with Henreid and listening to his Tales of old Vienna. Ruth Brady, Twentieth Century starlet, asking whether her fur coat—missing since their arrival—had been found yet by the stationmaster.

This reporter was not with the Cavalcade the remaining twenty-two days but he saw enough in the first to know that America can be proud of the stars it adores and be pleased with the certain knowledge that, of all our home front, none takes its responsibilities more seriously or with more downright hard work than Hollywood.

Bonds buy victory. What will be your share?

Fred Sammi

BOB HOPE,

A story you'll talk about on a star



LOOK, Ed, you can say what you want, but believe me, I know this much: In this war, you can't be a hero without a uniform." The speaker glared at me across the table in the locker room of the Ridgewood Country Club and banged his glass on the table for emphasis. "So what do you propose to do?" I asked him. "What every performer should do, wise guy," he flared. "I'm going to enlist and get a uniform." That was late afternoon of Friday, June 12, 1942, and Bob Hope and I were having it out, hot and heavy, after finishing a round of golf with Sgt. Joe Louis, heavy-weight champion of the world, and Hal Le Roy.

I'd told Bob Hope, at the table, that as a newspaperman I considered him insane to enlist at his age, that he was too old to be a Commando and that the greatest good he could do for the war effort was to go from camp to camp entertaining. "Yeah," exploded Hope. "And some night I'll be out there telling my jokes and some big guy will stand up in the front row and he'll give me a Bronx cheer and yelp: 'And whyin hell aren't you in service, Hope?' And that is the \$64 question I won't be able to answer."

So I turned to Sgt. Joe Louis and called on him to determine if Hope was right or if I was right. I can still hear Joe drawling: "Bob, when you get in the Army, there's a lot of things you'd like to do but you can't do. I believe what Ed is telling you is right—the greatest good you can do is by making soldiers and sailors laugh, like you made me laugh this afternoon. That's your specialty. Us younger boys will take care of the fighting. You take care of the laughing."

That night something happened that helped to decide Bob Hope that he could stay out of uniform without being considered a slacker. The Hal Le Roys had asked us to go out to Maywood, New Jersey, where an anti-aircraft battery was holding its weekly soft-ball game. As a result of the advance advertising, the field was jammed with Coast Artillerymen and townspeople

Big moment in Sicily: Bob Hope meets General Patton at the General's Headquarters—the onetime palace of King Victor Emanuel at Palermo. Left to right: Writer Hal Block, Hope, Jack Pepper, General Patton, Frances Langford, Tony Romano



HERO WITHOUT UNIFORM

everyone is talking about by a columnist who really knows the man he's talking about

BY ED SULLIVAN

anxious to see the celebs, and the admissions went to the camp fund, so everybody was happy. Hope pitched, Sgt. Joe Louis played first and I caught. Hope had the crowd roaring with his comedy antics. Finally, he got into a mock argument with Joe Louis. Louis puckered his lips and BLEW at him—and Hope collapsed on the diamond. That was the show-stopper.

On the way back to New York, by car (it was in those days when you could get gas), Hope looked at Joe and me thoughtfully and said, "You know, maybe you guys are right. Those soldiers certainly didn't seem to resent the fact that I wasn't in uniform." The heavyweight champ winked at me and said to no one in particular, "Well, it takes time, but even comedians catch on."

A YEAR later, Colonel Arthur Wirth, commander of that same 67th Coast Artillery outfit with whom we'd played soft ball at Maywood, was to welcome Bob Hope in Africa. Five weeks earlier, Col. Wirth had welcomed Hal Le Roy. "You men are doing a grand job," said the Colonel. "You performers are heroes without uniform."

Today it is pretty well accepted that Bob Hope and other people of show business, carrying their songs, dances and witty sayings to every outpost where the A.E.F. has planted the Stars and Stripes, have done a magnificent job. And you'll pardon me if I often think back to the afternoon at the Ridgewood Country Club, when Hope and I almost came to blows over the issue of his enlistment. Of course we've often been close to that stage, because we've played a lot of golf together and golfers are notoriously irascible.

Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Fredric March, Jimmy Durante, Joe E. Brown and Al Jolson have carried their humor to the far horizons of the A.E.F. Joe E. Lewis, Joan Blondell, the Ritz Brothers and Adolphe Menjou have played seven shows a day at off-shore bases. Ray Bolger has hoofed (*Continued on page 70*)



Above: Reunion in America. Bob is greeted in Los Angeles by his wife Dolores. Left: Frances Langford, star of Hope's company sent overseas under the auspices of U. S. O. Camp Shows, tosses off a song for the boys in an African camp

Love stories you want



One of the smartest of Hollywood insiders puts you in the know with these private-notebook facts

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Whirlwind event with a big aftermath was Orson Welles's recent marriage to Miss Rita Hayworth

LUCKILY for a lot of us, wars may come and wars may go, but love goes on simultaneously and always has within the memory of man—and woman. Otherwise what would we have to brighten the drear days when talk-about-town is running low, since you certainly can't talk about the war all the time and keep your sanity? In that respect, we in Hollywood have had some very nice anecdotes on the sentimental side served up to us in the past weeks, some of which have created more than local interest and which a native like yours truly may be able to tell you more about than you already know.

For instance, there was that blithe little event when Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles went to the Santa Monica courthouse for purposes of marriage and she became his'n.

Of course, that little commitment of matrimony set lots of predictors right back on their heels, because Orson, after he was divorced by his first wife, declared he was through



to know more about

Even Errol Flynn's best friend didn't know about his Mexican romance with Nora Eddington



Will the man who rounds out this picture of Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner end up by marrying her?

with nuptial bindings, whereupon he went into a tailspin over Dolores Del Rio. But I maintained from the first this would never lead to the altar, because I happened to have introduced them some years back at the Jack Warners' house, when they gave one of their superlatively sumptuous soirees for about 400 of their intimate friends. It was the first thing of its kind Orson had ever attended—though he knew his way backstage through every town in the country. And when his round brown eyes lit upon Dolores, his mind said, "This is the most beautiful star in the whole firmament."

Well, time marched on, and the little lady marched right back to Mexico City from which she came.

And during this period, Rita Hayworth, who had come up like a skyrocket, exploded—and the sparks still keep coming. Rita was making a little history of her own, what with a divorce and her reckless romance with Victor Mature, with practically daily bulletins being

sent out either from the said gent or from her studio, which wouldn't give her an increase in salary unless she stopped seeing him. When along comes our little genius, Orson. One look at her was enough—and all thoughts of living in a state of single blessedness from then on vanished from his mind.

In the meantime, Mr. Welles was busy whipping up under a great expanse of canvas a little thing called a Magic Show, with his willing workers from the Mercury Theater, and Rita was the much-envied lady who was to be sawed in two. Well, her boss, Harry Cohn, had her in a picture and he saw no reason why Mr. Welles should get all that free publicity by getting Rita's services free while he paid her salary, even though it was all good clean fun for our soldier boys to take their minds off the war. So after the opening performance, said Mr. Cohn put his foot down firmly and said, "Fun's fun—and you'll just stay away from that tent show."

Now I've never known Orson to take no from anybody—including Mr. Cohn. So in a whirlwind of sudden decision, the two lovebirds rushed through spur-of-the-moment plans, picked up Orson's close friend, Joe Cotten, drove to Santa Monica, snatched the marriage license out of a clerk's hand and were married in a brief and simple ceremony by Judge Orlando H. Rhodes, only stopping long enough en route to the ceremony for an ice-cream soda at Schwab's drugstore, which they divided with two straws. And that night, cozy as you please and happy as a couple of bugs in a rug, Rita (Mrs. Orson Welles) was quietly sitting in her husband's dressing room under the big canvas, and her boss, Mr. Harry Cohn, was wringing his hands and saying, "They licked me!"

Then, on the not-so-permanent romance front, we had the sentimental interlude of Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington. Although this romance is now undoubtedly as cold as a well- (Continued on page 80)

HOLLYWOOD'S Newest Pin-up Girl

CHERYL CHRISTINA CRANE SPEAKING



HAVE navy blue eyes and black hair. I weigh ten pounds and thirteen ounces so far, and I was born on July twenty-fifth of this year. My name is Cheryl Christina Crane.

I probably inherit my looks from my parents. I don't know whether you've heard of them or not—they're Mr. and Mrs. J. Stephen Crane, and my mother's acting name is Lana Turner. But considering how old they are (she's twenty-two years older than I am and he's twenty-eight), I think they are stunning people. She's about a foot shorter than Daddy, with soft blonde hair that falls around her face, and she wears a size ten dress; and he's six feet one, with big shoulders and brown eyes and dark curling hair like mine. And aside from being good-looking, they're the two happiest people I've ever seen.

Not that they've always been happy. They had a bad spell for two weeks, just before I was born—because of Daddy. You see, he was just determined to have a son. In fact, he even told Mother he'd disown her if I were a girl and he got very touchy whenever anyone kidded him about it . . . and one time, a week before I was born, he even walked out on a party to cool off because he got so angry when someone said I might be what I am.

So you can imagine how my mother felt when I finally appeared, at 5:14 Sunday morning on July twenty-fifth. She'd been conscious all the time I was arriving, because she'd taken something called a spinal anaesthetic; so the minute she was told about me she said, "Oh, how will we ever tell Stephen?"

One of the nurses said she would, and she went out into the hall and said very quickly, "Congratulations—you have a lovely daughter!" Then I hear that my father turned milk-white with disappointment. But he came into the delivery room right away and kissed my mother, and then couldn't help snarling when he said, "Well, where is she?"

The nurse took him over to where I was, in a hotbox in the corner . . . and he took one look at me and changed his whole attitude right then and there. Mother says he got the most foolish look on his face—and now, whenever he thinks she's not around, he comes into my room and tells me a lot of pretty foolish (but very wonderful) things. If anyone makes me conceited, he will. He says I am the most marvelous baby girl in the whole world and he wouldn't change me for anyone. Even a boy.

What I wouldn't change is the life I lead. I lie all day long in the prettiest room you can imagine, which my mother designed herself. The walls are pale, pale blue with fleecy white clouds painted on them—and pink cherubs pulling the clouds along, and riding them, and pushing them. My furniture is all pink and blue and white, too—and outside my room is a one-story white house on a hill overlooking the whole Pacific Ocean and the city of Los Angeles. A swarm of people live here—seven altogether. There's my grandmother, and Daddy and Mother, and two maids, and my nurse and me. Only I sometimes wonder what the nurse is for—because Mother likes to do everything for me. She feeds and bathes me, very gently, and talking to me all the time. If my Daddy were here alone, of course, I could understand the nurse—because, even though he likes to come in and make love speeches to me, he's scared to death to touch me. And whenever he does, Mother says he's so clumsy that she's terrified he'll drop me.

Before I was born a lot of hubbub seems to have gone on. Like Mother's yens, for instance. She got a strawberry yen, when she ate strawberries for breakfast, lunch and dinner and in between meals too—and she insisted that everyone else in the house eat them with her. She got so strawberry-conscious, she even bought a strawberry-print maternity dress—and Daddy just stopped her in time before she had

Her mama is Lana Turner; her papa is Stephen Crane; she's just herself, talking the most unexpected baby talk you've ever heard!



"Even though my daddy likes to make love speeches to me, he's scared to death to touch me."

all the wallpaper in their room changed to a strawberry pattern. She even had the paperhangers arranged for before Daddy argued her out of it. As he said, once I'd come, strawberries would be out—and he was quite right.

Then there was her thriller yen. Every night when Daddy was up from Fort MacArthur (he was a Private in the Army until just recently, when he got an honorable discharge for medical reasons), he had to take Mother to the Hawaiian Theater to see "The Wolf Man" or "Frankenstein's Sister," or some other horror picture. Mother was crazy for them. They went so much (and loaded down with popcorn, too!) that the ushers began to say, "Hello, Lana and Steve," just the way they said hello to each other every night. But now that I'm here, she says she doesn't have to have movie thrills any more—she's all excited just staying home with Daddy and me.

That's all they seem to do, I must say—is stay home. Sometimes when they're talking over my bassinet, I hear them remembering their courtship, which seems to have been carried on in every night club and restaurant in Southern California. They went to a lot of parties while

I was on the way, too. But now they are a couple of home bodies. Mother says, "Darling, why go out?" to Daddy, and he says, "Why indeed?" . . . so then they pull out the gin rummy board and begin trying to beat each other at it every night. Or else Mother reads her beloved biographies and Daddy reads the paper or listens to the radio. And a lot of the time they just talk, about me.

AS YOU can see, we lead a very simple life—there's only a lawn and a white picket fence outside my window, no pool or tennis court. When Daddy and Mother feel like exercising, they go someplace else for him to swim or play golf or tennis—and for her to bowl. (She says she'll have to wait 'til I grow up to have a bowling partner, because, as she says I will find out in time, husbands won't play games that their wives can beat them at!) We hardly know any other actors, any more than most families do. And Mother isn't the kind who likes to sit for hours at lunch with other women—she'd rather grab a sandwich in a drive-in when she's not home. And when she goes shopping, she takes Daddy with (Continued on page 70)

Don't be afraid!



Barbara and Bob on the day he left for service:
"... that we do not pass fear along to our men"

You can't overcome fear by ignoring it. Use it, instead, to make you strong . . . in this way

BY

Barbara Lammey

to me now. Truths like these will be terribly important to every woman everywhere just now as more and more of our men go out into the unknown to fight.

I began to learn them, or perhaps I should say I began to be conscious of learning them, several years ago when I suffered a serious back injury. If I hadn't been so terrified at the thought of being paralyzed, I could never have made the supreme effort which was absolutely necessary to walk again. It was my very terror which made me defiant, which wouldn't let me give up. It was the children who were in the same hospital who showed me how.

There was a boy there, about fourteen years old. He was hopelessly paralyzed and he had to make a decision. They made him decide for himself whether he would spend the rest of his life lying down . . . or would submit to an operation which would allow him to spend the rest of his life, *every minute* of it, sitting up! And that young boy chose to undergo the operation because, he said, "If I can sit up I can use my hands and I may be of some use to someone!"

He had hope and he was unafraid. How could I flinch from the effort I had to make? I knew, when I heard that, that I would walk again sometime. It wasn't that my fear of *not* walking had left me. It was rather that I realized no obstacle was so huge that I couldn't overcome it. That child's quiet courage had given me the lift I needed.

You can't overcome your fears by ignoring them. You have to face them, call them by name and then overcome them. You can assure yourself that even this, whatever it is, that seems so terrible, is not a fatal visitation.

Imaginary fears can get you . . . and sometimes I think these are the worst of all! In "Flesh And Fantasy," you know, Charles Boyer, playing a slack wire performer, dreams that he falls. And in his dream a girl's face . . . my face . . . is part of his consciousness during that horror. Later on he meets the girl, sees that she, at least, is real and he begins to fear that the rest (Continued on page 100)

THERE is a line in a book which has meant so much to me that I have tried to make it my own—a motto for the cornerstone of my life. I have had it engraved on the identification tag my son wears. I have had it engraved on similar tags I have given to men going into the Services. It is engraved on my heart. I want to shout in from the housetops. I want to share it with everyone I know.

"'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it." That's all. It is the simple credo of a great soul and any child can understand it.

Discussing this not so long ago someone suggested that because I have lived through some terrible experiences, I must have "overcome Fear." I haven't. But I can say confidently that I have overcome my *fear* of fear . . . which is an entirely different matter. The nearest that I have come to conquering fear is to learn not to give in to it, to know that it can't overcome me.

Intelligent people know fear, know it for what it is. Only a stupid person would boast of never feeling it. Fear is a great energizer if you learn how to direct it. But you have to learn to force yourself to try to be courageous. Then your very fright will stimulate you to greater perception, strength, energy.

I'm not afraid—now—of the prospect of being afraid again because, as my courage has grown, my faith has grown. Or perhaps it's the other way round. They've grown together. For faith is the bulwark we build to protect us from fear.

All these things I have learned are terribly important

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



Lt. (jg) Robert Taylor, now of the United States Navy; late of M-G-M's "Song Of Russia"

She never wears stockings . . .



For the studio record she wrote: "Oscar Wilde and Goddard say, 'Any woman who tells her age, tells anything.'"

PALETTE ON

The Cover Girl BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist



Some brush strokes on Goddard, the colorful, who

PAULETTE GODDARD has come a long way, and she is determined to go much further.

When she arrived in Hollywood she was a flashy, shapely blonde who was a chorine in Goldwyn's "The Kid From Spain." It was while working in this picture that she met Charlie Chaplin.

Then she took diction lessons. She took singing lessons. She even took special courses at U.C.L.A. She changed from a flashy blonde to a natural brunette, but she still remained shapely.

In fact, if you must have the figures, they are: Height, five feet four inches; weight, 110; bust thirty-four; waist twenty-four; hips thirty-five. She has blue eyes. She claims she never wears a girdle.

She was Chaplin's leading lady in "Modern Times," but she couldn't remain inactive while waiting for Chaplin to do another picture. She tried to get the role of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With The Wind." She can now talk calmly about this, her big disappointment.

The Chaplin house is across the way from the David Selznick house in

Beverly Hills. One day a girl who was a telephone operator in Los Angeles saved enough money to buy a dress such as is described on page one of "Gone With The Wind." Dressing herself in it, she had herself delivered to Selznick's house in a ten-foot replica of the book. When Selznick came downstairs, summoned by the amazed butler, the girl stepped out of the book and said, "I am *Scarlett O'Hara*."

But an even greater shock to David Selznick came when Paulette Goddard phoned to thank him for giving her the role of *Scarlett*. She had seen the book being driven up and down the street while the driver looked for the correct address and she thought this was Selznick's way of telling her that she had been selected for the role. They were angry for a short time.

But she started a film career for herself, principally as Bob Hope's leading lady, and was well on her way when it was announced that she and Chaplin were to be divorced. One of her pictures was previewed soon after this announcement and one of the preview cards came back with this

... but does wear flowers in her hair



PAULETTE

has her own unique design for living

written on it: "If Chaplin don't want her, I'll take her."

This appears to be the attitude of the fans. They are for her.

She appreciates this and works hard at her job. She still takes dramatic lessons, she is very attentive on the set and she is one of the few "name" actresses who likes to pose for leg art, fashions and other publicity material. She knows its value.

On the studio questionnaire, under the date of birth, she wrote: "Oscar Wilde and Goddard say that 'any woman who tells her age tells anything.'" She was born June 3, 1915.

She is not fussy about what kind of lipstick she uses, if the color appeals to her.

Though she is one of Hollywood's shrewdest business women, she doesn't own a purse. All her clothes have pockets in them, to hold her money and her lipstick. Or she carries a large compact, in which she keeps her money.

She was given power of attorney for Lt. Burgess Meredith before he went to Europe.

She has made several investments

for him, which have already shown a profit.

She is partial to bright colors such as red, purple, orange and yellow. She doesn't like blue. She avoids wearing a hat whenever possible. She never wears stockings. She generally manages to get a good sun tan on her legs. Her favorite piece of jewelry is a gold bracelet which was given to her by Chaplin. It has the letter "W" on it. She says it stands for "W."

She insists on wearing a white bathing suit, sports suit, or gown when making fashion or leg art pictures. She knows what she looks good in.

SHE resides in a five-room bungalow in Coldwater Canyon. It is attractive, but not pretentious. When she gets tired of housework, she casts among her friends for a house guest, invites her for a stay—provided she brings her maid or other servant.

She has a portrait of herself by Diego Rivera, which is on display in the front room of her house. When asked what this much-discussed painting of her by (Continued on page 88)

She says her portrait by Diego Rivera represents "American Youth trying to express itself and find truth"



*Dorothy
McGuire*

Town Talker

This is *Claudia*, turning up to turn out a top performance in her initial Hollywood film. When she walks around the lot in her favorite tweeds she's known as Dorothy McGuire; when she entertains her friends at home with the long talks she loves she's Mrs. John Swope; most anywhere, any time, she's spotted as the girl whose *Claudia* role both in Hollywood and Broadway made her the talk of the American town. She's little, she's blonde and she started acting when she was thirteen, way out in Omaha, Nebraska. She still calls people "Mr." and "Miss"—and they keep calling her a genius.



*Eddie
Bracken*

Laugh Master

Chap who makes with chuckles . . . Eddie Bracken, who gave lots of people many laughs in "Caught In The Draft" and "Star-Spangled Rhythm." A slender guy, he measures up as five feet ten, has blue eyes, brown hair and an engaging sort of grin. Born on Long Island, he started his career at five, singing soprano in a school play. From then on he was in. Broadway, of course, and then, again of course, Hollywood. Today: A bright and shining limelighter with a cowlick, a hobby for recordings, a nice wife and a line that makes him one of Hollywood's top funny-men.

The new crop of newcomers . . .
WHO'S



Promissory Note

Little girl from Texas with a big future in Hollywood is Joyce Reynolds, Joan Fontaine's sister in "The Constant Nymph." Up until she was eighteen, she paid attention to her schoolbooks; then she turned in an A-1 performance in a university show. Warners stepped in and Joyce's career stepped up. A role in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," then "The Constant Nymph," and now she's been given the plum role of "Janie." She likes chocolate ice cream and chocolate cake, Ping-pong and horse racing. What she wants to do is act as well as Bette Davis; what she is now is the brown-eyed white hope of the Warners lot.

They're fun, young, electrifying!

NEWS



Sonny Boy

One picture, "So Proudly We Hail," and Sonny Tufts (or Bowen Charleton Tufts III, as he is almost never called) becomes a name sensation. His work as Kansas in that film landed him opposite Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl," a perfect three-point landing. He was singing at a N.Y. night club when he was signed up and rushed into "So Proudly We Hail." Born in Boston, he went to Yale where his college-paper jottings were so good his banker-father thought he'd be a writer. His Yale friends couldn't even imagine Sonny's outcome. Movie-goers who've seen him know what he'll be—the hit of '44. Just wait and see!

God made me well

A STORY OF FAITH

BY LOU COSTELLO

These are simple words . . . but in the telling there is a
new strength for everyone who reads them

MY WIFE and I had been looking forward to celebrating my birthday on March sixth. We thought we would have a quiet home celebration with maybe a few friends in to dinner and then in the evening we would go out.

For several days I had had pains in my leg, but I thought they were just an old-fashioned Charley horse. During the radio broadcast two days before my birthday, I had hopped around a lot on one foot because I could hardly stand on the other, but the audience thought I was clowning. I wanted them to think that and tried to carry off the broadcast with as much bravado as possible. I didn't even tell Bud Abbott, though he is my closest friend. I didn't want to worry him with what I thought was just a trifling matter. He looked at me a little oddly after the broadcast and said, "Was there anything wrong, Lou? You seemed to be doing even more hopping around than usual tonight."

"Just clowning," I told him.

As soon as I came home, I started soaking my foot in cold water and applying cold compresses. That would do the trick, I was sure.

But when I woke next morning, it was worse than ever. My wife and I now realized that it couldn't be just a Charley horse or the pains would have gone away. "We've got to call a doctor," she said. So she called Dr. Victor Kovner.

His verdict was, "You've got rheumatic fever. You'll have to stay in bed for a while."

"But, Doc," I said, "I've got to get back to work soon. Do I have to stay in bed long?"

"I'll tell you just as soon as it's all right for you to get up," he evaded the question.

We called in some specialists after that and they all confirmed what Dr. Kovner had said. That gave me renewed faith in my own doctor. Even before blood tests were taken, he knew just what was the matter with me.

For the first eleven days of my illness I was stunned by the pains which racked me. They would no sooner go away from one part of my body than they would visit another.

I was in such agony that I didn't care what happened to me. I felt as though I was drowning in a sea of pain.

On the twelfth day I began to feel a little better. Now I was able to think more clearly. And I began to ask myself, "Why in the world did I become ill?" Of course, the doctor could tell me some of the answers. Both Abbott and I had worked as though we were driven by demons, never stopping to rest. We'd not only made pictures and appeared on the radio, but in some of the hottest weather that the country had ever known we'd gone on a strenuous Bond tour, covering not only big cities, but tiny towns, too. It was all worth while, because we raised \$78,000,000 for Uncle Sam. The following winter, in raging blizzard weather, we'd made a tour of the Army camps in the East. Then I had come down with flu. The doctor had advised me to stay in bed for at least two days, but Abbott and I had been booked for an appearance at the Lakehurst Naval Base. When I tried to get the appearance postponed for two days, someone said, "Look, Lou, do you realize what the soldiers are going through? Do you think when they're in the foxholes they ever quit? What right have you to quit?" So I told myself, "You've got to be a soldier, too, Lou," and Bud Abbott and I made that appearance, even though the doctor had warned me against it.

WELL, it seems you can drive the human body just so far and so long, and then things happen.

Still, all these scientific explanations didn't quite satisfy me. You see, I'd always thought of rheumatic fever as being a kid's disease. Oh, sure, grownups sometimes get it, but with grownups it's rare. So I asked myself, "Why did you, Lou Costello, fall sick with a kid's disease?" And I just couldn't find the right answer. Not then. Later it came to me.

At the time it seemed tough just when a new world had been opened to Abbott and me and we had succeeded in pictures beyond our wildest dreams, after years of struggle, that the door should be slammed in our faces by my illness. Oh, sure, if Bud Abbott weren't the loyal friend he is, he could have accepted some of the offers that came pouring in to star him by himself, but he wouldn't consider that. He was going to wait for me to get well. But it looked for the moment as if our dreams had crashed at our feet. If I didn't get well, that would naturally be the end of us as a team.

And the terrible thing is that rheumatic fever often affects the heart. Cardiographs showed that my heart hadn't been affected yet, but of (Continued on page 97)



Above: Lou, now almost recovered, with Bud Abbott, looking over plans for their proposed rheumatic fever foundation.

Left: Betty Daggett, who fell ill the same day as Lou and whose letter meant so much during his recovery



Big donator from the fighting front—Clark Gable, eager to help cure the disease he himself once had



Frank Sinatra.




Hitting a new high: Singer Sinatra of "Higher And Higher." Portrait by Fink.

Kathryn Grayson



Looking into the Fink lens: Kathryn Grayson of "Thousands Cheer"



I'm not a

The feminine touch
in a masculine
world: Joan Leslie of
"This Is The Army"

dull girl!



Surprise note: Joan plays a "squeeze box"



Boudoir note: Joan shares her bedroom with Betty



Family note: Joan, Dad, Mother and sister Betty

When a bright new Hollywood star acts her age it's worth this stop-look-and-listen!

BY

Joan Leslie

As Told To Eleanor Harris

SOME people in Hollywood say that poor little Joan Leslie is all work and no play; that her family represses her; that she leads a nunlike life.

Now, some of this may be true, some of it may be false. But the point is, *I am thoroughly enjoying all of it.* So don't feel sorry for me!

In the first place, it's true that I work considerably more than I play. This is by my own choice, not my family's. I enjoy working more than anything else in the world and I have come to the conclusion that life is not worth living unless it's lived on a schedule. To me, organizing my time is the important, basic job of my day. I try to get in three hours of schooling every day (even though my eighteenth birthday meant that I was not required by law to study any further). I also get in one singing lesson and one dancing lesson a day, as well as acting my full eight hours on the set. As a matter of fact, whenever possible, I study dancing for three hours instead of one—always in the morning, because you have the most energy then.

You see, I have a goal. I'm determined to become a really fine actress. I hope to do comedy as well as drama and to be able to dance and sing to perfection . . . and also, just as much as these things, I want to round out my own individual personality. I want poise and assurance—and I am sure that studying will help me acquire those qualities.

As for my playing: I do play, but I play moderately—and perhaps in a non-Hollywood way. You see, I find that I must have nine hours' sleep a night—much as I envy those people who don't require so much. I don't feel or look well if I cheat on my rest and I'm certainly not on tiptoe. That's why I try to go out only on week ends and even then I get home around eleven or twelve at night. Other girls say

to me, "But how can you get boys to bring you home so early?" Well, I don't find it difficult. The boys I go out with have to get up early themselves. Generally we go to dinner and a show, and that's that. And every Sunday I have friends (most of them nonprofessionals) over for badminton, or else we all go to the Lakeside Country Club for lunch and swimming.

To some people in Hollywood this doesn't sound like much of a social whirl. It seems tame and juvenile to them compared to the night-club lives that a lot of actresses my age lead. But the awful truth is, I like it! As a matter of fact, it's those date-mad, clothes-mad, party-mad actresses who seem "young" to me. Maybe it's because I've been with grownups all my life that I feel more adult than the Hollywood glamour girls who are seen out with a different man every night. I'm truly not interested in that kind of flash-in-the-pan publicity and I feel sorry for those girls who feel it's necessary for their careers. It seems to me they're just grabbing wildly for excitement, experience and attention. But I'd much rather act my age, which is pretty young, after all, than try to act what I'm not.

Naturally, I know that a lot of those girls feel they're getting experiences that way which will make them better actresses—and, of course, they have a right to their opinions. But I can't find myself agreeing. For instance, I heard one rising young actress of seventeen say only last week, "I'm going to start drinking cocktails and smoking. I think I need it for my career." Well, more power to her if she thinks so. But just how will it help her career to inhale a cigarette or down a cocktail? It won't, if you ask me. And I don't say this because I disapprove of drinking and smoking—I don't disapprove of them at all, in moderation. The only reason I personally don't drink or smoke is that so far (Continued on page 89)



Coming up: One bright girl, Betty Hutton of Paramount's "Let's Face It"



In this corner:
Champ Hutton and fiancée,
radio producer Charles
Martin, holding down a
ringside seat
at New York's
Stork Club

SUNDAY-PUNCH GIRL

Kid Betty Hutton entering the ring—
with as knockout a lively-life story as you've ever read

JOHN R. FRANCHEY

THE way to do it," a cauliflowered oldster once told Betty Hutton, "is not to lay back and wait for a chance to get in your Sunday punch, but to wade right in, start swinging and keep punching until something drops. Nine times out of ten it won't be you."

The advice was as solid as the old pug's muscles. Our Betty waded in at ten, started swinging and kept on punching until what dropped was most emphatically not Betty but an eighteen-carat movie career the likes of which have not been dropping for many a year.

At twenty-two she can sprawl out on her huge flowered divan, dressed in a chartreuse housecoat, browse through a copy of *Esquire* and relax, a verb that is hardly the keynote to this breezy energetic item.

"A Hutton's got to keep moving," she explains, in an attempt to rationalize her jitters, which are routed by activity of any sort, even running up and down stairs or swatting mosquitoes.

Today she gets as much kick out of buying herself a new negligee as she did when she bought the first one (for \$3.98) some five years back; as much kick out of meeting a factory hand as she did Cecil B. DeMille whom she unabashedly smacked right there in the Paramount commissary. On occasion those who have been with her have been not a little embarrassed by her uninhibited outbursts that are as like as not to occur in the midst of a crowded hotel lobby. But what can you do with a winner whose lust for life is as appealing as it is infectious?

It all began in Battle Creek where Kid Hutton entered the ring. Jack Thornburg, regarding his second-born with

a shake of the head, shrugged and waxed philosophical. "She's not so pretty as her sister Marian, but she can yell like a pie-eyed Indian. I wouldn't be surprised if she grew up to be a first-rate glass-blower."

Jack Thornburg and his second-born never got to know each other very well. Betty was two and yelling like four when he left the house one day never to return. More dazed than distressed, Mabel Hutton took stock of the dismal situation, dried her tears and took her little brood to Detroit where an industrious woman could find—and did find—enough work hammering tacks into upholstery in an automobile plant to support two blond little moppets with ravenous appetites.


It was during these slim days that Betty became the five-year-old half of a duet which used to make the beer-joint circuit singing for nickels and dimes. She and Marian would make with a little two-point harmony and then, while Marian carried on solo with "Harvest Moon," Betty would pass the hat. It wasn't at all glamorous or even pleasant, but it kept the Thornburgs together until Betty was ready to make her official debut.

Betty was seven when an accident almost finished her. A dead-end kid pushed her off a pier. As she fell, she banged her face against a nail and hung there until somebody's big brother rescued her, by which time the nail had sheared a gash up her cheek from chin to nose, imperiling the right eye. They brought her home, where Mrs. Thornburg, working with bandages, ice and loving care, performed something of a surgical miracle.


(Continued on page 86)

Million-dollar

Fables about foibles—and what happens when



Alexander Graham Bell would have been happy about Mickey Rooney, but the studio just kept crossing its fingers



Sometimes Alice Faye, from her Vall home where she lives with husband P Harris and baby Alice, calls the office. That's when producers reach for aspirin

It takes all kinds of people to make a world . . . Hollywood wishes it didn't. Life in the film colony would be so much simpler if the stars would be less human. The foibles of Mr. Average Citizen, momentarily irritating and amusing in turn, are soon forgotten. The foibles of the stars, on the other hand, have far-reaching effects; they're million-dollar headaches.

You wouldn't expect the likes of Humphrey Bogart to have foibles. He does, though. Everyone associated with a Bogart picture dreads the days love scenes are filmed. They know how little will be accomplished. Humphrey detests making love in front of a camera. It makes him self-conscious. So he kids. He kids until he breaks up the scene and ruins the leading lady's romantic mood. Completely! Time goes by . . . Bogie groans for pictures in which he plays a hard-boiled mug with no ardent trimmings and soon has everybody else groaning too. However, the money he grosses at the box office when he makes love makes it all worth while. As one of Bogie's producers once said, "When homely men make love it's always more convincing. . . ."

Then there's Mickey Rooney . . . Micky's been a ladies' man since his kid days. He used to keep telephone numbers in a besmudged notebook cached in his deep hip pocket and monopolize the telephone on his stage, kidding with his repertoire of girls and dating a favorite for the night on which he would receive his allowance. Warily the assistant

director used to trudge back and forth between set and telephone whenever Mickey's histrionics were needed.

Recently Mickey has dug his feet into the Front Office's plushy carpet while his bosses have reproved him for appearing in so many night clubs with so many girls and warned him that he may well create an unfavorable impression with his public if he continues this. Fearless wonders if Mickey's bosses know they have one of their young executives to thank—and *we do mean thank*—for Mickey's frequenting only such approved places as Romanoffs, the Palladium and Mocambo with girls from the studios. This executive discovered Mickey about to give a lift to a girl who was waiting for a bus on Hollywood Boulevard one evening. He took him aside and, man to man, laid it on the line.

"It's all right for other guys to be Joe Friendly, to give girls lifts," he told him, "but you can't. If you should invite the wrong girl into your roadster and she should gang up on you—with the help of an imaginative and unscrupulous lawyer—it would cost you or the studio plenty. The publicity that would result from any suit she would bring against you would be dynamite." He wound up for the finish: "Stick with girls who are in the picture game and don't even take them anywhere less public than the fights or a top-ranking night club. Be smart, feller."

"If only," moan the Metro bosses, "Mickey weren't so girl-crazy."

didoes BY "Fearless"

the stars' emotional hearts rule their money-making heads!

What goes on in Nancy Coleman's dressing room drives Hollywood to its bright wits' ends

Many a young girl has done what Judy Garland did, but the results weren't quite the same!



Judy Garland, Mickey's little sidekick, is another star who keeps Leo the Lion reaching for aspirin tablets. Judy proves human in another way. She worries herself to death over whether she'll be good enough—on the screen. Therefore, whenever she's tired from working hard she sits in her dressing room and, her eyes swimming with big scared tears, insists it's no use for her to dress and go down on the stage.

"I just wouldn't be good enough today," she tells the members of her company who come after her. "I know it in my bones."

Her gang goes into action—fast! "Just dress and make up and come down and see how you feel then," they urge. "If you still think you aren't up to a job today we'll change the schedule and shoot around you." They know if they can get Judy on the stage everything will be all right, that she will forget her fears and snap into it.

Career boys and girls, like Mickey and Judy for instance, are—as we have seen—difficult upon occasion. But they always can be counted upon to stick with their careers, whatever happens. It's the stars who don't care if they ever make



Major offender on one score—though she doesn't mean to be—is Ruth Hussey

another picture who send the moguls off for rest cures.

Kathryn Grayson would be quite happy if she never stepped inside a movie studio again. She loves her husband, John Shelton, most in the world. No detail of her career ever concerns her half so much as making smooth darns in John's socks and sewing his buttons on. Next to John she loves singing. Back in 1939 when she signed her seven-year contract with Metro she was really depressed. And she only had her singing then, remember; she hadn't met John.

"Why did you sign if you feel the way you do?" friends asked.

"Mr. Mayer wanted me to—and he has been very good to me," she answered. "But seven years from now will be late to begin studying for the opera—which is the thing I really care about!"

That was a bad enough setup, if you ask her bosses, without a handsome John's stepping into the picture and putting movies third on her list. This autumn, for instance, when Kathryn went out with the Bond Cavalcade she didn't journey from California to Washington with all the other stars in the luxury of the special train. She drove across desert, mountains and prairies with John, who was en route to Washington. He couldn't ride on the train and she wanted to be with him every possible moment.

Kathryn prays constantly that she will have a baby. Fearless suspects her bosses pray too— (Continued on page 95)

HE CALLS HER "DAISY"

... meaning Paul Lukas and the woman he loves, the woman to whom he sends red roses—and salami!

BY
FRANCES BARR
MATTHEWS

"Isn't she wonderful?" asks Paul about his Daisy. Two guesses what the answer is. One guess as to what Daisy really thinks about her Paul



HER name is Gizella but long ago Paul Lukas decreed that it was to be Daisy.

You just can't write about Paul Lukas, his habits, his plans and ambitions, without a reverential bow toward Daisy.

Young, attractive and liked by everyone, she is the apple of Paul's eye. When he is away from her, he talks of little else. When he is with her, he fondles her, jokes with her or scolds her, but always in the manner of a devoted lover. She is petite and blonde and bright-eyed. After sixteen years of marriage, to spite the cynics, the Lukases are more than ever sweethearts. There is no sign of a marriage-weary couple about them. Their discussions, their plans, even their arguments are full of the excitement and interest of newlyweds. In that respect, at least, Daisy is the envy of her friends.

In some other respects Daisy is not.

Many times, when friends have seen Paul in one of his fine Hungarian rages, they have wondered how Daisy could bear it. But Daisy not only bears it—she thrives on it.

She knows Paul loves her and she knows too that today, in spite of (or possibly because of) their sixteen years together, she looks happier and younger than she did when they first came over from Budapest in 1927 as bride and groom.

It's not very polite to peek behind the scenes of people's romances, but it is amusing to remember that Paul and Daisy met this way: He was playing the role of *Potemkin* in "Catherine The Great." It was a theater in Budapest. In the first row sat Gizella Benesch. All during the performance they flirted madly.

Later they met formally and Paul started sending roses. He's been sending them ever since.

Or if he's feeling especially romantic he sends her a beautiful salami, which they both greatly admire.

Food is practically his second love. (Tennis wins by just a nose.) Paul's entrance into any friend's house is almost always the same. He goes directly to the kitchen, teases the cook outrageously and digs into the icebox. His favorite "find" there is a hambone, on which he starts chewing while discussing life in general (Continued on page 77)

HE CALLS HER "BINKS"

BY
LEON SURMELIAN

... exposing Alan Marshal and his Mary, and the unique
life they manage to lead in Hollywood



... she calls him Buzz and they both call their scion Kit. The threesome who live as if every day were Mardi gras—Alan and Mary Marshal, son Christopher

BINKS, as you might surmise, was not the name the records carried in announcing the arrival of Mary Marshal on this earth. More precisely, it was an inspiration of Alan's one day as he gazed on the sunlit head of his wife. Not to be outdone in either wit or affection, she promptly called him Buzz. And Binks and Buzz it has been from that day to this.

Their marriage was the result of love at first sight. They still blush when they discuss it, says Alan, recalling his first meeting with the blonde society girl, Mary Borel, whom he was to marry a year later.

"I always thought I'd marry a man just like Alan," says Mrs. Marshal, who loves to talk about her husband as much as he hates to talk about himself.

The occasion was a cozy little dinner party given by an English actress who, to tell you the truth, was Alan's steady at the time.

They took one look at each other and the flame leaped up. The hostess had neglected to introduce them, so Alan introduced himself, stammering like a schoolboy meeting

his first movie queen. At the table, he was even worse. He kept passing vegetables to her with a progressively more wistful: "Would you care for a little more of this?" Mary was no better. "No thank you . . . no, thank you," she kept saying, like an old phonograph record with the needle stuck.

Mary was having breakfast in bed in San Francisco the next morning when the maid announced that flowers had arrived—roses. And no card. But a bit of adroit sleuthing produced results. The next step was a telegram from Alan advising her that he'd be flying in to see her on the following Friday.

It was after this visit that Papa Borel spoke his parental piece. Actors—even English actors—were a gay, light-hearted and lightheaded lot. Obviously, they had their place—but not in the Borel family. Daughter-doting and proud, Borel père forbade Mary to see Alan again. Undaunted, she managed to see him a time or two. There were swift reprisals. First, her irate sire took her away from her. That failing, (Continued on page 83)



Betty's Bob . . . the proud
possessor of the gold-link
wedding ring, the platinum
mate of which is worn by his
beloved redhead, Betty Lou
—Robert Young of M-G-M's
"The Canterville Ghost"



The Captain's Lady... dark-haired beauty Mrs. William Ross Howard III, sultry-voiced middle-woman in the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby series of antics—Dorothy Lamour of Paramount's "Riding High"

Should War Wives Have Babies?

This is for thinking

women everywhere,

women who are unselfish, who

want to do what is right



Gene Tierney Cassini Says:

"I was the one who said not so long ago that although I was terribly keen about having children I felt that a well established home and financial security were essential beforehand; that otherwise both my husband and I would be anxious and worried.

Anxious and worried! Those words would hardly describe the happiness that is mine today. When I found our baby was on the way, I asked the studio for a leave of absence, which they graciously granted, and hurried to Fort Riley, Kansas, where Oleg was in training with his cavalry outfit.

Maybe you don't think heaven is a four-room cottage on a Kansas prairie. I found that it was. While Oleg was on duty, I furnished our home with pieces from a secondhand store, painted it white with touches of red, had red-and-white checked slip covers made from material that cost twenty cents a yard.

I've never known a happier time than living there where the townspeople called out a hearty "Hello, Gene!" and let it go at that.

What would I say to any war wife faced with the problem of having a baby? I'd say have it—and know the greatest happiness of your life!"

Linda Darnell Marley Says:

"Of course Pev and I want children. However, neither of us thinks it's wise to have them right away. This has nothing to do with the war because my husband is no longer in the Army. Newlyweds have many adjustments to make in the new life they are starting together. We have a home to establish. When our life, as well as our home, is well organized and running smoothly, we want children to make the circle complete."



Lucille Ball Arnaz Says:

"Certainly I believe that war wives should have babies. But only when they have been married long enough to feel there is a permanency about their marriage.

If there aren't any children, it's important that the wife keep the home going or establish one, in case they didn't have one before the husband left.

If a man is fortunate enough to have both a wife and baby waiting for him, he will have a security and peace of mind that a wife alone would not give.

Because Dezi loves our ranch at Northridge, I am carrying on out there, instead of moving into town. Due to a knee injury, acquired when Dezi first went into service, he is still stationed in California. As his injury improves, both of us realize his time here is getting short. On his occasional week ends at home, I am very happy when he says that the picture of our home and me waiting for him will tide him over any hardship he may have to face."



Maria Montez Aumont Says:

"Twins are what I want! There is a very good chance that I may get my wish, for in my family both a grandmother and an aunt have given birth to twins.

Because my husband (Jean Pierre Aumont) is leaving for war would not stop me from having children. I would have them right away if I could. But one cannot write God a letter saying, 'Please send me twins at once.' One must wait and hope and pray.

I learned to pray in the convent where I went when I was six years old. It is not good for a little girl to go away from home when she is so young. Three years later, when I was nine, would not have been so bad. You do not get so lonely when you are a little older. But there were ten children in our family. Too many for my mother to care for. I will not have so many. My children will live at home.

No, I will not give up our Beverly Hills house when my husband is gone. I will live in my home where I belong. I am not afraid. I do not need a companion. I love my work. Much of my time is spent in studying. I work hours over my English lessons, trying to lose my accent. And I must perfect my French so that I will be ready to do a French play with Jean when he comes back from the war. Paris is where we would like to make our debut together. We have so many plans, Jean and I, for ourselves and for our children."



Carole Landis Wallace Says:

"It is a great disappointment to me that I am not expecting along with several other of my married friends. Both my husband (Captain Wallace of The Royal Air Force) and I feel that this is the time to forget about the superficial things of life. It is the natural, wholesome way of living—having children and establishing a home—that counts.

Having a child makes a soldier realize that he has something very real to fight for. With a home and family waiting for him, he has an incentive to give everything he has. When the war is over, we intend to buy a large ranch in Nevada. Lots of space, several children, simple living, is our dream.

Although my career will be secondary, it will be necessary for me, like a lot of other wives, to help financially until my husband gets back into civilian life.

Children will come later, I hope. Like many another army wife I am making plans for the family I hope will come in the future."



Backdoor debutantes

You're in for it! Another hilarious dose of the doings of Jane Lyons, who can throw a neat monkey wrench—right at Hollywood!

BY LILLIAN DAY

Author of the best seller and screen hit, "The Youngest Profession"



WHILE Barb and I agreed that the war was terrible, because it left us practically manless (with the exception, of course, of Robin and Sparks, the two darling Seabees that we had literally bumped right into in Hollywood), it certainly gave us our heaven-sent Opportunity. We are quite honest to admit that if it hadn't been for the wartime shortage of domestics, we would never be working as gardener and maid right here in Humphrey Bogart's house. Of course that is not what we wrote back to Vera Bailey, editor of "Fan Dust," our fan-club magazine. She thinks we are visiting Bogie and Mayo, just as an interlude in the time we are spending here with my Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy. We have snapped pictures of each other all over the house and sent them back to her, one being especially something—the one Barb took of me in Bogie's bedroom wearing one of Mayo's lace bed jackets. P.S. The family was out!

Everything was going along just as we had planned, except that I had cut Mayo's roses—the ones she had planned to exhibit—until Fred MacMurray came into the picture. And what I mean he really came in because all the while I was talking to him out in the garden about cabbages and all that sort of uninteresting thing, Barb was hidden in the bushes snapping pictures. And I must say I think I looked very well because I do think Saks Fifth Ave. has the cutest gardening clothes. It was the darned Scottie that gave us away. He must have smelled Barb in the bushes and nosed her out and of course Fred was pretty surprised. She explained she was the maid gathering vegetables for the soup, but by that time he had spotted the camera and quite calmly he took it from her, extracted the roll of films and put it in his pocket.

I kept remembering that picture of me in the lace jacket and what Bogie would say if he should see it, and now I really think there is something in mental telepathy because who should appear right then, looking simply divine in a heavenly blue slack suit, but Bogie.

"Hi-ya, Fred," he said, "and what were you up to?"

Fred's hand went to his pocket where the roll of films was. The moment was tense. I looked at Fred in desperate appeal. . . .

BARB and I didn't draw a breath between us. If Fred had handed the roll of films over to Bogie I think I would have committed hara-kiri among the scallions. But he merely pulled out his handkerchief which Barb managed to snitch later. That girl is a real collector.

"Let's dig up something to celebrate," Bogie said. Naturally he couldn't invite Barb and me as it would be unfair to the other servants to show favoritism, but I felt his eye looking down at me . . . the same eyes that looked at Ingrid Bergman, and I understood how she could feel

deeply monogamous toward him and Paul Henreid at the same time. I could myself.

"The cabbages are full of worms," he said, "and someday they might turn. You'll have to do something about it."

I suggested a spray but he said it was too late, they would have to be picked off, one by one, if the cabbages were to be saved. He showed me where they were just covered with tiny green worms which I hadn't noticed. After all, I had had more to do than to go snooping around the private lives of cabbages. My stomach turned a handspring, but I never batted the mascara, because a gardener isn't supposed to mind worms. I must have looked sad, however, because he put his very hand on my shoulder and said,

"Cheer up. You look as if you'd lost your last petunia."

Then and there I made up my mind that if worms were destroying his cabbages it was my sacred duty to vanquish them at any cost. He and Fred went off to the bar and Barb went to the kitchen to prepare some cocktail snacks. I girded my slacks, put on my gardening gloves and began the campaign, but the enemy was so squidgy I couldn't bear it so I searched around for a bright idea. I usually have one stored away somewhere. Sure enough, I remembered seeing a pair of tweezers on Mayo's dressing table. I'd wipe them off and she'd never know the difference.


I spent the rest of the afternoon playing the early bird but it wasn't much use. The more I pulled off the more there seemed to be. I got a big pail full and then didn't know what to do with them. Finally I dug a hole at the end of the patch and buried them alive. It seems awfully gruesome.

THERE is terrific news about the war!

Bogie is going to be awarded the role of *Ulysses S. Adams* in the American recruiting film, "Uncle Sam's Nephew." It's all very secret and the newspapers have been calling up to try to get information but we tell them we have nothing to report. It was a wonderful scoop to wire Vera for "Fan Dust" and they'll bring out a special issue even before Winchell gets it. Also sent her a list of the new members of the Hollywood Stork Club—Gene Tierney, Brenda Marshall and Betty Grable. Bogie says Betty's baby ought to be born with a silver trumpet in its mouth.

A week from Sunday we're giving a super-duper garden party for the heads of all the studios and the stars and the press, and the names of the cast will be announced. We don't know ourselves who the femme lead will be, but we think it's Roz.

We spent all afternoon helping Mayo address invitations and I put a few of the addresses in my own book, as some of the stars are not listed in the phone book and one never knows when such information will come in handy. Also, when we sent a list of the guests to the Society editors, we slipped our names in.



Bogie turned to me sympathetically. I grabbed my ankle so he wouldn't catch on. Barb came right up on the beam with the camera—which just happened to be in the bread basket.

It's our Sunday out and Mayo says she won't need us to serve as the party is being catered and they are sending waiters. She says we can take the whole afternoon off. Ha! As if we'd miss being there! We have already decided what we'll wear to mingle incognito with the guests.

Mayo and Bogie are always kidding each other, even when they're alone (or think they are.) They go everywhere together and I can't figure it out. Barb says maybe they just enjoy each other's company. He leaves for the studio at seven in the morning and I always manage to be working around the garage. As soon as he's gone I go back to bed for an hour.

When he sees me at the party in feminine clothes he'll realize that I'm not just a chattel on his property.

Mayo is wearing a bright red dress, so Barb and I have decided to wear delicate pastel colors to show her up. I think I'll get the glamour make-up, but I'll have to get it Saturday evening and then sleep with a net over my face.

We haven't seen a movie in a week. I feel like an isolationist.

THE trouble with Barb and me is, we have an Inferiority Complex.

I think hers is inferior to mine. That one would be flattered if Tommy Manville proposed to her. Last night Sparks asked her to marry him and Robin proposed to me. I turned them both down. Barb doesn't really know her own mind and I'm not going to tie myself up just when my Career is starting.

It was maids' night out and they took us to Mocambo because I refused to go anywhere else. I just wanted to drink a coke but Robin insisted on my taking a sandwich.

"If you think you can ply me with Vitamin B-1," I said, "you're mistaken."

The Millands came in and naturally since we had met them at the house we bowed to them. They couldn't quite place us but waved very (Continued on page 103)

ILLUSTRATION
BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

Have you got your

PHOTOPLAY has asked a nationally known industrial and applied psychologist—Dr. Lester F. Miles—to prepare this special vocational guidance test for our readers. Perhaps a stage or movie career is for you, either in the spotlight or behind the scenes. On the other hand, perhaps you are better fitted for some other career.

Now that we are at war there is a need for actresses as well as all other types of career girls. Three million women must somehow replace three million men taken into the armed forces this year. It is a national duty for girls to know for what jobs they are really suited. It is a national duty for girls to seek careers for which they have natural talents and a waste of precious, vitally needed girl-power for any girl to attempt to crash the movies or the stage if most of her potential skills and aptitudes indicate some other career.

Here is an individual analysis for each girl who takes this test that will enable her to discover whether or not she could ever be a star and, if not, in what special field her talents lie.

This test is for women only; it will not work for men.



Star-studded daydreams?



Fur-flying fights?

TEST I

	A USUALLY or ALWAYS or YES	B OCCA- SIONALLY or DON'T KNQW	C SELDOM or NEVER or NO
1. Are you very contra-suggestible? That is, do you always take the opposite course to that suggested to you?			
2. Do you feel misunderstood; that people do not appreciate you as they should?			
3. Do you daydream of being a Lana Turner or a Davis?			
4. Do you almost always photograph badly?			
5. Do you have a hard time memorizing?			
6. Do you write better than talk?			
7. Do you dislike competition very much?			
8. Do you know that you lack self-confidence, courage or poise?			
9. Do you like attending the sick?			
10. Do you dislike arguments?			
Totals Test I			

number?

BY LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.

You may belong in Hollywood! Here's a test that proves whether you could be a star and, if not, in what career you can do the most for the most

TEST II

A
USUALLY
or
ALWAYS
or YES

B
OCCA-
SIONALLY
or DON'T
KNOW

C
SELDOM
or
NEVER
or NO

1. Can you remember and repeat stories you hear—one after another?

2. Have you taken part in amateur plays?

3. Can you imitate dialects and mimic the voices of friends and prominent people?

4. Check each of the following items that you do well enough to be considered better than just good:

Play a Musical Instrument

Sing

Tap Dance

Toe Dance

Modern Dancing

Fencing

Rowing

Horsemanship

Swimming

Shooting

Golf

Check column C if you have 7 or more.

Check column B if you have 4 to 6.

Check column A if you have 3 or less

5. Do you like to study?

6. Do you like to teach?

7. Do you make friends easily and quickly?

8. Do many people come to you for advice?

9. Have you ever had a job selling things?

10. Do you like soliciting funds for charities?

Totals Test II



Spotlight specialist?



Two + two training?



Door-knocking duty?



First-rate foiler?



Key-woman business?

TEST III		A USUALLY or YES	B OCCA- SIONALLY	C SELDOM or NO																																
1. Would you dislike house-to-house selling?																																				
2. When you do a good piece of work do you look for praise?																																				
3. When taking orders do you prefer to have them in writing rather than orally?																																				
4. Are you very careful about returning things you borrow?																																				
5. Do you dislike following orders?																																				
6. Are you usually at a loss as to what to do when it comes to entertaining or getting along with children?																																				
7. Do you enjoy making things with your hands?																																				
8. Do you often think up things to invent?																																				
9. Are you good at figures—your budget, etc?																																				
10. Using either hand, point the index finger at the center of a doorknob at a distance of five feet or more with both eyes open. Close one eye at a time—first the left, and then with the left eye open again close the right. Check the result below: (Your finger will appear to be on the target with one eye and off the target with the other) Check A: if right eye showed finger on target and you are lefthanded Check A: if left eye showed finger on target and you are righthanded Check C: if right eye showed finger on target and you are righthanded Check C: if left eye showed finger on target and you are lefthanded Check B: if none of the above results apply to you You should have only one check-mark for your answer to question ten. If you have more go over it again. Only one condition can apply to yourself																																				
11. Are you easily discouraged?																																				
12. Do you study yourself more than others?																																				
13. Do you like puzzles?																																				
14. Do you like detailed work rather than variety? ..																																				
15. Check each item on the following list in which you have taken at least one course of study: Fencing Voice Culture Dramatics Playwriting Dancing International Drama Make-up Stage Lighting Pantomime Dialect Characterization Stage and Costume designing Check A: if you have 3 or less. Check B: if you have 4 or 5 Check C: if you have 6 or more																																				
16. Check each of the following items which you think you would like as an occupation: <table border="0"> <tr> <td>A</td> <td>B</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Art</td> <td>Chemistry</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Copywriting</td> <td>Engineering</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Decorating</td> <td>Stenography</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Editing</td> <td>Nursing</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Personnel</td> <td>Social Service</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Modeling</td> <td>Drafting</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sculptoring</td> <td>Mechanics</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Photography</td> <td>Filing</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Hostessing</td> <td>Accounting</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Correspondent</td> <td>Drafting</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Talent Agent</td> <td>Librarian</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Hairdressing</td> <td>Teaching</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Journalism</td> <td>Lawyer</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Dressmaking</td> <td>Telephone Operator</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sales work</td> <td>Dentistry</td> </tr> </table>		A	B	Art	Chemistry	Copywriting	Engineering	Decorating	Stenography	Editing	Nursing	Personnel	Social Service	Modeling	Drafting	Sculptoring	Mechanics	Photography	Filing	Hostessing	Accounting	Correspondent	Drafting	Talent Agent	Librarian	Hairdressing	Teaching	Journalism	Lawyer	Dressmaking	Telephone Operator	Sales work	Dentistry			
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(Continued on page 72)

WINning WARdrobe



How to be at your best, in your best, for your best—and how to hasten the day of victory: Wear clothes like these, designed by Edward Stevenson for Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl" and endorsed with cheers by Uncle Sam. First, a bolero suit with a striped angora jacket collared in bengaline, a blouse with a brisk manly tie and self buttons and a wool skirt. The sleeves, practical for desk work, make the suit smart and the office girl happy. Braided cording forms the tiny pancake that gives Livvie a head start on "win-war" styles



Tip your hat to this new topper for milady's head: A boy's cap, complete with peak, done in cinnamon color tweed with a green stripe, to match the jacket that fastens trimly with a one-button closing. Wear these two pieces over a soft wool in a harmonizing shade and you have an outfit that's a stopper. Proof? Watch Miss de Havilland in "Government Girl"





Newer than new news in necklines: A collarless neck cut high in back and low in front in an ultra-sophisticated line. The suit is a fine beige flannel with a short fitted jacket that fastens sight-unseen down the front; the gored skirt has trick yoke detail. With the suit, Livvie wears a matching Dutch cap with soft "flatter me" veiling



PHOTOPLAY'S
*Star-Maker
Fashions*

For a list of stores
Where these fashions
are available
see page 122

1 "This one has sparkle appeal!" said Louise Allbritton, spotting Edie's glamour crepe quilted in gold thread and accented with gold beads. It's young . . . sophisticated . . . eye-catching—and the first buy chosen by Miss Allbritton, who took time out from parties, dances, interviews and all the gala events that marked her first trip to New York as the Universal star of "Fired Wife" for this shopping tour with reader Edith Durston

In pink, aqua, blue and white. Sizes 9-15. About \$14.98

2 The monogram makes this your very own . . . a smartly tailored shirtwaist dress with a genuine leather belt and buttons hiding discreetly under the smooth fly front

Rayon gabardine in luggage, beige, Sunset red and aqua. Sizes 8-15. \$8.98. Sizes 12-20. Individually monogrammed



Pick-you-ups

It's time for midseason pepper-uppers! Here are five of the dollar-saving same, chosen by Louise Allbritton for Edith Durston



3 Flatterer of the first water —Edie's two-piece that works figure magic. The back half of the sleeves and jacket are the dark color of the skirt, a trick Hollywood designers have been using for years

Rayon flannel in light and dark green, red and green, red and navy, powder blue and brown, gold and brown. Sizes 9-15; 10-16. About \$10.95



4 To make you prettier . . . this slim princess dress accented with scalloped edging. You'll always look right, feel right when you wear it Rayon flannel in red, green, gold, powder blue and winter white. Sizes 9-15; 10-16. About \$8.95



5 A date dress he'll love and she'll eye with envy—"Dinner Jacket," a moire faille two-piece with the little vestee buttoning to the skirt so it will always lie flat and smooth. The new man-tie fashion and a matching wine flower dress you up for Saturday-night dates In black, gray and mocha. Sizes 9-15. About \$12.98

Hi, Neighbor!

Letting you in on one of the
newest—and happiest—ideas
of wartime American life



Advocate of the smile plan:
Merle Oberon of Twentieth
Century-Fox's "The Lodger"



His neighbors paid him
an unusual tribute—
Sergeant Gene Autry



Lady who caught on to a thing or two from
farm-life study: Martha Scott of "Hi
Diddle Diddle" with husband Carleton Alsop

BY DORA ALBERT

STOP and think a moment. How many of the people who live within a mile of you do you actually know? What do you know of their lives, their hopes, their interests?

The problem of how to win friends and influence neighbors is important to every one of us, especially in wartime America when "stay at homes" get the bow from Uncle Sam and a lot of fun out of everyday life—providing they get to know their neighbors.

What about the movie stars' neighbors? How do the stars treat them? And what have they learned from personal experiences that will help you be a better and happier neighbor?

About seven years ago, when Merle Oberon first came to Hollywood, most of Hollywood's women would gladly have slit her lovely young throat, for she had been preceded by the reputation of being a *femme fatale*, the kind of woman whom men find it difficult to resist.

Thus, at first Merle Oberon was invited to very few parties and when she was invited to a social affair she was usually treated coldly and haughtily by almost all the women present.

Recently the USO, the organization which is doing everything it can to improve the morale of our army, selected the woman they consider America's Ideal Neighbor. The woman they chose was Merle Oberon!

"In any new city," she said, "the thing that happened to me might happen to a newcomer. It is true that at first I thought that many of the women in Hollywood treated me peculiarly. Yet later on I realized that much of it was my own fault.

"There was one party at which, I felt, the women were cold and reserved. Later on, the woman who had been my hostess that night and who was not among the women who I thought behaved peculiarly told me, 'My, Merle, you were haughty and high-hat that night.'

"Actually, of course, I hadn't meant to be anything of the sort, but I gave that impression because of shyness. When you come to a new town, the first thing to break down is your own shyness. Be warm and friendly and human and

people will like you."

A warm, friendly smile, Merle believes, also helps to break down barriers.

"I never have known Jeanette MacDonald well," she said, "but from the little I've seen of her I like her. One night I saw her in a restaurant and, though she'd never met me formally, she smiled at me. I thought, 'What a nice warm, friendly person she must be.'

"When new neighbors move in you don't have to stand on formality. When I first came to Hollywood, Norma Shearer was very kind to me and made just the kind of neighborly gesture most welcome to a newcomer. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. had loaned me his house—at the beach. One day Norma saw an English girl friend and me near the house and, though she had never been introduced to us, she called us on the phone and invited us to dinner.

"I soon realized that this sort of thing was natural and normal to Norma and we became very good friends—and still are. Nearly all my friends among stars are people who are simple and direct. Joan Bennett and Claudette Colbert, for instance. They are the sort of people you might find anywhere in the world—in Timbuctoo or some small country town."

Among Merle's best friends are three men she met on the Samuel Goldwyn lot when she was working there—Mac and Ralph and Eddy—the head electrician, grip and member of the camera staff. Frequently Merle goes fishing with them and their wives.

And they all return her feeling of affection and friendship. One Christmas, when she was in England, the gift that gave Merle more pleasure than anything else she received was a bouquet of flowers sent by Mac and Ralph and Eddy, who were many thousands of miles away in America, but who couldn't and didn't forget her.

Recently Gene Autry's neighbors paid him one of the most unusual tributes ever given a movie star. The townspeople of Berwyn, Oklahoma, decided to change the name of their town, near which Gene's ranch is located, to Gene Autry.

"How did you feel about it?" (Continued on page 91)

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS



Overbottom
It is with great regret I feel I must, at this time, discontinue my column in Photoplay-Movie Mirror. My original intention was to write it for only a few months - knowing full well that all the outside activities due to the war - that all Hollywood is engaged in to-day - would not leave me sufficient time to do as thorough a job with you letters as I would want to do - I did not anticipate such a large response from the readers of Photoplay - a response that has been most gratifying to me - If, in some cases, my thoughts about your problems have been a help - I am more

Overbottom
I am deeply grateful then rewarded for the time and energy spent. I am deeply grateful to the Editor and Staff of Photoplay-Movie Mirror for this opportunity afforded me - to write this column - and will always remember with pleasure their co-operation in my initial venture as a columnist.

Sincerely,
Bette Davis

September 24th 1943
Glendale, California

From Bette Davis this month: A farewell letter to the readers who have turned to her in the past months for advice in their personal lives

Editor's Note: As Bette Davis has written you in her own words reproduced on this page, this must be the last issue in which she gives her answers to the questions sent her by Photoplay readers. It is with the most sincere regret that the editors permit her to withdraw from this association which has meant so much to the magazine, but with the conviction that you will understand the necessity. Beginning next month an entirely new kind of page will be created where readers can come for counsel and inspiration. To Bette Davis goes credit for originating this page in Photoplay; to the editors will go the responsibility for maintaining in future months the high reader interest and integrity of service the page has offered under Bette's guidance. F. R. S.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

I am confiding in you because you are a woman and with your great heart you may be able to help me to escape my grief.

I am from a small town in Louisiana. I was married to a very dear and sweet girl in November, 1941. We were so happy and we loved each other so dearly! We expected our baby in September, 1942. We had hoped for a little girl and we had named her Dolores Elaine. We had all kinds of dreams and plans for her; we bought so many pretty clothes and had everything ready.

On Friday night, September 18, 1942, I had to take her (my wife) to a clinic in town. The next morning the baby was born, a darling little girl with curly red hair. It only lived about twenty minutes, even though it weighed eight and a half pounds.

I have dark red curly hair and we wanted that baby to have curly red hair and it did. It was about 7:30 in the morning that my baby died and it hit me so hard I cried and cried; I couldn't think of a way to tell my wife. Finally I just couldn't do it; my mother-in-law had to tell her. Well, Peaches (that was my wife) took it like a swell little soldier. About 11:30 she began to fail. The doctor called an ambulance to rush her to a near-by city, but after we had driven about forty miles she opened her eyes and looked at me. She said, "I see you, honey. Don't ever leave me. I love you so much and will always be with you wherever you go." Then she was gone forever.

I decided to go into the Marine Corps, as life there isn't so long. I have been in about a year—a year of torture to my mind. At night I dream of her as we used to be; I dream of her lying down there in her coffin. All day long I think of her no matter what I am doing. When I eat, I think of the things she liked. Sometimes I think I am just plain going nuts.

Please tell me some way to work at bringing myself together. I am only twenty years old, but I feel three times that age. Please answer me and tell me how to go on living.

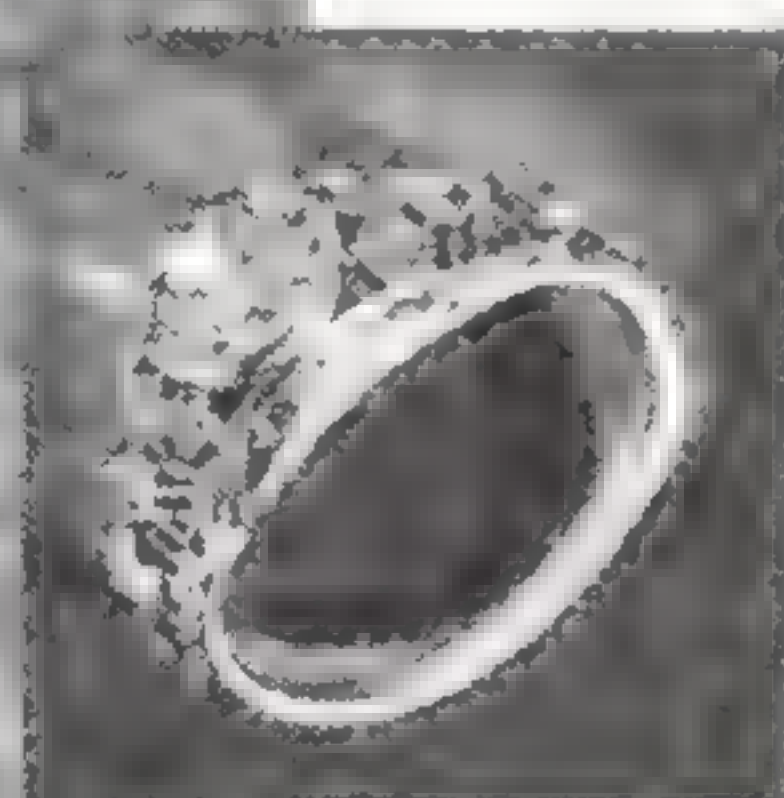
Tom F.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY !

SHE USES POND'S !

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times



HER RING—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR, the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel *we must* do something, too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I *love* it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with *such* a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHS on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face *extra* clean and *extra* soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY HAS ENDEARING SOUTHERN CHARM . . . a halo of gold brown hair . . . a complexion exquisitely soft and smooth. "I just trust my face to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. You'll love this soft-smooth beauty care with Pond's for *your* face, too.



LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER . . .

Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man's job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men's places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U. S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.



War cap coming
Save present plastic or metal cap to use later.

There's a glass shortage
so buy one big Pond's jar instead of several small ones. It saves glass now needed for food jars.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy *your* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

Bob Hope, Hero without Uniform

(Continued from page 29) in Australia and Hal Le Roy has hoofed through Africa; Larry Adler has played his harmonica in Egypt and Iran; Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis, Carole Landis and Martha Raye performed in the flickering campfires of Yank regiments far from home; Tamara and Roy Rognan were killed at Lisbon, where Jane Froman, Yvette and Gypsy Markoff were badly hurt in the crash of the Lisbon Clipper; Laurel and Hardy and Jane Pickens and Chico Marx cheered the troops in the Caribbean; Paul Draper, Andy Devine and Billy Gilbert were show-stoppers at posts where rugged United States Marines watched the show, resting on their machine guns.

YET in some strange way it is Bob Hope who, in the minds of the public, has become the symbol of what show business has done in this war. Even our literary great have paid him homage. John Steinbeck in his memorable dispatch from London spoke of Hope's magic in the hospitals—"in the long aisles of pain . . . bringing laughter up out of the black water."

Standing out there in Africa on an improvised two-by-four stage of box boards whipped by a wind like sandpaper, surrounded by a sea of grimey faces alight with the gratitude of laughter, this was the man who had begged his Government to allow him to enlist, insisting that he could not go before men in uniform because they would reject him as a slacker.

In the midst of those wild cheering mobs Bob must have realized over and over again that Sgt. Joe Louis was right.

Of course, both Africa and Sicily had their lighter sides for the stalwart Hope troupe—what side doesn't with Bob around?

Outside of Algiers, Bob, Frances Langford, Tony Romano, Jack Pepper and the rest of Hope's company were thrilled to learn that Gen. Dwight Eisenhower would give them an audience. "We were actually scared to death," grinned Hope. "His Naval aide, Comm. Harry

Butcher, led us in and there he was. We shook hands with him and then what do you think happened, Ed—General Eisenhower looked at me with pretended severity and said, 'I was almost tempted to play a very dirty trick on you, Bob, and force you to see your picture 'They Got Me Covered.' From then on, we let our hair down." Hope, who has given thousands of autographs, summoned up enough nerve to ask Gen. Eisenhower for his autograph. "Would you like a picture?" the General asked all of them and, when they clamored assent, his aides got out a bundle of photographs. Each of the performers picked a swell, smiling picture of him. Said Gen. Eisenhower to Frances Langford, "Not one of you picked the photograph I like best." The one he liked best was a stern picture of him.

FROM the time he returned to New York until he flew out to his family on the Coast, Hope raved about Eisenhower. "A great American," he told me, over and over. I'd never heard him enthuse about anyone before. He went on "But you ought to meet this man, Ed. He's dynamite. When you meet him you know that he's a great American."

Had he seen Jimmy Doolittle? "Jimmy took all of our troupe to dinner in Tunis on two successive Sunday nights. When we arrived, he met us at the door and welcomed all of the rest of the gang heartily and then he said to me: 'It's so nice to meet you, Mr. Benny. I've always enjoyed your programs with Mary and Rochester!'" I asked Hope what he answered. "I said, 'It's nice to be with you, Gen. Spaatz'."

What jokes got the biggest laughs from the A. E. F.? Hope said that the jokes varied according to the locale. "In England, it's almost impossible to get an orange or a lemon, so at the end of our show, I'd take an orange or a lemon out of my pocket and I'd tell Frances Langford that she'd done such a great show that she could *smell* the orange."

In Africa, he found that topical jokes

got the biggest reaction. "I'd say, 'You know, I was on the Road to Morocco once, but now I'm doing it the hard way. And I don't want to say anything to hurt your feelings, but I'd like to meet Lammour over here. You guys have got your sarongs under your eyes'."

Wherever he went Hope made friends. That was inevitable.

Bing Crosby is not an easy fellow to know, despite his free-and-easy manner, but from the time he and Hope met, they became fast friends. They actually became inseparable. Crosby kidded Hope about being stingy; Hope kidded him about his horses. That friendship, I think, was of vast importance to both of them. Crosby, an established star, helped Hope to acclimate himself in Hollywood pictures; later on, Hope's comedy did a great deal to improve Crosby's work in flickers. It was a perfect partnership, and the two of them were golf nuts in addition to their other mutual interests.

Greatest asset in Bob Hope's list of assets is his very charming wife, Dolores, who formerly sang in New York clubs. She married Bob when he was a vaudeville performer and their marriage relationship is one of those ideal companionships that provide a perfect background for a man. She is Catholic and very religious. When Bob flew to Europe and was flying around Alaska, Dolores refused to get in an airplane. "If God protects Bob, then I'll relieve him of the necessity of protecting me too," she explained.

Dolores, straightforward and honest, never permits Bob to forget where they started. She keeps him at ground level, with his feet touching. Unable to have children of their own, it was Dolores who persuaded him to adopt two charming little ones and it is one of my nicer reflections that I served as godfather for the older. It is from that charming home that Bob Hope emerges to entertain a nation, and its soldiers and sailors, and the imprint of that home has had much to do with his success.

THE END

Hollywood's Newest Pin-Up Girl

(Continued from page 33) her because she says she's dressing for him anyway . . . which means she's usually in blue or black and *every* dress has a sweetheart neckline! I can't wait to get old enough to try on her clothes, because I like all of them—the dresses, and the tailored suits, and the long-sleeved dinner gown (Daddy doesn't like real formals), and the slacks she wears around the house. And I also can't wait to grow up so I can help fight for the funnies on Sunday—which is a regular ritual with Daddy and Mother!

But mostly I can't wait to grow up to see if I turn out the way they plan. Because they have lots of plans for me—big and little. The first thing they hope for me is good health, maybe because I've had such a hard time so far. I've had nine blood transfusions, you know. However, I've gained three pounds already since I came into the world, so I'm not worried.

But to get on with their plans for me: They say they're going to prepare me for anything in life I want, and nothing I don't want. College, for instance, is up to me. Mother never went past Hollywood High School and doesn't think college is necessary for a girl; but Daddy says college is fun, if not necessary, because he's an honor graduate of Wabash University in Indiana. Mostly, though, they want me to be good at anything I do, whether it's

college or a career. They don't care whether I'm an actress or not.

"We just want her to be happy, to be loved, and to have a nice and normal life," I hear them saying to each other. They don't want me to be deluged with luxuries—just to have the average amount of clothes and toys and friends, the way they both did. They both stress honesty, too. When I begin asking questions, they'll answer all of them—nicely but completely. They think that truthfulness is the most important thing in the world—and next to truth, tolerance, and patience, and self-control. They want me to know how to control my temper at all times, because they think uncontrolled people are at the mercy of themselves and the world; and they want me to have patience because they themselves didn't have it at times—and in the end, after all their impatient worrying and sadness, things worked out just the way they would have anyway. Also, they want me to have a sense of humor. Which Mother says Daddy has, and Daddy says Mother has—so between them, I certainly should have one too!

Those are their big plans for me. Then there are their little plans, which are very cute, I think. Daddy carried out one the other day, when he came home with a pair of pink booties for me with my initials C. C. C. on them—matching my fa-

vorite pink coat, which Norma Shearer gave me. When Daddy brought them in he said, "I knew I'd have to buy the shoes in order to woo you, because you take after your mother and she's a shoe fiend!"

But his and Mother's main little plan is to have a miniature bracelet and ring made for me, just exactly like the ones they wear—made like the Army identification disks, only in silver. Hers says on the front, "Lana Crane," and on the back, "Return to J. Stephen Crane." And his is just the opposite—and mine will say "Cheryl Christina Crane" on the front and to return me to both of them on the back.

Usually, when they're talking about me, it's Daddy who breaks up the discussions. He always ends by saying anxiously, "Darling, at what age should we let Cheryl go out on dates?" And then Mother laughs and says, "Don't you think that's something we can worry about later?"

And then she almost squashes me by hugging him, with me in between, and she says, "You know, if someone gave me a wish, and said I could have anything I wanted in the world—I couldn't think of a thing to wish for. Because I have everything now. I have a wonderful husband, a good life and a precious baby. I couldn't possibly ask for anything more."

Then Daddy says he feels the same way. And I, Cheryl, do too!

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



There's a great day coming—you're dreaming, you're waiting, you're *living* for it. Waiting to see again that light in his eyes when he looks at you, to hear again that deep ring of his voice for you alone. Waiting for *your* man, *your* life, *your* home.

When that day comes . . . when you and *your* man choose your home, your cherished silverware in a world beyond the shadow of war . . . Community* will be ready with patterns that brides have ever loved. We're working now to win the war. But we dream . . . we hope . . . perhaps before another Christmas . . . *the day will come.*



Milady* Design

If it's Community... it's correct

FREE! If you'd like a full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, write Oneida Ltd., Dept. C-3, Oneida, N.Y.

*TRADEMARK

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BUY WAR BONDS!  SPEED THE DAY!

The Lady says NO!

Skintees

the panty that fits like your skin

When the Skintees gal says "no", she's not playing hard to get. Fact is, Skintees are getting scarce as real whipped cream on your sundae.

If you can still get Skintees, count yourself lucky! If you can't, don't sigh for the snug-as-a-hug fit, the thigh-freedom of Skintees. Skintees fabrics and production facilities are "in the groove" with Uncle Sam. In addition to many useful war items, we're also making parachutes for the Army to help carry medicine and food to isolated garrisons.

Want "Tips on How to Hold That Line"? It's free. Write to Sylcraft Mills, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE WEAR SKINTEES

39¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME LOCALITIES

SKINTEES ARE WRAPPED INDIVIDUALLY IN A SEALED SANITARY PACKAGE.

Have You Got Your Number?

(Continued from page 60)

- Check column A: if you have 10 or more in B and less than 10 under A.....
- Check column C: if you have 10 or more in A and less than 10 under B.....
- Check columns A & C: if you have 10 or more in both A and B.....
- Check column B: if you have 9 or less in both groups A and B.....
- Do you suffer from stage-fright; or would you if called upon to perform or talk to a large audience without a prepared speech?
 - Do you have trouble being "at ease" among members of the opposite sex?.....
 - Have you ever done any of the following:
 - Voice audition for radio.
 - Played a part in a radio drama.
 - Won a beauty contest.
 - Won a popularity contest.
 - Entered a dancing contest—single.
 - Entered a dancing contest with partner.
 - Been on a debating team.

Check A: if you never did any of these things.....

Check B: if you did one or two of these things.....

Check C: if you did three or more of these things.....
 - Do you have any physical imperfections that cannot be concealed from all detection?.....

Total up the check-marks for Test III on the total lines:

Now consult the score box below.

To obtain your final score enter the totals from Test Sections 1, 2 and 3 according to the following instructions:

- | 1 | 2 | 3 |
|--|---|---|
| TEST I. | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column A under 1..... | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column B under 2..... | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column C under 3..... | | |
| TEST II. | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column A under 1..... | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column B under 2..... | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column C under 3..... | | |
| TEST III. | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column A under 1..... | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column B under 2..... | | |
| Enter all check-marks in column C under 3..... | | |

Add up the figures in column 1, 2 and 3 and place the totals here:

1..... 2..... 3.....

You are TYPE 1 if: you have a higher score in 1 than 2 or 3; or if you have a tie between 1 and 2.

You are TYPE 2 if: you have a higher score in 2 than in 1 or 3.

You are TYPE 3 if: you have a higher score in 3 than in 1 or 2; or if you have a tie between 2 and 3.

NOTE: If you have a tie between 1 and 3 you have answered the test questions incorrectly somewhere in the test. Take it over. Correctly done you cannot have a tie between 1 and 3. Now that you have found what type you are, turn to p. 74 for your personal analysis.

(Continued on page 74)

Here's JUDY GARLAND... *young and lovely*

Star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"PRESENTING LILY MARS"

"I use Lux Soap regularly," charming Judy Garland says. "It gives my skin the gentle, protecting care it needs—real *beauty* care!" Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! See what they can do to make *your* skin smoother, lovelier.

Here's the **BEAUTY** soap she uses every day!



SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** ARE A REAL BEAUTY CARE. SMOOTH LOTS OF THE CREAMY **LUX SOAP** LATHER WELL IN —

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, SPLASH FOR A MOMENT WITH COLD.

PAT TO DRY. NOW SKIN IS SO FRESH, FEELS **VELVET-SMOOTH!** IT PAYS TO GIVE SKIN THIS GENTLE, PROTECTING CARE.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*

TYPE 1

SOME women in this classification could be entertainers and actresses, but only after fighting terrific odds to attain their success. You may be able to do it. It will require a complete change of personality, aptitudes, skills and interests. The big question for you should be, "Is it worth the effort and sacrifices in happiness to take this hundred-to-one chance of failure in the end?"

If you are highly interested in the theatrical and motion-picture fields there are a number of careers in which your talents can easily lead you to success. They will not always bring you into the limelight, but your natural inclination is to stay out of it anyway. You women in this type are the radio and movie-script writers, originators of gags, scenario writers, costume designers, stage-set designers, make-up artists, hair stylists, and those who do the many necessary jobs behind the scenes.

You are reserved and cautious, neat and tidy, and therefore especially adaptable to detail work, working alone, work requiring study and patience. You are the planners and dreamers who actually materialize those plans and dreams and make them realities.

If you are not too interested in the amusement fields, banking, cashier, accountant, artist, laboratory work, fashion designing, interior decorating, window dressing, dietetics and other allied careers should be your range.

You are reserved and introspective, yet objective enough to be carefully observing of details. Psychology, physical therapy, medical or dental assisting, X-ray technician may appeal to your interests.

You find it difficult to speak in public. This has its advantages, however, in that those who get up on their feet so casually and make the beautiful speeches usually find it impossible to write the speeches they present. The actual preparation of ad copy, speeches, gags, orations and political addresses are most frequently prepared by people like yourself.

You have a place in this world. Express yourself through your capable and efficient mind rather than through public exhibition of your physical self and you will find the quickest route to occupational success.

TYPE 2

YOU would not have too much difficulty in adjusting yourself to a life-long career in the theatrical world but it would be necessary for you to exercise a great deal of self-discipline to keep your nose to the grindstone. Your interests vary and unless you can endure the long hours of study and hard work that would be required of you, better try something else.

You have a natural ability for co-operating, for being tactful and diplomatic, and for adapting yourself to almost any environment in which you happen to be placed.

In making use of these inborn talents you could do no better than to teach, to study one of the professions such as medicine, law, psychology, personnel work or sociology.

You love to work with and for people and you have a great deal of ability for sympathizing with others, understanding their troubles and their problems. You have a creative ability and charm that should make selling one of your best outlets. Editors, journalists, homemakers, insurance selling, models and hostesses are all in this group."

Your tact, diplomacy, decisiveness, ability to plan, objective outlook on life and your love of humanity in general present an interesting group of career possibilities

in photography, managing your own store or business, florist shop, account collecting, hotel work, restaurant operation, credit managing, receptionist, work in war plants as a personnel interviewer, writer for morale posters and literature, recreation director and publicity director.

Women in this group are doing men's work now as police, taxi-drivers, railway and surface-car conductors, trainmen, motormen, bus drivers, firemen, and pilots in civil aviation and as members of the WAFS. Here, too, we find women in the services of the Red Cross, Civilian Defense WACS and WAVES and SPARS and U. S. Women Marines.

Plenty of pep combined with the ability to make an effort—provided you can keep yourself at it long enough—brings you into the class of women executives, women reporters and feature writers.

The theatrical world can hold its place for you—if you are really determined, possess the required physical assets—but it will be a much harder and more difficult ladder to climb than the many careers outlined in this personal report.

Take the natural route—it promises greater success.

TYPE 3

YOU seem to be prepared, able, temperamentally inclined, and sincerely interested in the entertainment field. Are you physically qualified with the necessary assets?

The test results indicate that you have the aptitudes, skills, some training and a great deal of interest—enough to give you the green light in your efforts to carve out a stage or movie career.

Before you tear off and try it—and it is a tough, sometimes heartbreaking and back-breaking proposition, how about giving consideration to some of the other fields in which all your natural assets would make it easy for you to follow a quick and much easier route to occupational happiness and success?

You are the natural livewire that radiates good will through an extroverted personality and temperament. Professional sports, physical educators, sales promotion, public speaking, public-relations work, professional dancing, and any jobs which require contacts with people—there's an outlet for your interests.

You are the natural forewoman, organizer, leader, manager, demonstrator, personnel director, sales representative, store manager, hostess, receptionist, railway conductor, taxi-driver, morale builder in war plants, real-estate operator or saleswoman, music teacher or professional musician, radio announcer, radio or stage director, hotel worker, restaurant cashier or hostess or manager.

Take advantage of these natural inclinations—you delight in selling yourself to others; do not like to argue if you can get out of it and you usually manage to do this without any difficulty; love action and motion; love crowds; seldom crack under pressure; are able to start anything on a shoestring and willing to give it plenty of elbow grease to make a go of it; want to do things in a big way and have little or no use for details in conceiving the over-all plans; like the outdoors, all form of adventuring and daring.

Any job of promoting, selling, contacting people, proposing or planning large-scale publicity or exhibitions—that is the work for you. Keep it in mind. If you still want to buck the competition of the stage and movie world—you have the stamina to do it. The recommendations made in this personal report, if you follow them instead of the screen or stage career, will offer you a surer and safer route to career success and personal satisfaction.

Whisper of Allure

Softly . . . yet irresistibly . . . the fragrance of April Showers Talc speaks the language of love. It surrounds you with delightful enchantment . . . carries an appealing message that's sure to reach his heart. Let April Showers speak for you . . . tonight. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc

April Showers Talc

CHERMAMY

CHERMAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"



OF COURSE *Vitamins G, P, D!* You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! Ovaltine offers the *entire* Vitamin B complex.



OF COURSE *Iron!* Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!



OF COURSE *Calcium & Phosphorus.* They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



OF COURSE *Vitamin A!* Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra "A" experts say you need.



OF COURSE *Vitamin B₁!* You eat poorly—and you're tired, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B₁. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!



OF COURSE *Vitamin D!* You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. *All you can profitably use*, according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need—along with its many other well-known benefits.

WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!



OF COURSE *Ovaltine* gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors as a special dietary food for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

Evelyn Keyes

IN

"There's Something About
a Soldier" A COLUMBIA PICTURE

She's Doing This!

A wartime story in which Mae West unexpectedly, plays heroine



Mae and her new chauffeur, Robert Ramentol, ex-Merchant Mariner, who is the hero of this Hollywood anecdote

FOR years Mae West had had a phobia about visiting hospitals. When her friends were sick she always made it a point to wait until they were convalescing at home before calling on them. Then came a request for her to visit sick servicemen in the hospitals.

Reading in the paper about the hardships the boys in service were going through made her having a phobia about anything seem very silly—so she started to visit the hospitals.

There she discovered Seaman Bob Ramentol. Bob is a twenty-one-year-old boy who was sorry he was still alive. If he had died his mother would have had five thousand dollars death insurance, but alive he was nothing but a liability. When the boat the boy was on was torpedoed he was thrown from the top deck to the lower one and suffered concussion, internal injuries and injured a leg and an arm. Other sailors managed to get him into a life boat in which they drifted for eleven days.

Through conversation and letters Mae discovered the boy was interested in mechanics. Doctor Edward Cagney (Jimmy's youngest brother) took an interest in him and was able to treat his arm and leg so he could drive a car. Mae immediately hired him as her chauffeur. The day he was to report for work he was seven hours late. When he arrived he apologized and said he had been to see if he could not get back in the Merchant Marine. He was very unhappy that they had turned him down. Right now he is starting back in civilian life. His mother is with him—and Mae will be right there, too, encouraging him.

One day Bob was carrying some bundles to Miss West's apartment. In the lobby his bad leg gave way and he accidentally bumped into two women. They glared at him and one said, "A 4F at that!" Naturally the boy was crushed by the remark.

This incident set Mae thinking about the boys everywhere who had been honorably discharged and who might suffer insults at the hands of unthinking people. She employed Charles Winfield Meggs, a prominent artist, to design four different buttons to be worn by ex-service men, then sent to Washington for approval. She is willing to pay the expenses of having them made.

Mae now works in close harmony with the Merchant Marine "Jobs after the war" department and is helping with both time and money to promote an educational project—to teach and train men for new work.

That's Mae West's contribution to the war-time world of today—a contribution that's not going to be forgotten.

Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every
lipstick test

Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*...one dollar.

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE



BLONDE



BRUNETTE



BROWNETTE



REDHEAD



Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE



Max Factor - Hollywood

He Calls her "Daisy"

(Continued from page 50) with the servants. If no hambone is visible, salami or cheese will do.

As soon as Paul's absence from the others is noticed at a dinner party the host or hostess will know where to find him. Otherwise Daisy surreptitiously creeps out, heads for the kitchen and in very fast and voluble Hungarian, convinces Paul that his place is with the rest of the party. Usually he obeys.

NEXT after Daisy and just inching out food, comes tennis. He is a top-notch player. Whenever professionals, such as Budge, Mako, Perry and others are on the West Coast, Paul is sure to be playing with them. He is a colorful and maddening fellow on the courts (and he admits it) for his temper, never especially stable, is almost ungovernable at tennis. He has caused ordinarily coolheaded men to walk off the court in a blind rage, swearing never to play with him again. He has walked off the court himself countless times, leaving the rest of a double match flat over some trifling point such as imagining an opponent's toe hitting the service line. This reflection on his integrity leaves the player swearing he'll never speak to Paul again—but he always does. It invariably turns out the same way. They all shrug their shoulders, look helpless and agree: "That's Paul for you. He just can't help himself. He's his own worst enemy when he's mad."

His entrance into any city starts by his getting in touch with the best club, the best players. He never misses a day of tennis, rain or shine. He admits that he was born in 1895, but he is proud that he can play five or six hard sets (maybe more) in a day. He is also proud of his list of professionals and first-rate players whom he often beats. Errol Flynn, however, he says ruefully, is *not* one of them.

When Paul is sorry, he's so profusely apologetic that he even goes to such lengths as bending a knee and kissing the hem of a lady's skirt. Of course it's half in jest, but he is truly sorry. His charm, when he turns it on, is irresistible to men as well as women, even though they might guess that he's using it deliberately.

DAISY will tell you—and anyone who knows him will agree—that life with Paul could never be a bore. He has the spirit of youth in every sense of the word. His love of people, of sports, of food and acting is as sincere and full of zest as a child's.

Better still, he has a ready and very American sense of humor. He loves slang and nicknames. He gaily refers to himself as a "Hunky" (Hungarian). One of his best friends is comedian Charlie Butterworth, whom he calls "Chucky," and with whom he exchanges practical jokes as well as good repartee.

Several years ago the two of them decided to build adjoining houses on a new and undeveloped tract of land in Palm Springs. It happened that the Racquet Club was on the property and it seemed a perfect opportunity to live in the sunshine—which both Paul and Daisy worship—and also be within a tennis-ball's throw of their favorite sport.

The real-estate operator in charge of the budding section mapped out their lots, showing where the street would run. Charlie built according to specifications,

George Washington threw a dollar clear across the Potomac, but your dollar in War Bonds hits targets as far away as Tokyo and Berlin.



Why
ETHEL MERMAN
recommends
ARRID

"Why let perspiration ruin your clothes—or your reputation, when you can use Arrid and be safe?"

"I use Arrid deodorant cream every day and I wouldn't think of going anywhere without it. I have personally recommended Arrid to loads of people because I like it so much."

Ethel Merman

Star of Broadway's Musical Hit
"Something for the Boys"

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

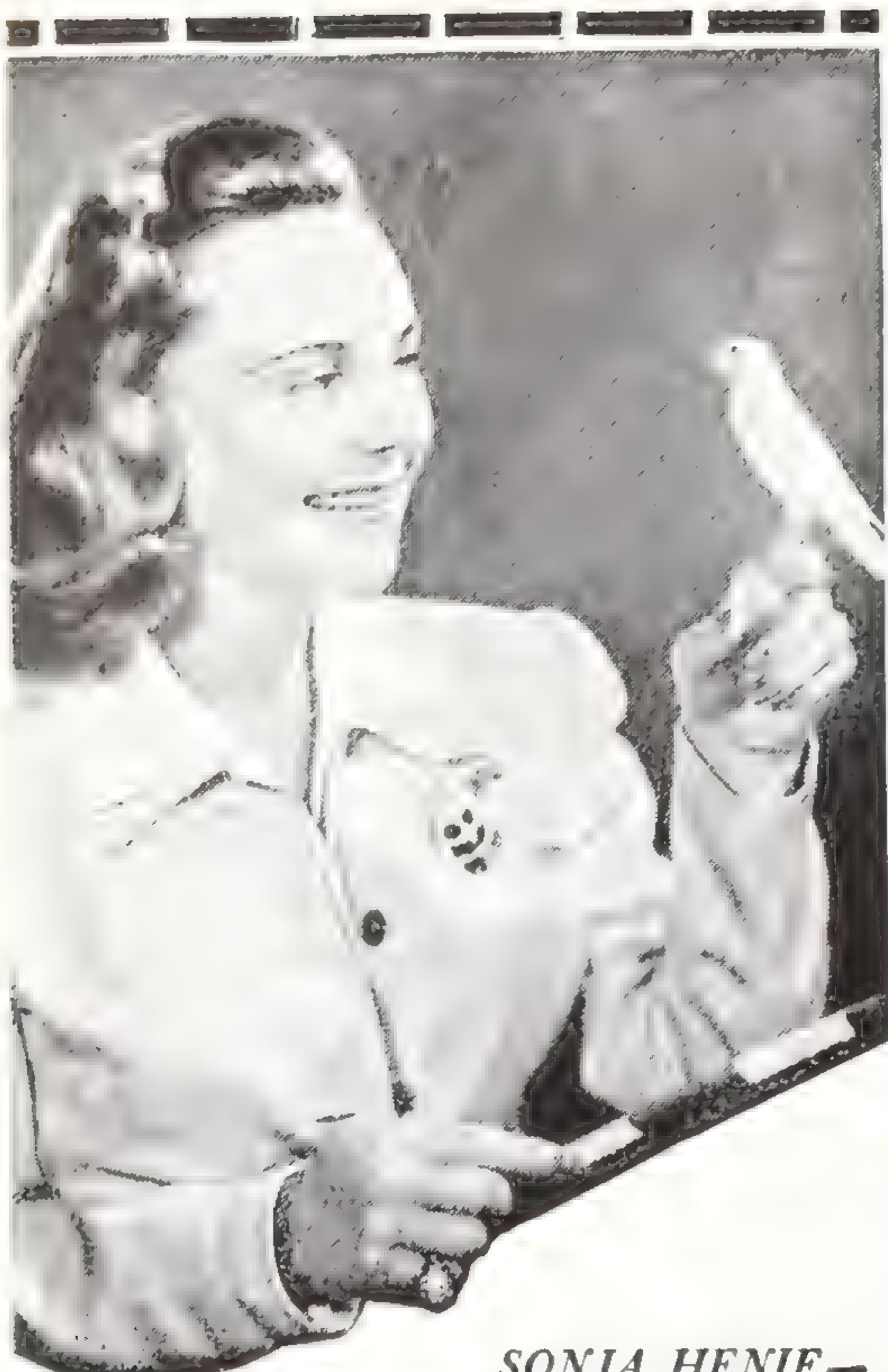


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(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



SONJA HENIE—
Star of 20th Century-Fox's *WINTERTIME*
takes time out to chat with her pet canary.

There's a New Star in Hollywood Now!

It's a star among pets — a bright little creature with perky manners and a golden voice. All Hollywood has taken canaries to its heart — and all America is following its lead! Your home, too, will be brighter, happier, with one of these inexpensive, easily cared-for pets. And, remember, 4 out of 5 canary owners in Hollywood use French's Bird

Seed (with Bird Biscuit) to help keep their pets healthy, happy singers!



OWN A CANARY
The only Pet that Sings

GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!

French's brand-new canary book is ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries raising a family, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing if there isn't a canary in your home! Mail the coupon below, today, and get your copy. **IT'S FREE!**

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2543 Mustard Street
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Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of the new French's canary book, "Keep a Song in Your Home".



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(Paste on penny postal card and mail)

with the front of his house facing the proposed street. But not Paul! He decided that the front of the house must face the sun, specifications notwithstanding. Besides, he contended, the real-estate man probably didn't know himself where the streets would run.

Today visitors to the Lukas house start up the path from the street and run smack into the kitchen and garage. However, with a minimum of effort they can follow the path around and in time reach the front of the house . . . and the sun.

Nobody cares, for the house is pretty and extremely livable and would be attractive wherever it faced. Paul and Daisy love it and entertain there constantly. You'd be apt to run into the Paul Zuckermans (she was Ruth Taylor), the Walter Pidgeons and a Hungarian writer or actor or two.

A couple of years ago something happened which convinced their friends that the end of the Lukas idyll was unavoidable. What happened was that Daisy's mother came over from Hungary to live with them. How would the temperamental Lukas behave with a mother-in-law in the house? And how would the mother-in-law behave if the tyrant were to quarrel with her sweet darling?

To everyone's surprise, it turned out just fine. Paul and Mrs. Benesch had an understanding from the start. After all, if Daisy had been happy all these years, despite Paul's idiosyncrasies, what was a quarrel more or less? Paul tells you that she has never interfered at any time and if there are any signs of an approaching argument, she discreetly disappears. He adores Mrs. Benesch, kids her unmercifully and she in turn adores him.

DAISY has two brothers in the war and both she and her mother are deeply concerned over them. This constant worry has caused Mrs. Benesch to suffer from insomnia. Paul, the doctor in the house, began giving her a sleeping tablet each night. Finally he decided she was depending on them too much and started substituting bicarbonate-of-soda tablets. Mrs. Benesch had so much faith in his ministrations that she went quietly to sleep just the same. Now he delights in making a ceremony of giving her a pill and warning her she is taking too many. When she starts yawning, Daisy and Paul look at each other slyly, then tell the nodding Mrs. Benesch to go off to bed before she falls asleep in her chair.

As far as his career is concerned, Daisy's

attitude is that of the typical European wife—her husband's business is his business and while she is always deeply concerned about his welfare, she never presumes to advise or question him.

It hasn't been easy for her to stand by and watch some of the turmoil. With all its high points, Paul's career has been no cinch. When she met him he was a popular stage star in Budapest. He came to America without a command of English and soon afterwards the talkies came in. He overcame that obstacle and found stardom again. Then came casting troubles.

IN the past years he went back twice from Hollywood to New York to try the stage again. Once was in 1937 when he was asked by the producer Jed Harris to appear with Ruth Gordon in a revival of "A Doll's House." The second time was in 1941 when Paul's Hollywood fortunes were at low ebb and the trip to New York had all the aspects of a last desperate try.

But the play was "Watch On The Rhine," by Lillian Hellman, and when it opened on April 1, 1941, the critic of the New York Herald Tribune, Richard Watts Jr. wrote: "Paul Lukas plays the anti-Nazi fighter with wisdom, deep feeling and a splendid combination of force and gentleness." Almost unanimously it was acclaimed as the finest performance of the year, a record which he is high on the road to repeating in the film version.

It is typical of Paul Lukas that while he is appearing opposite Bette Davis in the screen version of that fine play, he is also to be seen as the Nazi villain of "Hostages." If you question the wisdom of shocking audiences with two such widely different characterizations, he will tell you that a truly versatile actor should be able to make an audience forget its impression of him in a previous role.

When Paul Lukas has played a particularly good scene or a good game of tennis, his first thought is to get back to Daisy to tell her about it. There is something extremely touching about his devotion. He will say, in the middle of a perfectly normal conversation, "Look at her. Look at her, will you? Isn't she wonderful!" And Daisy, hearing, will pretend not to hear and will go on about the business of tending to his needs.

"Daisy, Daisy . . . I'm half crazy, all for the love of you. . . ."

Those words could have been written for the Lukases.

THE END

What the lookers
at Lamaze saw of
a Hollywood
night: George
Brent, now back
in civilian life,
squiring blonde
Janet Michael



As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

...none of
the bitterness



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Milwaukee, Wis.

Love Stories You Want to Know More about

(Continued from page 31) refrigerated iceberg, it still has some interesting overtones. When the news was flashed from Mexico City that those two were married, there were loud guffaws, much shaking of heads, because even his best friend didn't know about that little romance. All the time he was making history for himself on the screen in "To The Last Man," Errol was romancing around town with Julie Bishop, and that also had a Mexican flavor because they saw much of each other when Warners sent them both on a junket down there last March for the opening of the Red Cross drive and to publicize a picture. Of course, they were there for only a week end, but in that romantic atmosphere—with those romantic principals—it was plenty of time for romance to bloom.

So the little Eddington's love story came as a complete surprise; and I'm perfectly certain Errol never expected it to reach the light of day or even hit the front page of any newspaper, because you know how things are in Mexico. If you don't take advantage of the perfume of the magnolias and intoxicating music made by picturesque Latins, you just ought to be stuffed and put in a museum as the kind of tourist not wanted in that enticing country.

Some years ago, when Doris Duke was a frequent visitor in Santa Barbara, Errol spent many week ends up there and I overheard, in a burst of confidence, that he hoped someday to marry the girl. Well, when she's finally freed from Jimmy Cromwell, there's no telling what those two still might do. But by that time the love of Nora and Errol will have been completely erased from the public's mind, as it's already been from Mr. Flynn's.

A ROMANCE which the town has watched with much interest and not a little sympathy is that of Olivia de Havilland and Capt. John Huston. There was no doubt about Olivia's feelings. She's done nothing to conceal the fact that she's madly in love with him and has been for a long time. And I must say, she's become a different girl. She's more co-operative, kinder, more thoughtful and far less nervous than she used to be. (Ain't love grand!) Until he joined the Army, they were seen much in each other's company. When he came back from shooting that fine Government picture of the Aleutian Islands, she took a day off from the set to be with him. And

recently, when he again was sent overseas, she took another day off because she was too unhappy to face the camera. But before they can marry, there's a little matter of a divorce, because Capt. John Huston is still married and I believe Mrs. Huston also loves him. So what will be the outcome of this love story is your guess as well as mine.

ONE of our favorite love mysteries in Hollywood is the intriguing triangle of Ava Gardner, Mickey Rooney and Howard Hughes, with an extra corner thrown in for Helen Mueller, Mickey's recent girl friend. Don't ask me how events in that last corner are going to work out. But certainly there are fascinating developments to be witnessed in the other three.

Since Ava Gardner has been handed her Reno diploma from Mickey Rooney (she didn't want to wait for the one she started here to matriculate), we're all holding our breath and hope we won't choke to death expecting her momentarily to hop to the altar with that elusive, elongated, engineering and anything but effervescent Howard Hughes, the mogul of airplanes, not to mention little things like motion pictures. Ava, during her anything but peaceful married life with Mickey Rooney, had a couple of reconciliations, many nights when she cried herself to sleep, and she finally decided after much cogitation to call the whole thing off. Then along comes the hard-to-get Mr. Hughes, sees the little beauty and all but swoons.

Soon after romance entered their lives, Ava's mother died suddenly. She had been ill for a long time, but the ending always brings much heartache with it and no one could have been kinder to the little Gardner girl than Howard. It brought out all his dormant tenderness, protective instinct, and no one could have managed things better. It was after this that Mrs. Rooney decided to take herself and her sister to Reno.

Even though the newshounds are practically camped on Howard's doorstep, when the marriage does happen I'm sure he'll be as secretive about it as he has been about his whole life—especially his love life. He's been reported engaged to nearly every girl in our town. I believe the nearest he came to it was with Ginger Rogers. If she had gone to Reno for her renovation instead of (Continued on page 82)



Who's his *pride*? The girl who's first of her crowd to marry... who leads the way in War Bond drives... who starts trends... naturally, she always wears "Follow Me," Varva's fragrance that leads and lasts!.....Extract, \$1 to \$15

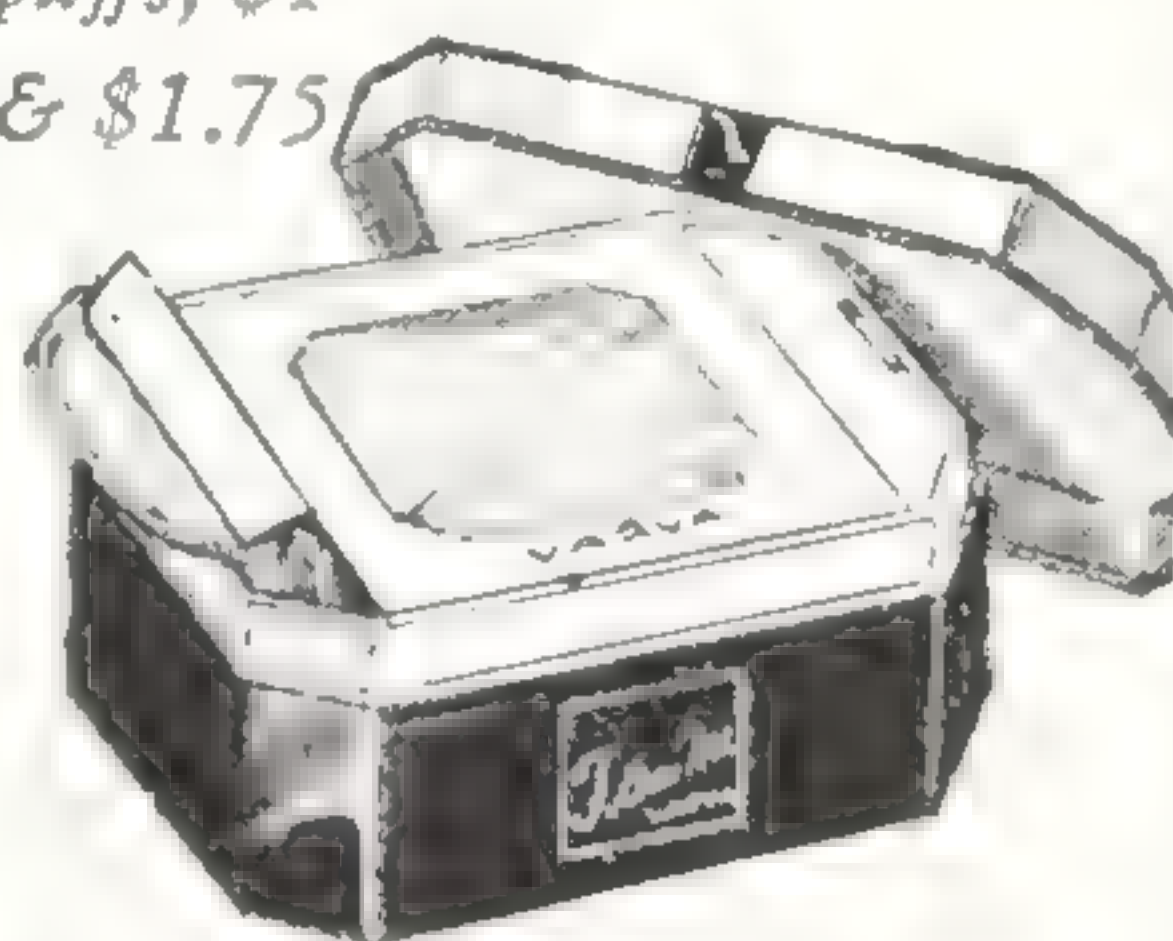
Face Powder, six guest puffs, \$1

Talc, 55¢; Sachet, \$1 & \$1.75

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1

(plus taxes)



Follow Me by

VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Girl in An Outfit dines with Photoplay's cover artist at Cafe Lamaze: Veronica Lake looking at Paul Hesse



Quiz for Women Absentees who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". She asked "Can you help these women—and a million like them?"

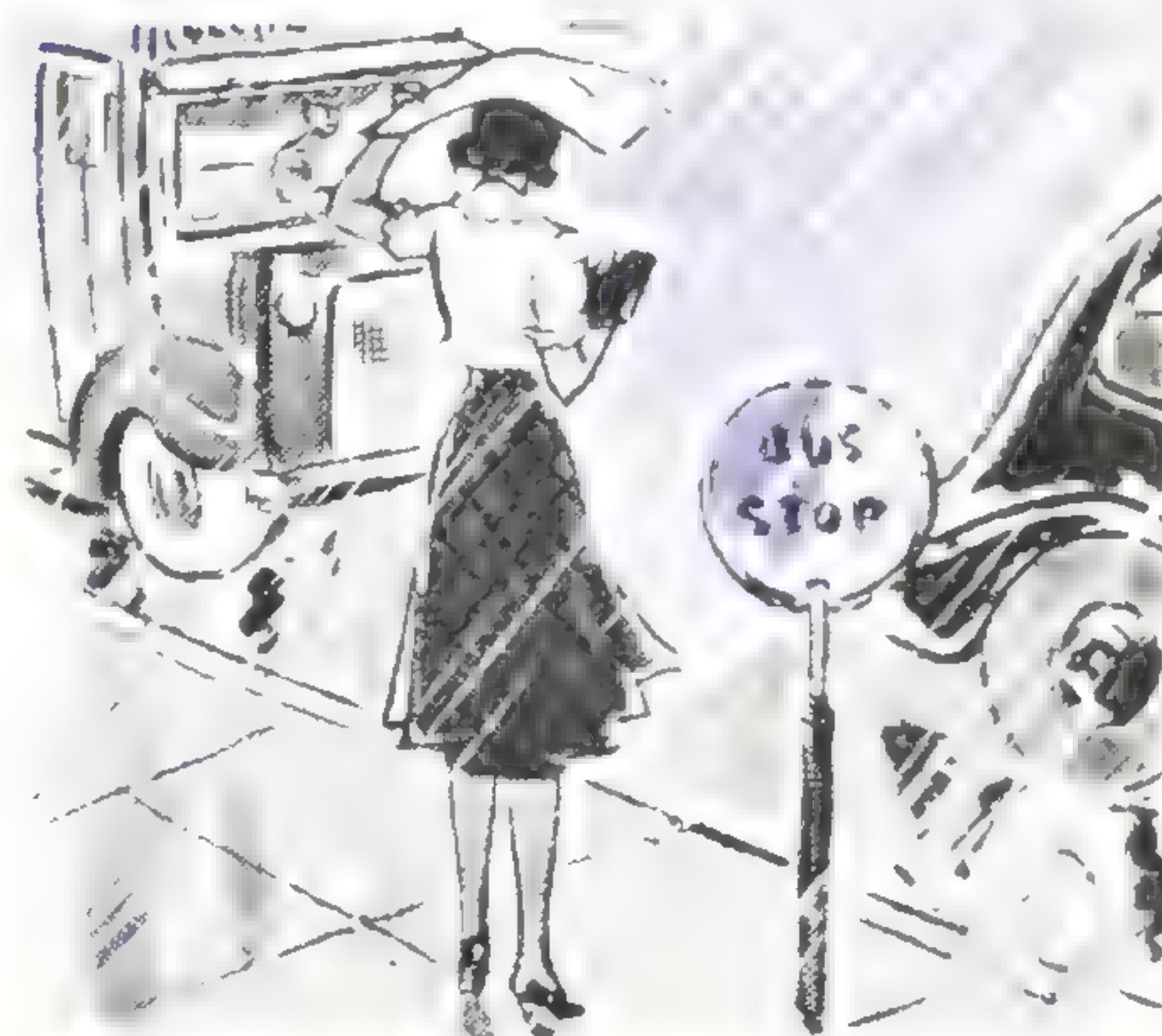
If we take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It's especially important now, when there's no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!



Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.



Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.



Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check—if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.



Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!



Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.



What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on "problem days," especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS



We'll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, "Every Minute Counts." It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



FREE! Send for it today—

Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the complete list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.

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HAMPDEN'S powder base is the *cream stick* that really spreads evenly and cleanly . . . is applied directly to your face, without water or sponge . . . won't dry out your skin! Try it — and you'll have lovely make-up always.

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Buy . . . BONDS

Why have women bought over 25 million HAMPDEN POWD'R-BASE sticks? Because actual use proves its superiority.

Keeps powder on longer.

• *it really does!*

Helps hide lines, blemishes.

• *it really does!*

Gives a smooth, youthful appearance.

• *it really does!*

Improves your complexion.

• *it really does!*

(Continued from page 80) starting divorce proceedings in Los Angeles, which, as you know, takes a year for its fulfillment, I'm sure they would have been man and wife. The reason she didn't go there was because Mr. Hughes's divorce had gone through in Nevada, and there was much trouble about it afterwards, just as there had been about many others. But little Ava Gardner doesn't have a huge fortune or great estates to complicate things, so, in her case, the Reno divorce will give her no trouble, nor should her marriage to Mr. Howard Hughes.

WHEN I was in New York recently, Ingrid Bergman was being discussed by everyone, and I was asked the silly question whether there was any love between Ingrid and Humphrey Bogart, or Ingrid and Gary Cooper, her two most recent leading men. Well, I got so fighting mad that I'm afraid in laying low a few people I made some enemies, but I don't care. Ingrid's one of the loveliest girls I ever met in my life. She's straight as a string. She's only had one real beau in her whole life and she married him. That's Dr. Peter Aron Lindstrom. They met nine years ago when she was attending the Royal Dramatic Theater school in Stockholm. He was then a dentist. They've been married six years. Their daughter Pia was five years of age September twentieth.

In describing Dr. Lindstrom, I would call him a male Ingrid Bergman. He's six feet two, has an open, frank look about him and is now working hard to become an M.D. After attending medical college in Rochester, New York, he's been for the last year at Stanford University and expects to get his degree come spring, after which he'll come to Hollywood and the family can be reunited. Every week end Ingrid can get off, she goes up to be with him. Instead of being jealous of her career, he's mighty proud of it.

Little Pia is always play-acting, dramatizes her daily life, goes to a private school in Beverly Hills. They live in a modest apartment on the wrong side of the tracks, but near a park where she can have much fresh air and one maid takes care of both the youngster and the apartment.

INGRID'S greatest friend is her English coach, Ruth Roberts, whom David Selznick chose for her before she did "Intermezzo," and they had been working together six months before she discovered that Ruth, even though American-born, had once lived in Stockholm and spoke Swedish well. But even so, the only language they have ever used is English. She and Ruth dine out quite frequently together. Their favorite spot is the Beachcombers. Ingrid's mad about the food and the quiet atmosphere. She rarely attends a Hollywood party, even her boss's.

Signe Hasso is another friend. When Ingrid was making "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" on the Metro lot, she was most anxious to meet Garbo, who was working there at the same time. She spoke about it to some people at the studio, but Garbo made no sign and so they've never met.

During her vacation between "Saratoga Trunk" and "Gaslight," she had three weeks in San Francisco with her husband, and on her return said, "It was wonderful. We lived in a small flat—I cooked all the meals and kept house just as I did when we were first married."

So there you have a cross section of love in Hollywood and, if it helps you any, you can elect me Queen of the May.

THE END

Make a Grand Slam for Uncle Sam!
War Bonds are Trumps.

In a minute...

MINIT-RUB begins to relieve cold distress

SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress three fast ways! Rub it on—look!

1. IN A MINUTE Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That swiftly helps relieve surface aches!

2. QUICKLY Minit-Rub's pain-relieving action soothes raspy local congestion.

3. IMMEDIATELY Minit-Rub's active menthol vapors ease nasal stuffiness. Mother, it's amazingly quick relief for both children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won't harm linens! Now—at your drug-store.

MINIT-RUB

FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS



He Calls Her "Binks"

(Continued from page 51) he packed her off to Honolulu. But when she came back to San Francisco, she was more certain than ever that it was the real thing.

There was nothing left but to arrange a rendezvous in Hollywood. In time she managed to wangle a trip to Hollywood by plane (to visit a girl friend), with the understanding that she would fly back the same night.

There wasn't any girl friend, of course, but there was Alan. And a wonderful storm to match, a storm so awesome that it transformed the Los Angeles airport into a vast quagmire. If Love can laugh at locksmiths, it can also laugh at the weather man, especially with someone like Alan Marshal in the offing. Duty bound to return home that same night, she snuggled proudly beside him as he sped her through the raging storm to the small airport at Bakersfield to put her on the plane.

"As soon as I finish my picture," he told her at the airport, "we'll take a plane together and fly to Las Vegas. I can't stand these separations any more."

It was his first definite proposal. She received it in silence, blinking at him in a sort of stuttering Morse code with her eyes. It was about all there was time for. A second later she was clambering aboard the plane.

STREAKING northward, she recalled a hundred ways she might have answered him. She was inexpressibly happy. True, there had been hints of this bliss months ago—many hints. They would be driving by a house and he would pull up suddenly and say, with authority: "Some-day we will have a house like that." Standing on her woman's rights, she would let him know that she thought the house looked "perfectly horrid," touching off an inevitable argument.

She had brought up the subject of marriage a time or ten herself, she remembered. It was a sort of routine. She would look at him gravely, shake her head and say: "You should never marry. If you do, you'll lose all your glamour. What would the ladies say if they knew you had a wife?"

"Oh, bother the ladies!" he would say. "And glamour, too!"

The elopement came off without a hitch, more or less. At a signal from Alan, Mary had managed another trip to Los Angeles. From there they took the same plane to Las Vegas, but they didn't sit together. They didn't exchange so much as a word until they had alighted at a desert airport awash by an orange moon where they climbed into a funny old jalopy, were married at the courthouse and hurried back to the airport to catch the eleven o'clock plane back to Los Angeles.

THEY settled on Beverly Hills and settled down to becoming solid citizens.

"We ought to have an outside interest, don't you think?" Alan told Mary, shortly after they were installed. "What about yachting?" She told him she thought it was a grand idea. So he bought a boat and a half-dozen ponderous volumes about boats and navigation and began reading up. It was only a matter of days before he had mastered the essentials of sailing and was ready for his first cruise solo.

Mary was at the pier the eventful morning that he piloted the boat out of the Santa Monica harbor and into the bay.

It's the last War Stamp in your book that turns it into a Bond.

FRANCES GIFFORD AND FRED BRECKNER, JR.,
HOLLYWOOD MOTION PICTURE STARS



"Speaking of Love,"

says *Frances Gifford*



"...keep your hands thrillingly smooth." A man loses interest in you if your hands look uncared-for, feel gratey-rough. And why shouldn't you have nice hands? You treat yourself to specialized, practically professional hand care, right at home—by just using Jergens Lotion regularly. Too busy? Why—Jergens Lotion takes no time; leaves no hampering sticky feeling.



"The stars use this hand care," says Frances Gifford. Yes—7 times as many of the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care. Perhaps because 2 ingredients in Jergens are such perfect skin-smoothers that many successful doctors prescribe them. Help prevent roughness and chapping. Use Jergens Lotion. Frances Gifford uses Jergens.

JERGENS LOTION

for soft, adorable Hands



RASHES ARE DANGER SIGNALS; BELOW, READ WHAT DOCTORS SAY ABOUT BABY SKIN CARE

How good a Wartime Mother are you?

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America's baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:



QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of physicians said *yes*. Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use *Mennen Oil*—because it's *antiseptic*).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be *antiseptic*. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

It was almost a major disaster. The boat moved forward on cue and then it began behaving like a merry-go-round. Cautious skippers began jockeying their craft out of harm's way. Twenty torment-filled minutes after the take-off, the boat was churning the waters outside the harbor with Alan more or less in control.

You would have thought that an experience like this would have cooled Alan's ardor. He had hardly set foot on dry land before he was announcing that he had decided to enter the yachting races over at San Pedro.

Mary wanted to go with him, since regulations required the presence of a second person in the boat, but he would not hear of it. "I will win the cup race," he said, confidently. "I am almost certain of it."

Came the great day. The signal was given and the boats moved out, each of them cheered by rooters on the shore.

Fascinated, Mary was watching the wonderful sight when a titter broke around her and began to pick up momentum.

"Look!" someone said, pointing. "He's pulling a wrong-way Corrigan." She looked and her heart sank. A boat had detached itself from the flotilla and was tacking off to starboard in almost the opposite direction.

"It's Alan!" she told herself.

It was Alan, all right. He was neither humbled nor chagrined. He was dazed. He climbed out of the boat smiling. "I don't know what happened," he said. "I thought I was following the others. Suddenly I looked around and didn't see any boats at all."

By his own admission lazy, Alan is also persistent, the kind of languid Britisher who can go through a brick wall if the spirit so moves him. On the second day of the regatta he finished last, but, at least, he kept to the course. On the third and final day he came in third. If the races had continued for another week, he would probably have come in first.

THEY were not done with the boat. It managed to insinuate itself into their daily life before the outbreak of war put an end to yachting. They talked it over one day, not long after the regatta, and decided that it would be a wonderful idea to live at the beach, to feel the salt tang of the Pacific, watch the sun going down like an ancient galleon in flames and to listen nights to the sound of the sea. Too, they could swim and Alan, who has a definite talent for painting, could do seascapes. So to the beach they moved, renting a quaint, rustic, little house, the kind you see on picture post cards.

"It was like living fifty years ago," Mary says fondly. "We had no refrigerator and the iceman came only when he felt like it. Our big problem was water. Not having any running water, we had our tanks filled with five hundred gallons of water every two days. Still, we were constantly running out of water so that half our waking hours were spent in frantically turning off faucets, it never occurring to either of us that the tank was dripping."

"The real fun began when the power began to play pranks on us, causing lights to go out in the most embarrassing moments and making the electric stove useless for cooking. It almost drove us crazy. Still—" a wistful look comes into her eye—"it was fun, too. Those days at the beach brought us closer together. Things like that become such memories. . . ."

So they bought a house in Westwood, an unpretentious, comfortable home pitched on a steep hill, and moved in.

"The garden wants a fence around it."

Cash burns holes in pockets. Put it into War Bonds and it'll burn holes in Berlin.

Alan said, surveying his new miniature estate. He cast about for wood, came up with some shutters that he unearthed in a secondhand lumber yard, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Mary took one look at the finished job and shook her head.

"It's fine, but somehow it looks a bit peculiar," she said.

"It will look better when I paint it white," Alan said.

BUT he never got around to it. Three days later, as they were having their tea on the brick terrace (Australian-born Alan maintains sundry British customs); they heard a terrific crash, looked out the window and discovered that a car had rolled down the hill and plowed into the fence.

"My fence!" Alan cried, springing up and rushing outside. But it was too late. The fence was a mass of splinters.

Patiently he repaired it. Not long afterward another car wrecked it. This time he gave up. Today, the sound of wood splintering in the immediate environs provokes only a shrug. "There goes another car," he says, diffidently.

He came home from the studio one day and announced he was launching a Victory garden. For a week he buried himself in the proper books and then he emerged, ready to do his bit for the country's food problem. Mary, no less patriotic, pitched in.

For weeks, a book in one hand, seeds and measuring tape in the other, he toiled, blasting the ground into some semblance of soil and carefully planting the different plots.

After a back-breaking siege it was ready, the various sections marked and dated and the soil disinfected. They celebrated the completion of the project with ice cream and cake, went to bed and slept the sleep of good citizens.

In the morning they got up early to take a gander at the eighth wonder of the world. To their consternation, there in the middle of the tiny plot was a mammoth pile of earth—the kind insomniac gophers make.

Alan rose to the occasion. "There are traps for Mr. Gopher," he said. "I will catch him before he ruins us."

SO he began setting the trap just before retiring and rushing out mornings only to discover a new mound of dirt six feet from where he had set the trap. So large did the gopher begin to loom in their lives that the first thing Alan would do on arriving home after his daily stint in "White Cliffs Of Dover" would be to stick his head in the door and yell:

"Any sign of that gopher yet, Binks?"

"No, Buzz," Mary would reply.

Their son Christopher they call Kit, a nickname that seems to fit the lad perfectly, they both insist. They rejected a hundred names before settling on Christopher because of its variant, Kit.

Sharing numerous interests, Binks and Buzz are addicts of walking, especially in downpours that make them look like the love interest in Hitchcock movies. Fond of photography, they work at it far into the night, developing their own films, etc. To hear one of their friends tell it, "They behave, those two, as if every day were Mardi gras."

Which may account for the fact that nowadays Borel père bristles at the slightest disparagement of actors.

"They don't come any better," he says. Borel père is right.

THE END

The best War Bond bought is that extra one you thought you couldn't afford.

This Little Wallflower Bloomed Last Night



1 Imagine! Just yesterday she was a lonely wallflower! No man ever picked her, for she looked old... though she wasn't really!... but it's looks that count! And 'twas all her face powder's fault... for its color was dead and lifeless... which made her skin look faded... and added years to her age!



2 But then—oh, lucky day—she tried the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder... shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth in full bloom! How thrilled she was! And how thrilled you'll be... because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the allure... all the natural, young coloring in your complexion... no matter what your age!



3 So, what happened? You guessed it! Now she's loved, as a fair flower should be... thanks to that smooth, kissable, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And she's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended... never streaky! It's color-smooth, too... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

4 And you'll find there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you... color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! Let Cashmere Bouquet bring out all the natural youth and beauty in your complexion! Don't delay... you'll find it in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!



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★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Copr., 1943,
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Pink Prod-
ucts Corp.

Sunday-Punch Girl

(Continued from page 47) Kid Hutton is certain the Lord was on her side. "For a while there was quite a scar, but it cured itself," she says without a trace of self-pity. "You can still see it a little when the klieg lights hit me."

Even without the scar that was slowly curing itself, she was quite a homely kid and you have her own word for that. What she lacked in beauty, however, she made up in mirth, merriment and music that affected a man's heart.

At thirteen, she decided to hike to New York and try for a shot at the big money. (Isn't Madison Square Garden the Mecca of every club fighter in the Union?) Three months of bucking New York and she went down for a long count.

SHE got up (with the assistance of a gruff but kindly music publisher who staked her to a bus ticket) and went home, licking the wounds of her pride. It was her first knockout.

"You were outclassed, honey," her friend, the old pug, told her. "New York is strictly heavyweight competition and it isn't in the cards for a middleweight to come out on top. But you're gaining, honey. Keep punching."

She went back to singing in front of corny bands considerably revised as to figure and face. No longer the precocious little gamin, she was fourteen, platinum-coiffed, sleek and vivacious. For the first time, the boys in the band were beginning to take notice.

One night the band was playing a Lansing spaghetti-joint date when a waiter handed her a note. It was a request

to drop by Table 3 and meet the writer, one Vincent Lopez.

"Got any qualms about quitting?" inquired Lopez.

"None that a decent salary won't cure."

"How decent?"

"Shall we say sixty?"

"Let's not. How about fifty?"

"You'll have to give me some time."

The next day she was on her way to Detroit.

Just before the band went on, Lopez called her aside.

"What do you say we lose this Thornburg handle?"

"How about Hutton? It's okay with the numerologists."

"It's okay with me."

The movie-palace circuit did not exactly take Betty Hutton to its heart. For that matter, neither did Lopez. In a month or so he was shaking his head and getting ready to give her the usual two-weeks' notice when a friend of hers in the band tipped her off to her impending doom.

When she came out to do her first number that night, she was a new Betty Hutton. Primarily she was angry—at herself, a characteristic Betty carries to this day. For she doesn't believe in getting angry at the other fellow. "You can't change him," she says, "but you can change yourself."

In this instance, the results were spectacular. Exploding like a tormented volcano, she seized her opening number by the scruff of the neck and almost shook it to death. She whooped and she hollered. She yelled and she yodeled. And for the finale she hurled herself on top of the

piano, screaming blue murder.

It was the audience's turn to let go. They almost took the theater apart. She was hurrying off the stage, headed for a good cry, when Lopez stopped her.

"I didn't know you could do that sort of thing," he said, awed.

"Neither did I," Betty said.

Then Lopez got the nod to open Billy Rose's Casa Manana in New York. The news sent her blood pressure rocketing to the moon. At long last she was getting a return bout with New York. In a fit of optimism, she wired home advising her mother and sister to hot-foot it to New York and a life of milk and honey.

BARELY arrived in New York, she received the bad news. Her job was merely to open the show, to come out and interrupt a thousand diners who weren't especially keen on being interrupted. Chagrined, she relayed the news to her mother and sister, freshly installed in a drab fifth floor walk-up on Eleventh Avenue, on the eve of her debut.

"What are you going to do, Betty?" sister Marian finally inquired.

"I'm going to pray," Betty said.

And pray she did in her little dressing room before the show, her mother sitting there with bowed head. Then, tense with those before-show jitters but confident that she had not prayed in vain, she walked out like David bound for his rendezvous with Goliath.

Out there in the field of combat she cut loose and sang as she had never sung before. People began to look up from their soup and salad. Encouraged, she assaulted

The War Bonds you have bought started the attack; the War Bonds you are buying help finish the attack.

the microphone. Suddenly it went over with a crash. She was now on her own. Undaunted, she began leaping about the stage like a frightened fawn, beating out the tempo in a sort of impromptu bacchanale, then grabbed the yellow-ochre curtain and, using it as a rope, swung right off the stage, singing as she sailed. The diners capitulated en masse, beating their plates with the silver and shouting rapturously, "More, more!" At a signal from Billy Rose she resumed singing and kept it up for a half-hour. Kid Hutton's first appearance in the big city had been a wow.

But all she got out of it was a \$15 raise, bringing her salary to a record \$65 a week. The Huttons had to do considerable scratching for three of them to get by on it.

To save carfare, Betty walked to work from her chalet on Eleventh Avenue. Every now and then she manipulated the flatiron, an operation which she thoroughly despised—and still does.

Eventually she got her break in the Broadway show, "Panama Hattie," produced by Buddy DeSylva. Metro became interested. So did Mr. DeSylva, who was now producing head of Paramount. He wired her an offer for "The Fleet's In," subject to passing the usual screen test.

Betty took care of that screen test business real pronto.

"Hutton's allergic to screen tests," she wired DeSylva.

"Paramount's allergic to Hutton," DeSylva wired back.

"Metro isn't."

"All right, you bandit, come on."

Why linger over the last round? She tripped to Hollywood to make one picture, turned in a rip-roaring performance and was promptly cast in "Happy Go Lucky" before the returns were in on "The Fleet's

In." The tumult that greeted her goofy gyrations in "Fleet" made such a disturbance on Paramount's box-office seismograph that the studio lost no time in putting her under contract and wafting her to the Milky Way.

BUT stardom or no stardom, she has not for a moment lost the common touch. On Tuesday night—her night to howl at the Hollywood Canteen—she does her bit, rounds up a carload of sailors and off they go for a tour of the town, accompanied, mostly, by her best friend (and studio hairdresser) Doris Harris.

And what a tour that is! Shunning the gilded boites haunted by the cinema's 400, they make the juke-joint circuit, singing, sight-seeing, quaffing and swapping gags.

On Saturday nights, like as not, Doris will call up to ask what she's doing and, if it isn't important, how about doing a little morale work.

"Sailors?" Betty asks.

"They aren't sea scouts," Doris tells her.

Ten minutes later she is speeding for the rendezvous in her flashy sedan, dressed in slacks and her hair in pigtails.

"This is Hutton," Doris says, introducing her around.

"Hi, Hutton!" the sailors say, friendly like. "How about taking the town apart?"

"Oke," says Betty.

Half the time the sailors don't even know who she actually is, which is how she'd prefer it. She has danced until three in the morning with sailors who think she's a better jitterbug than Betty Hutton who's in pictures.

Gabby on almost any subject you care to bring up, she has been reluctant up to the present time to talk about Hutton in love. Practically all you could learn about True Love Number One was that he was a musician in the Lopez band—the very

one who tipped her off that Lopez was planning to fire her. That faded when she left the band some time later. Then there was her first Hollywood romance with a dashing test pilot. He found the gap in their salaries too big to bridge and gave up. Betty picked up her love interest with Perc Westmore and they successfully weathered the engagement-ring stage, only to go their separate ways shortly thereafter.

But now, far from being silent on the subject, Betty has announced to the world her betrothal to Charles Martin. New York's radio producer and personable man-about-town. In fact, she announced it on no less an occasion than at the conclusion of the Hollywood Cavalcade show at Madison Square Garden where Kid Hutton turned out to be the champ. "We're going to be married in January," beamed Betty. And there was none to deny her the beam.

PART imp, she is also part slave-driver—but only in the direction of Betty Hutton, whom she would like to see emerge, in time, a real actress, if not a great one. She hopes her dramatic role in "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek" will start the ball rolling.

Nightly she returns from the studio, doffs the role of wack and tackles the next day's work and stays with it until the lines are memorized and practiced on her secretary, Helen Best. Chore over, she twists the dial looking for radio comics, grabs up a magazine and reads until ten-thirty, her bedtime. Then, after getting into a pair of pajamas (which most likely are vermilion or chartreuse), she locks the door of her bedroom, winds up her musical Teddy bear (which plays "Good Night, Ladies" for five minutes hand-running), and trundles herself and Teddy bear off to bed.

She sleeps like a log.

THE END

THIS SUPERIORITY OF PHILIP MORRIS RECOGNIZED by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . .

PROVED
far less irritating
to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

These findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating to nose and throat.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!





A recent portrait of CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN by Maria de Kammerer

DOING DOUBLE DUTY?

I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties—in addition to your day-in, day-out activities—has made you long for a lipstick that stays *smooth* and stays on...I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming...a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen...only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist—the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to “smooth” itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

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NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...

warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED...“Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All,” harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED...“The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade”...Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL...“Beauty for Duty”—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



TANGEE
SATIN-FINISH



Palette on Paulette

(Continued from page 37) Rivera represented, she said: “It represents American youth trying to express itself and find truth.” The portrait shows her in tennis shorts, having her hair done by an Indian girl.

The story of this painting and her friendship with Diego Rivera reads almost like a scenario. It was while she was in Mexico City, posing for Rivera, that a carload of murderous-looking men drove up outside the house. Paulette, looking out of the window, said, “If I know anything about the movies, you're on the spot.” It was then that Rivera concealed himself on the floor of his automobile and made his famous escape. It was Paulette who helped him get over the border to safety.

She also owns a farm in Spring Valley, New York. It is called the Camp Hill Farm.

The crops consist of potatoes, corn, strawberries and raspberries. Eggs are the major source of revenue at the farm. She has made this farm, like most everything else, pay.

She visits and works on this farm between pictures. She is very fond of the theater and her secret ambition is to do a Broadway show. Her previous experience in the theater was limited to sitting on a prop moon throughout the run of “Rio Rita.”

She loves to eat. She dotes on Chinese food and on caviar spread on thin slices of pumpernickel. This is her favorite lunch.

She can't cook. She can't even make a cup of tea.

For a while it was Hollywood talk that she was getting the run-around, being assigned to pictures that no one else wanted to play. Her explanation is admirable. “I wasn't ready for the better ones,” she says.

Now director Mark Sandrich is preparing a picture especially for her.

She always comes on the set fully prepared, knows her lines and is a congenial worker. She believes in having fun, even while working.

SHE is fond of traveling and when not making a picture she's on her way to New York or to Mexico, or is playing a number of camps, doing shows for the soldiers. She has had special material and songs written for her for her Army shows.

She likes both a shower and a tub. It depends on how much time she has. It seems that she always has the radio on. She loves to listen to good music, classical and swing.

Every entrance she makes reminds one of a Spanish dancer about to click her castanets and flash into action.

She has rented many of her furs and jewels for use in pictures, usually to be worn by herself.

She realizes that she must appear glamorous. She prefers, however, to go about in a bathing suit or shorts.

Every minute of her day is organized. She knows exactly what she is going to be doing at any given half-hour. She goes to sleep at nine o'clock every working day. She sleeps in tailored nightgowns and her negligees are of tailored satin rather than of ruffy chiffon. Her bed is an immense double, with a mirror all across the back. She likes to look at herself.

Michael Arlen says that she is the most civilized gal in Hollywood.

THE END

War Bonds! You haven't bought enough till Hitler's had enough.

I'm Not a Dull Girl!

(Continued from page 45) I haven't had the slightest desire.

Another point I'd like to get settled about this "pity poor Joan Leslie" legend that seems to be floating around Hollywood is the persistent rumor that my family holds me under its iron thumb. Like the time word got around town that my father drove me to a party, waited threateningly outside until it was over and then drove me home—making me out a fragile little hothouse flower with a stern gardener. Frankly, this story amazed me. It's true that Dad did drive me to the party mentioned (I can't drive, myself) and then waited to drive me home—but all of this was because I wanted it that way. We were having a party at home for Mother's birthday and so I only put in a short appearance at the other party and then went back with Dad to our own.

Oh, and before another rumor springs up from this incident—let me say quickly that my not knowing how to drive has nothing to do with my family. Because they'd like me to learn how to drive. The only reason I don't drive is that I am afraid to learn. I'd probably get so busy planning how to organize my day on my way to work that I'd smash up the car and myself too! Besides, Dad's such a wonderful, humorous person that I love knowing he's always there to talk to on my way to the studio, or the dentist's, or wherever I'm going. I'd miss all the fun of his company if I got a driver's license myself.

AS for the family's guiding me throughout my career, that's not true at all. Mother, who is my ideal of the modern woman, has always insisted that I make my own decisions. We talk everything over together, of course—what girl and her mother don't? But Mother's first question after I tell her a problem is always the same: "Well, Joan, what do *you* think about it?" Then, after I tell her, she gives me both sides of the problem and I make up my own mind about the correct procedure—and go ahead with it.

After all, how could a family that has been as close as ours for so many years suddenly single out one person to bully? We've been through everything together. From the time I was three years old and first began entertaining on the stage with my two older sisters, my family traveled all over the continent jammed into one car with Dad at the wheel. We lived in cramped hotel rooms in most of the United States and in Canada and Mexico. Even the depression brought us closer together, because that meant that my father lost his position as a bank teller in Detroit and was able to go with us on our travels from theater to theater. And now, though I could probably have a regal suite of rooms at home if I wanted it, the truth is that I share a bedroom with my sister Betty, who is a singer. At night we talk from twin bed to twin bed in the dark—and I wouldn't want anything different.

After hearing about my way of living, my critics shake their heads and remark, "Well, she's making a mistake in leading such a simple life. An actress should have millions of experiences and contacts with people in order to understand the different characters she'll have to play. What a shame!"

Well, I just don't happen to agree with them, that's all. With all due respect to those drama teachers who believe in vital experiences, I think an actor (up to a certain age) can go a long way on his imagination and by studying psychology. That's why I intend to major in psychology at college. Why, just the high-school



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- See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50c—25c—10c

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





How to add new richness to your Brunette complexion

Remember the roses last summer's sun put into your cheeks? Now—bring back that flattering glow with Pond's new Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft beige tones blend with your skin perfectly . . . warm rosy undertints give it that welcome radiance . . . And the misty-soft Dreamflower texture is heavenly! Soft as the touch of a cool breeze . . . it gives your skin a smooth-as-velvet look that's priceless to a girl! Get a luxurious big box of Pond's Dreamflower "Brunette" today!

H.R.H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança, now Mrs. Ashley Chanler, says: "I'm so pleased with the smooth clear look that Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette' powder gives my skin. The rose undertone is unusually flattering to my deep coloring."

Pond's "LIPS"

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—49¢, 10¢.



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Six sweet shades to choose from—flatterers all!

BRUNETTE
NATURAL
RACHEL
ROSE CREAM
DUSK ROSE
DARK RACHEL
49¢, 25¢ and 10¢

OFFICIAL
WAR
MESSAGE

American Women! In many areas you are urgently needed to fill men's shoes in necessary civilian jobs. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.

psychology course I'm taking now has taught me something invaluable—the basic desires of people. With that knowledge I feel I am gaining a real understanding of the roles I play and of the people around me. And—most important—because of that knowledge, I'm learning how to handle difficult situations.

FOR instance, one director who's renowned for being temperamental was directing a picture I was in. At the end of my first scene he began yelling at me at the top of his lungs so that the whole cast and crew were forced to listen. "You have no heart, no feeling," he bellowed. Well, naturally this embarrassed me—and certainly didn't help me at all. So, after he'd repeated his performance three times, I went over to him and said quietly, "Mr. —, you're not helping me by insulting me publicly like this. You haven't once told me how you'd like the lines read, so I haven't the faintest idea what you're after. And furthermore, you've made me so self-conscious that I can't do my best."

After that he was wonderful with me. He came over to me and explained in a low tone what he wanted and I was able to give it to him. That was a little lesson in applied psychology, because I assure you if I'd have either stamped off the set in fury or burst into tears under his tirade, neither of us would have been happy and the acting wouldn't have gone off right.

There's another thing I'm criticized for around Hollywood: My way of dressing off-screen. My critics are firmly of the opinion that a movie star must dress glamorously—and sexily. I don't think so, myself. To begin with, I don't consider sweaters and low-cut dresses sexy at all. Modesty has always seemed to me much more alluring. Anyway, I think it's a mistake for women to dress solely for sexiness; I believe they should try to dress for charm, becomingness and womanliness. And I think I should dress like a normal eighteen-year-old girl, not a glittering star. Which is why I wear simple dressmaker suits or sports clothes off-screen.

This is the way I've worked out my pattern for living—because I believe in it and because I feel that for me it is the road to poise, self-development and happiness . . . and to a successful combination of marriage and a career, which is my ultimate goal.

After all, I'm doing what I want to do. And for me it's painless—honestly it is!

THE END

Tune in the *Blue Network*

LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this

Blue Network Presentation
EVERY DAY

Mon. through Fri. 3:15 to 3:45 (EWT)

Hi, Neighbor!

(Continued from page 66) we asked Gene.

He smiled in an embarrassed way and said kiddingly, "Now I know how Columbus felt when they named Columbus, Ohio, after him!"

Seriously, however, you have to be a pretty good neighbor before people pay you a tribute like that.

Gene's ideas on neighborliness are very simple.

"If people want to get into fights, they generally succeed in getting into them," he said. "Likewise, if people want to get along with their neighbors, they usually get along fine."

"If someone new moves into a neighborhood, I figure it's the place of the residents who've been living there for quite a while to make his acquaintance."

"I can't think of any better rule for neighborliness than the Golden Rule—do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

And Gene lived up to that in his days as a California neighbor before he left for the Army. During the rainy season, the only way in which the people in the rural, rough countryside near Gene's ranch can get to the paved highways is by crossing his land. If Gene were the kind of movie star who considers his property sacred, he could throw up a fence round his ranch and put up signs forbidding trespassing. After all, the roads on his ranch are built for ordinary traffic, not for the throngs of people who pass through during the rainy season. But Gene has left standing orders for the gates to be opened so they can use his private paths. Under these conditions, it's necessary for Gene to spend more on repairs than he would normally. But he would far rather do this than be unneighborly.

In turn, the neighbors are glad to give a helping hand whenever they can. There was the time that Gene lost a new long-horn steer from south Texas. A wild, ornery young steer who didn't want to run with the rest of the herd. For two weeks, Gene's neighbors mounted their horses at daybreak every morning and went searching for the steer. Do you imagine for a moment that those neighbors would have spent hours each day hunting for Gene's lost steer if he hadn't shown them time and again that they could depend upon him to help them?

"THE only rule I can think of for neighborliness," Martha Scott told me, "is to be helpful to one another. That's the beauty of farm life. In the city it's not so easy to be neighborly, for people are likely to think you are invading their privacy. But in rural communities, there's a great deal of give and take."

Her dark brown eyes suddenly sparkled. "The day my husband and I moved into our San Fernando home, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz invited us to a home-cooked dinner. It was a lifesaver, for our electric stove had not yet been connected."

"There seems to be a natural neighborliness in the West. For instance, one neighbor whom we had never met saw a coyote prowling around. He came down to our farm to warn us to put our baby goats in a safe place."

"Another neighbor saw a pile of lumber lying around near our new home. He came down to ask what we were building."

"A chicken house," we told him.

"Wouldn't you like a cement floor?"

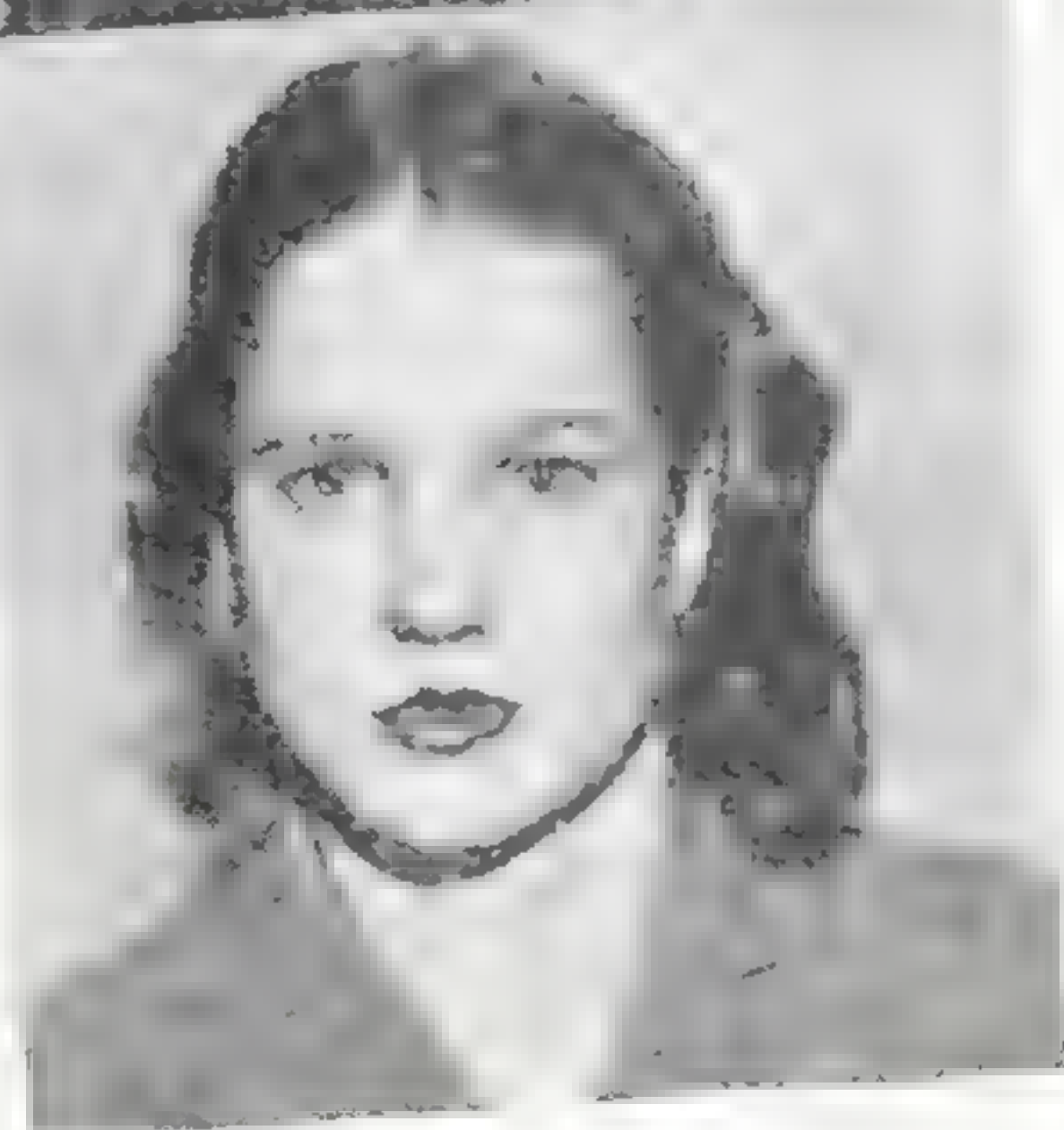
A War Bond is a nest-egg. It will hatch:

- 1—Safety for your boy
- 2—Defeat for Hitler
- 3—Money for you

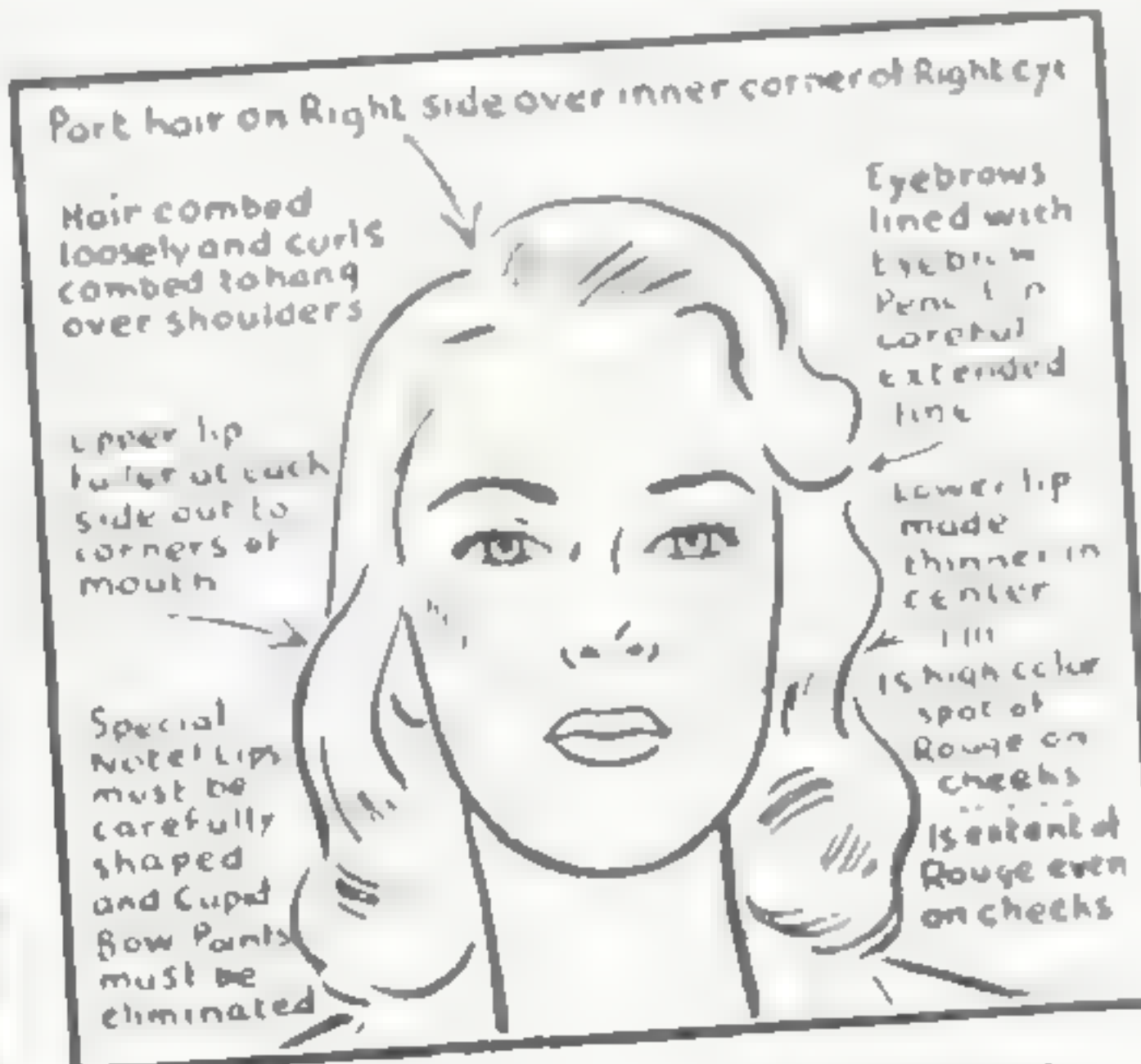


John Robert Powers asks . . . Do you know the REAL YOU?

Are you really as attractive as you can be—as you have a right to be? For 23 years I've helped girls and women become their most attractive selves. I prescribe individually for each student with proven "Powers Girl" techniques.



Laine Solg, before she learned her make-up, hair styling—before she learned to accentuate her beauty highlights, was SELF-CONSCIOUS.



See how her beauty highlights are revealed on the PHOTO-REVISE actually drawn for her. Note how easy it is to follow this individual instruction.



Here's how Laine looks today with her Powers training. She was thrilled to be selected as "Miss United Nations." Now she's SELF-CONFIDENT.

Your Photo-Revise is but one of 60 Powers Home-Course Features

Everything you need to achieve the REAL YOU:

Learn the personal beauty techniques that have given the world's most envied women such thrilling benefits—figure perfection—inspired styling—correct make-up, hair styling—a lovely voice—grace and poise.

And only seven short weeks will make this new REAL YOU. The cost is so modest—no more than you would pay for a new party frock. Send coupon for FREE complete details today!



Grace Beneke heads the celebrated Powers Home-Course faculty assisting Mr. Powers in helping his students become their most attractive selves through the famous "Powers Girl" beauty techniques.

If you are one of the many discriminating young women who would like to feel better, enjoy a lovely figure, self-assurance, win thrilling compliments—send me this coupon today. I'll speed you full details by return mail.

John Robert Powers

John Robert Powers Home Course
Suite 68, 247 Park Avenue, New York City
Dear Mr. Powers: I'm really interested. Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Occupation _____ Age _____

"This fragrant foam bath makes me

feel like a princess!"



49¢

at department
& drug stores

You never took such a relaxing bath! Gloriously perfumed, it makes billowy bubbles—and your body skin is actually cleansed better, feels cleaner!



Listen gals!

Send 3¢ stamp with your name and address for trial one-bath packet, to Bathasweet Corp., Suite 41, 1911 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Bathasweet Foam

How can you "re-style" a dull-looking complexion?

What's the secret of smoother make-up?

"a 1-Minute Mask!"



—says
KATHARINE MELLON

—New York society favorite
with unusually lovely amber
eyes and a creamy complexion.

Even a pretty complexion may "slump" at the end
of a hectic day. Imbedded specks of dirt give a dingy
look. Bits of chapped skin ruffle up—snag make-up.

"That's when I smooth on a 1-Minute Mask,"
says Mrs. Mellon. "—A white coat of Pond's
Vanishing Cream over my whole face—except
eyes. After one minute, I tissue off—and feel as
if I had a new complexion!" The Cream's
"keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves
dirt and dried skin particles!

"I love the fresh, softer feel of my face after a
1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Mellon says. "My skin
has just the smooth, dewy finish that takes
make-up evenly and easily. And my coloring
seems so much brighter and clearer!"



There's a glass shortage! Buy
one BIG jar of Pond's instead
of several small ones to save
glass needed for food jars.

"My best-loved powder base, too!"

Mrs. Mellon uses Pond's Vanishing Cream two
ways—"For a 1-Minute Mask beauty pick-up
3 or 4 times a week. Then every day, before
make-up, I use a light film of this same cream
for light, greaseless powder base."

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

Take a job! In many areas, women are urgently
needed to fill home-front jobs of fighting men. Check
Help Wanted ads and local U.S. Employment Service.

he asked eagerly. Yes, we admitted, a
cement floor would be just fine, but we
didn't have a cement mixer. That seemed
to be what he was waiting for. Beaming,
he told us he'd bring down his cement
mixer. He not only brought it down, but
he also mixed the cement and poured it
for us.

"To show our appreciation we sent him
some barbecued chickens from the chicken
house he helped to build."

Martha Scott is kind to her neighbors,
too. The people on the hill next to her
home have a wire-haired terrier who often
runs away. Since Martha and her
neighbors live near a crowded highway,
the dog is in danger of being run over.
Therefore, the moment Martha gets word
that the dog has strayed, she drops what-
ever she's doing and goes in search of
him. If she doesn't find him right away,
she takes a car and skirts the neighbor-
hood. So far, she has found the dog
each time he was lost.

THERE was the night when Ray Milland,
driving along Sunset Boulevard in a
pouring rainstorm, noticed that the driver
ahead of him was having trouble with
his car, which had stalled. Frantically the
driver signaled him. Ray jumped out
of his own car, then for two blocks pushed
the stalled motor. As soon as the car
was all right, the other driver sped away
without stopping to thank Ray. "What
an ungrateful cuss," Ray thought.

But a few days later he received a let-
ter addressed to him in care of his studio.

"I want to thank you," the letter said,
"for what you did the other night. You
may have saved my wife's life. I didn't
stop to thank you because I was rushing
her to the hospital, where our baby girl
was born a few minutes after we arrived.
The doctor told me that if I had been
delayed much longer things might have
gone very badly with my wife. So you
realize how much your help meant, es-
pecially when all the other cars on the
boulevard went by without so much as
a word."

One thought on the neighbor angle from
Ray Milland—don't feel badly if people
don't express gratitude for a kindness
shown. It doesn't necessarily mean that
deep in their hearts they aren't grateful
and won't make the best neighbors in the
long run.

THE END

PUT A RING

around your calendar for

Friday, December 10

DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	..
..

That's when your January Photo-
play will be on the newsstands
—or as soon thereafter as war-
time transportation will deliver
it for you.

Reserve your copy now!

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) second. He overstayed his leave nearly thirty days. During all this time I was working. Every day I left him with his promise to go back to camp, only to come home and find him still there.

Finally he did return, only to be court-martialed and sentenced to twenty-three days. When he got out, he vowed he had had enough and would never do it again. He came home on week-end pass, then only "reported"—as he put it—occasionally. He said they had nothing for him to do in the Army. I didn't exactly believe him, but when I questioned him he would break down and cry, saying, "Okay, honey, if you don't believe me, what can I do?"

By that time I knew I was going to have a baby and I was so sick I had to stop work. Because my husband was getting no money—he said there was some sort of a misunderstanding in the payroll department—my sister kept us. She and her husband had good jobs. However, they went back East so I turned to the Red Cross.

All this time my husband and I were more in love than ever and so happy over the baby being on its way, but I couldn't get him to admit that he was a deserter. By this time I was almost positive, yet when questioned he always seemed to go to pieces. He was never brutal—just sort of beaten by life.

One night he didn't come home for dinner. The baby was then a month old, the dearest little girl on earth. I was crazy with worry, so I finally called the Bureau of Missing Persons. I learned that my husband had been picked up in civilian clothes while he was waiting for a friend—who had been in the guard-house with him—to hold up a store.

Now he has to pay a penalty for his mistakes. I'm paying for them, too. I know my husband isn't really bad—it's just circumstances. All his life he has been kicked around. His father was mean to him. They always lived in poverty and he had a very slim education—no real chance. I can see why he deserted the Army, but I can't understand his turning to crime except that he loved me and the baby too much and had to find some way of supporting us.

All the time he was at home he did all of the work—dishes, cooking, washing, ironing, etc.—for otherwise I might have lost the baby. He even did all the diapers after she was born.

Miss Davis, am I foolish to hang on to this man even if I do love him so terribly? When he gets out in several years, should I be waiting, or what? Please help me.

MRS. ROGER M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Of course you aren't foolish to stand by your husband. Since you obviously love him and want to wait for him, that is the thing for you to do.

Of course, yours is the perfect example of letting a bad situation continue until it has developed into an inextricable tangle. If, as soon as you suspected that your husband was a deserter, you had talked to him about your suspicions—perhaps all this aftermath could have been avoided. In wartime, no man in uniform can place any person above his duty.

However, your husband seems to be a man of gentle character. My feeling is that if you stand by him when he is released he will be able to return to normal living, working and building a future for you and your daughter.

Bette Davis.

(Continued on page 94)



Loveliness

is a moon-touched flower

A camellia pink and glamorous on your shoulder—its velvety twin in your hair. A gleam of pearls against black shadow. A graceful walk or a voice of welcome.

Loveliness isn't looks alone. It's wonderful witchcraft . . . the tricks a woman uses to keep herself smooth and courageous in a mixed-up world.

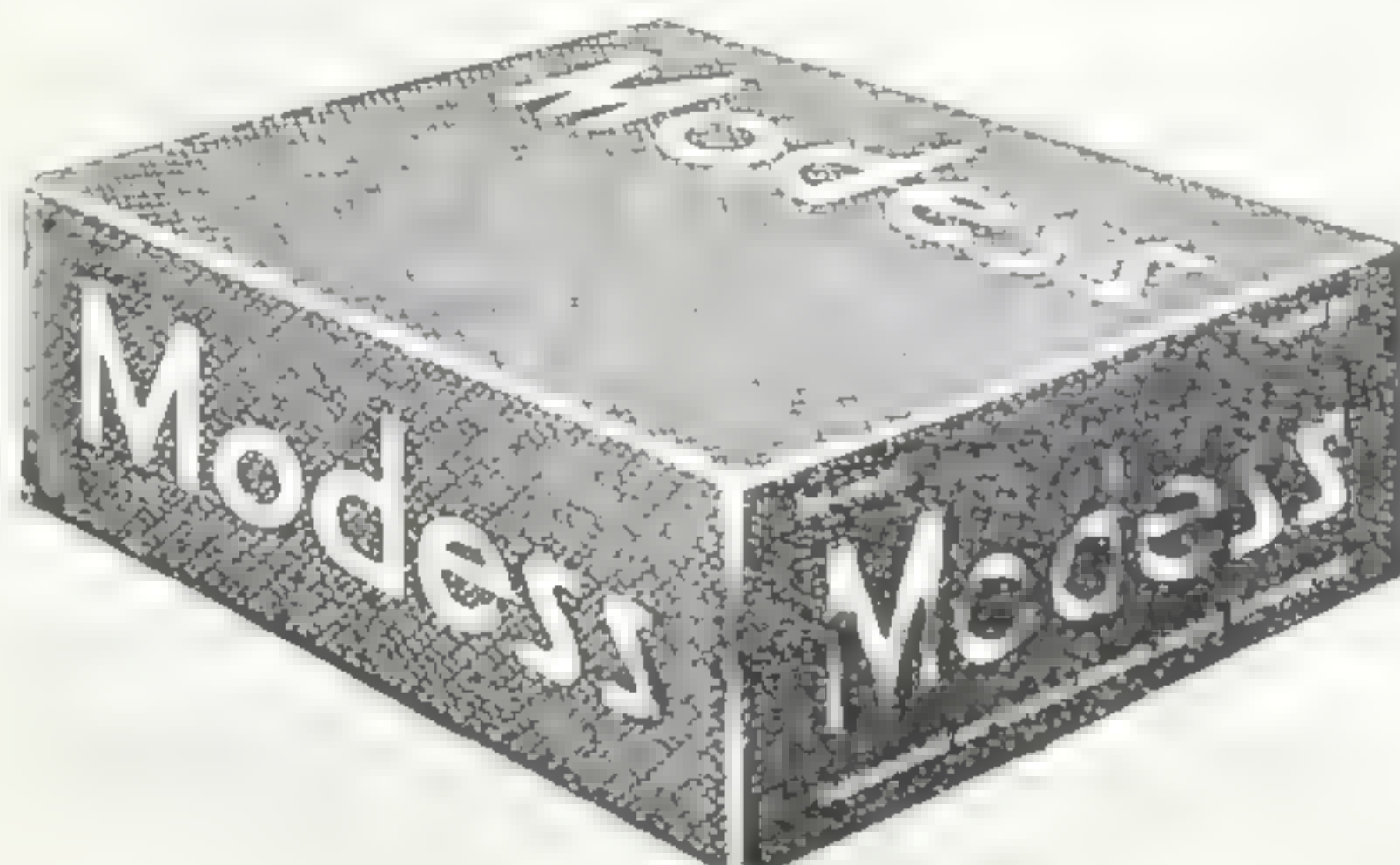
So watch for little luxuries that cost no more. Like the finer, incredibly softer sanitary napkin—Modess. The napkin that gives you all those longed-for extras!

Softer! Heavenly-gentle! Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers. 3 out of 4 women voted it softer!

Safer! New Peace of Mind! A triple, full-length shield at the back of every Modess napkin gives full-way protection—not just part-way, as some other pads do.

Super-smooth Fit! Never a hint under the sleekest dress. Modess is so much softer, it molds to your body as though designed *especially for you!*

Lovely women, working harder than ever before, say they'd be lost without Modess. Why not try it?



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

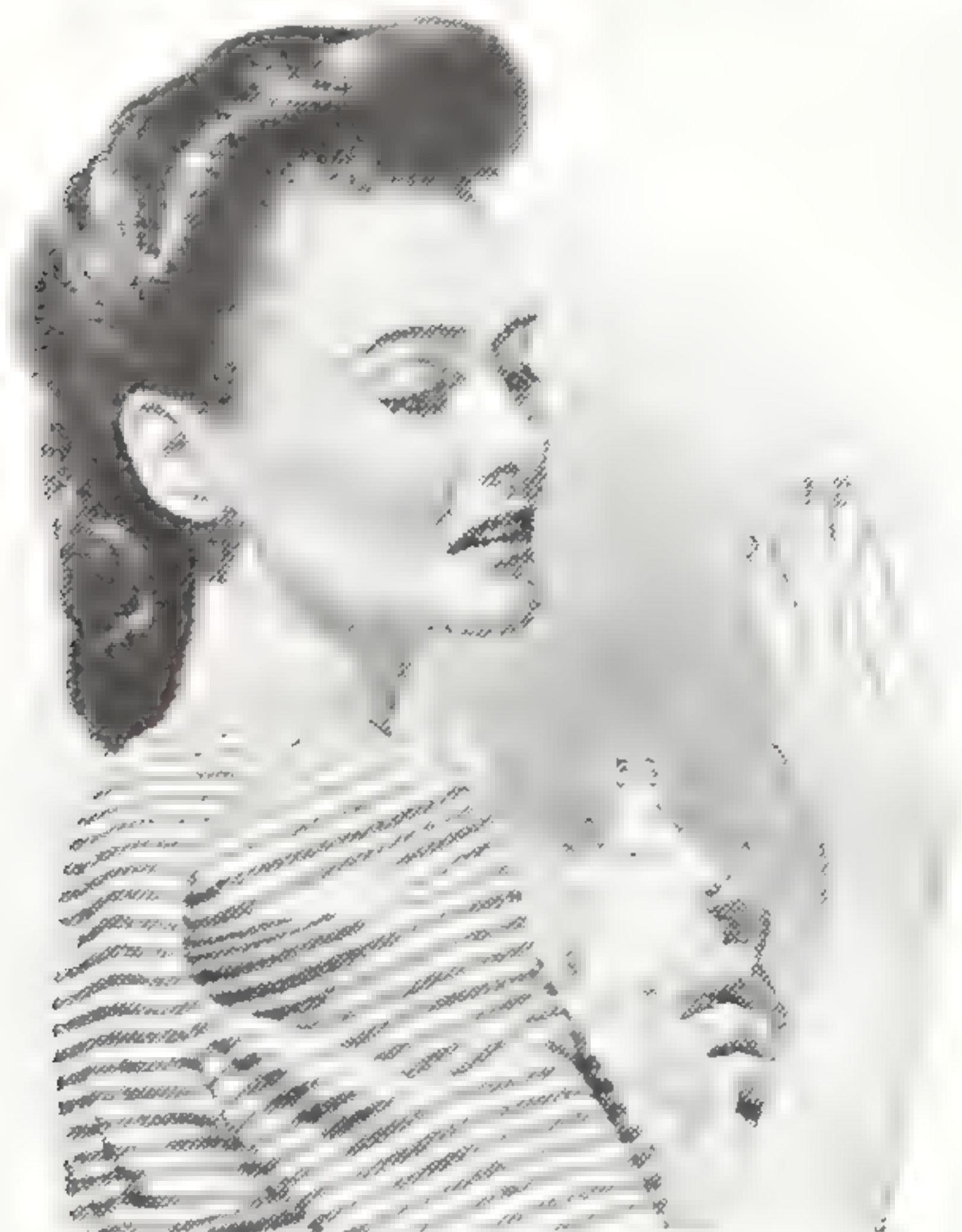


MY HANDS MADE
ME FEEL "OLD"
AS A MUMMY!"

"My Coast Guard husband says I'm a Wonder Girl at keeping our little house shipshape. But, after weeks of scrubbing and scouring, I didn't feel like a girl. When I looked at my poor hands, I felt about as young as a dried-up old mummy!"



"They say a woman's hands show her true age. But what a weight of candles on my birthday cake if I were *really* as ancient as my rough, *old-looking* hands made me feel! My husband used to call them 'baby-soft.' What man could love them now?"



"Frankly, I was in despair! I couldn't just sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. But neither could I bear to feel old and unlovely before my time. How could I make my poor work-roughened, 'old' hands look 'young,' white, smooth again?"



"One of my friends, a nurse, told me about Pacquins and what wonders it worked for *her* hands—constantly exposed to water and harsh chemicals. So I tried Pacquins. And now? My hands are their satiny, young selves once more!"

DO YOUR HANDS "ADD YEARS" TO YOUR LOOKS?



Then try **Pacquins**
HAND CREAM

• Don't just accept red, work-roughened, "old-looking" hands. Use Pacquins! See if your hands don't smooth out faster and feel smoother longer with this fragrant, white, non-greasy cream. Formulated originally for doctors and nurses who wash their hands 30 to 40 times a day. Try it!

Pacquins HAND CREAM
At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

Dear Miss Davis:

I am seventeen years old and I have something on my mind that is driving me crazy. I have just been told that the woman I have believed to be my mother all these years, really isn't my mother at all. Miss Davis, you don't know what it means to look at a woman you have loved all your life, as a mother, and say to yourself, "That is not my mother."

This is what I have been told: That Mom took my brother and me when we were very small—so small that I don't remember a thing. My real father and mother couldn't find work, so they left our state after giving up their children. They have never been heard from since.

My brother was such a bad boy, they say, that Mom gave him up to an asylum and he was adopted by someone she doesn't know. She has no idea where my brother is.

When I ask Mom for more details she just looks funny and won't answer me. Miss Davis, don't you think she should tell me everything she knows? Don't I have the right to know what my real name is? Don't I have a right to try to find my older brother? I might be crazy about him. What would you do if you were a girl in my place?

GRACE C.

Dear Miss C:

If I were in your place, I would let well enough alone. You say that you might be crazy about this unknown lost brother of yours. That is true, of course, but you also might dislike him intensely.

You remind me a little of Pandora, the little Greek girl who was trusted—as you probably remember from your mythology—with a box. She couldn't restrain her curiosity, so opened the box and released all the trouble into the world. Actually, you have no idea what sort of difficulty you might be developing for yourself by prying into something that your adopted mother considers better locked away.

Have you stopped to consider that you may be causing your adopted mother a great deal of anguish? She must love you very dearly; by now she must feel that you are as much her daughter as if you were her own.

It seems to me that you owe her all the love and gratitude in the world. And no questions asked—I would trust her judgment in the matter.

Bette Davis.



A quick look at a "look-quick" picture of Jeanette MacDonald and Gail Patrick breaking bread together

Million-Dollar Didoes

(Continued from page 49) that she won't. Especially since her appearance in "Thousands Cheer." For this picture indicates there's a brilliant career ahead for her if she'll only stick with it. If . . .

Alice Faye was another in Kit Grayson's class. Whenever a secretary of a Twentieth Century-Fox executive would announce, "Miss Faye on the phone," the executive's blood pressure would mount and he'd immediately begin manufacturing reasons why Alice ought to make one more picture, anyway. You who read Photoplay know Alice has never enjoyed being a star and, now that she's happily married, has been as determined to retire.

However, Alice pulled a surprise just recently. A month or two ago a studio executive, hearing Alice was on the wire, considered having his secretary say he had gone for the day. He had trouble enough without taking on Alice. There was a big hole in the production schedule of the Technicolor picture, "New Orleans," because Betty Grable had just announced she was quitting the studio for a time to have a baby. Fortunately he took Alice's call.

"I've just heard about Betty," she told him. "That leaves you in a bad spot, I imagine. I'm calling to say I'll report for 'New Orleans' at your convenience."

Hanging up the telephone that day the executive didn't say, as usual, "What a headache!" He said instead, "What a girl!"

But the aftermath wasn't so pleasant as the phone call! Good old Fate stepped in; Alice was scheduled for a stork visit as well as Betty Grable. If "New Orleans" goes into production quickly enough, Alice may be the star; otherwise, she will not be able to make it.

At any rate, though, that was one time an Alice Faye phone call spelled happiness for the Front Office.

LANA TURNER is a beautiful and enchanting headache because she has no sense of responsibility.

When Lana finishes a picture she traipses off anywhere her mood dictates. This is very fine, but her studio would like to know, *please*, where she is—in case retakes are necessary. More than once scouts have telephoned all over the land trying to locate Lana while Metro executives, watching the cost of her picture mounting by the hour, have reached not for aspirin but for triple bromides.

It's the same when Lana is late for work. Most stars, aware tardiness on their part handicaps a director who is trying to bring a picture in on time, are either contrite or defiant when they are late. Not Miss Turner! She strolls in calmly with a ready smile. If the director calls her to account she laughs. "Don't scold me," she teases. "When anyone scolds me I get sick—*awfully sick!*" Needless to say, not another word is uttered.

Nancy Coleman's bosses, on the other hand, wish she would take her work and everything else less seriously. Nancy's young and uncertain and extremely sensitive, which latter quality is what makes her the fine little emotional actress she is. But it has its drawbacks. Companies stand around waiting while Nancy weeps. When those she's working with try to soothe her it doesn't help at all. In fact sympathy makes Nancy cry harder and rush to her dressing room. And then more time—which is money in the studios—passes while she quiets down and puts on a

The only War Bond you'll ever regret is the one you didn't buy.

LINNY Serves at the Canteen BY Thelma

DUE AT THE CANTEEN right now! No time to change. Well, this blouse will have to work two shifts today, too. Thanks, Linit, for keeping it so clean and fresh through a long, hard day.



THAT'S A PRETTY COMPLIMENT sailor; but I'll have you know it's sixteen weary hours since I "stepped out of that band-box."



LITTLE GAL, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY! But that dainty, frilly apron is still good for another evening's grind. It must have been starched with Linit, too.

FOR VICTORY
Buy U. S. War
Bonds & Stamps

LINNY says: To stand the strain of strenuous days your clothes need Linit. This modern starch penetrates the fabric—protects the fibres. Makes anything washable look better—longer.



**ALL GROCERS
SELL LINIT**

"Me—I never have **ABSENTEE HANDS!**

My hands
are always
on the job.

Smooth and comfortable
because I protect 'em
against ground-in grime
with **HINDS**. A **HONEY**
of a lotion for busy hands!"



Uncle Sam
needs more women
working. Apply:
U. S. Employment Service.

PHOTO AT RIGHT shows results of test. Hand at left did *not* use Hinds lotion before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease still cling to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis —"Absentee Hands"—if neglected.

HINDS HAND CREAM IN JARS—QUICK-SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢. PLUS TAX.



AFTER WORK—and every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application makes your hands feel more comfortable, look smoother. Benefits skin! On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

HINDS *for* HANDS

at home
and in
factory!

fresh make-up to face the cameras. Hollywood's worst headache these days is a guy—an important guy—who plays great-hearted men on the screen but not off the screen. He has consistently refused to do anything for the war effort, to which so many film people are contributing so magnificently, even selflessly. When studio representatives ask him to play camp shows or buy War Bonds he gives them short shrift. His bosses shudder for fear some part of this—or his jealousy of a star now in service who long has been considered his close pal—will gain publicity. It would mean the end of him, of course. And he's a million-dollar property.

RUTH HUSSEY is always late. She doesn't mean to be inconsiderate. She doesn't mean to hold up production. She doesn't mean to keep her producers in a perpetual state of jitters. She tries earnestly to be on time. But being late is congenital with Ruthie. Back in the early days of her career, when she was making "Susan And God," she nearly drove Joan Crawford and George Cukor crazy. Joan is always ahead of time and Cukor is a stickler for promptness. There was, in fact, one point where Ruth might very well have been replaced in this picture which did a lot for her.

Recently the Hussey problem has been largely solved, however. All her appointments are set one hour later than the time she is asked to be there. This ruse, combined with her secretary's long habit of keeping all timepieces ten to fifteen minutes fast, has resulted in Ruth's being fairly prompt these days.

There is, too, Ginger Rogers, a glamour girl whom the producers love dearly. They do wish, however, that Ginger didn't love furbelows quite so dearly. They assign the best hairdressers to do her hair simply and smartly. They engage the finest designers to conceive marvelous costumes for her. But Ginger has her own ideas of what she should wear and how she should wear it. She cares not a whit that the theme song on her sets always is, "Take it off . . ." Invariably she adds a curl or a swirl to the coiffure over which her hairdresser has labored and complements the designer's dream gown with a scarf or some hunk of jewelry from her private collection. She still looks like a million dollars because she's built that way . . . But this doesn't keep her hairdressers and designers from having hysterics every time they look at her rushes in the projection room.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world . . . You know now why the movie moguls wish it didn't!

THE END

First Lady—

of the January issue

(i.e., she's on the cover)

Deanna Durbin

with an eye-to-eye account

of The First Lady

by the noted writer

Sidney Skolsky

God Made Me Well

(Continued from page 40) course, neither the doctor nor I knew what the future would hold.

Well, the first guidepost to the future came on the twelfth day of my illness. That was the day when the doctor and the nurse thought I was well enough to take a look at my mail. And when I looked at it, a lump came into my throat. For there were thousands of letters from people hoping and praying that I would get well. Many of the letters were from fellow rheumatic-fever sufferers. The thing that caused the lump in my throat was the fact that most of these people, instead of bewailing their own misfortunes, said they thought it was terrible that I, of all people, should have gotten ill. "The world needs the laughter you bring it," they said. "We are praying for your recovery."

One letter that touched me tremendously was from a beautiful girl of fourteen, Betty Daggett, of Joliet, Illinois, who had been stricken with rheumatic fever on the very same day I myself became ill. So she was writing to cheer me up. Her mother had died when Betty was nineteen months old and she was living with her grandmother. Yet there was not a word of complaint from her.

Of course, I wrote and answered Betty's letter and we have been writing to each other ever since. I wrote her, "Dear Betty: Well, honey, I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. So you have rheumatic fever too. Well, sweetheart, together we will lick it and give it a good beating. The best thing in the world is rest and lots of it, and you listen to your doctor and he will take good care of you. The longer in bed the better. Sweetheart, take good care of yourself and listen to Grandmother and Dad and the doctor, and when you get out of bed, you will be stronger than any kid on your street. That I will bet you. I want you to write me and let me know how you are doing. Is that a promise? It is? Well, good—Give my love to all.

From your boy friend,
Lou Costello"

THE thing that broke my heart was the realization that many of these people who sympathized with me lived in tenement districts and obviously didn't have the benefit of the expert medical care I was getting. Yet, instead of writing letters filled with self-pity, they wrote letters filled with sympathy for me.

That killed my feeling of self-pity. What right did I have to feel sorry for myself when I lay in the bedroom of a lovely home, with the finest doctors at my beck and call?

I'd never read much before. Now I began to do a lot of reading. I told my doctor I wanted to read everything that was printed about rheumatic fever. I read all the books carefully and finally came to the conclusion that medical science had discovered no new treatment to cure the illness. I knew then that I would have to be my own main doctor. With the help of the Man Upstairs I would get well. After all, wasn't He the greatest Doctor in the world? And a great surge of faith came over me. I felt an inner voice saying to me, "There is a reason why you got ill of rheumatic fever. You weren't given a kid's disease for nothing. Someday you'll find out what the reason is."

It wasn't always easy to have faith. The terror that caused me to wake up

The more War Bonds you buy, the shorter the war.

"You're stealing my husband!"



1. It was a terrible thing to say—to my best friend. But I couldn't understand why Paul had become so indifferent—so cold to me. And when I saw him being nice to Eileen, I guess I lost my head . . .



2. Instead of getting mad, Eileen simply said, "You're upset and imagining things. Let's talk this over sensibly." Then I sobbed out the whole sad story—suspicions, fears, the trouble between Paul and me. "Darling," she said, "it may be *your* fault. There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



4. Paul and I are so happy now. Eileen was right about Lysol. I've learned that it's easy and economical to use—and it works. But I still blush when I think how unjustly I accused Eileen—and how grand she was to me!



3. "The doctor I work for," Eileen went on, "advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene." Then she told me how Lysol solution cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, and won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she said. "It's so easy. You know, thousands of modern women use Lysol for this purpose."



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is **not** carbolic acid.

Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out* germs in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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FRANK H. FLEER CORP. ESTABLISHED 1885

with a sweat night after night was that my heart would be too weakened for me to go on with my work. My doctor could promise nothing. I had been ill a month and the sedimentation tests still showed the germs raging in my body. Even though my heart had not been affected yet, tomorrow might be a different story.

One day my little daughter, Patricia, came to me with a tiny statuette of Jesus which she had bought in the holy store of the Marymount School. My two little girls had been bringing home medals and holy pictures, bought out of their own allowances. As Patricia gave me this little statue, she said, "This is a picture of our Lord, who can make anyone well. I am sure He is going to make you well."

I was tremendously uplifted by the faith of my own little daughter. If she could have such implicit faith, why couldn't I?

LETTERS from fans and friends kept coming and they helped keep me cheerful and happy. For instance, there was Jerry Young of Omaha, who has never missed writing for a single week. Abbott and I once had a chance to do Jerry a favor, and he has never forgotten it.

It happened like this. During our Bond Tour, Bud Abbott and I participated in a Bond rally in Omaha. We were staying in an Omaha hotel when we got word that two kids wanted to see us. We were pretty tired that night so we'd left instructions at the desk that we couldn't see anyone, but these kids were determined and they finally got in, after trying to sneak through the kitchen. One of them was eleven-year-old Jerry.

He gave me quite a sales talk. "My friend and I," he said, "are holding a show for the Red Cross. We know we'd get a bigger crowd if you and Bud would ap-

pear at the show. I'm afraid we can't pay you anything like your regular salary; but we don't want to ask you to appear for nothing, so we'll sneak out thirty-five cents apiece for each of you from the profits. Will you do it?"

I turned to Abbott. "This sounds to me like a good proposition," I said. "I think we ought to do it. But first we have to go on to Lincoln, Nebraska, to sell Bonds. Then we could come back here."

IN Lincoln, we had dinner with the Governor and we delayed longer than we had expected. It looked as if we were going to miss making that appearance for the kids. So I told the Governor about it, and he got us motorcycle cops to help us get there quickly. We had also told Father Flanagan of Boys' Town about the boys' plan and he had said he'd be there, too.

The kids had been planning to hold the show in their back yard, but when they told people we were going to make an appearance, the back yard wouldn't hold all the people who wanted to come, so a whole street had to be roped off. Father Flanagan was waiting for us and so were the two kids.

Abbott and I made our appearance and then began auctioning off things. Before we got through, Bud had auctioned off a lot of my clothes, including my shirt.

We had so much to do that we had to rush off quickly after the show. Shortly afterwards Jerry Young knocked at our door.

"You left so fast," he said, "I didn't have a chance to pay you. And I didn't want you to think that I was trying to cheat you out of your salary."

Then he solemnly handed Abbott and me each thirty-five cents.

Well, after I got sick, it certainly

cheered me up to hear from Jerry every week. He wrote me, among other things, that he had started a marionette show. "And who do you think the puppets are?" he wrote. "You and Bud."

With people like Jerry Young and Betty Daggett rooting for me, I knew that I was going to get well. Even though science couldn't give me that answer yet, God could. Some people may think it funny for a former burlesque comedian to talk of such things, but religion has always meant a lot to me. That isn't something new that came with illness, but something that was part of my life right along.

That was why, when I heard a few years ago that St. Anthony's Church in Paterson, New Jersey, the church where I received my First Communion, had been condemned because it was an old wooden church, I decided that I must do something about it. There was a \$9000 mortgage on the church and the Bishop told Father Valenti that if he could pay off the mortgage, he would advance the money for a new church. Father Valenti planned a series of garden and dance parties to pay off the mortgage.

Abbott and I were clicking on Broadway and had a hit show on the air. So Father Valenti asked if he could use our names on his tickets. He thought it might help sell them.

"How much do you expect to raise?" I asked.

"Oh, about \$200."

"At that rate," I said, "the mortgage might never be cleared up. I've got an idea that I think will raise the money in a lump sum. Let's hold a big benefit show in the Paterson Armory. I'll hire the hall and pay all the expenses. Then I'll get you the biggest names on Broadway."

I talked to Kate Smith, Milton Berle and other stars—all top-notchers—and they promised to come. What's more,

So long as our boys are dying we'll keep on buying. Invest in more War Bonds.

they did come—every one of them.

Paterson never saw so many stars in one show before. Sure, we raised enough money to pay off the mortgage. And Paterson got a brand-new, beautiful church, one of the loveliest in the country.

After Abbott and I made our first picture, I went to Universal and told them how much St. Anthony's Church meant to me.

"That church needs a tower and bells," I said, "and I won't be happy till I get it for them. I'm going home in November. Is it all right if I give a benefit then to raise money?"

Universal said it was. Not only that but they agreed that the world premiere of the picture could be held in Paterson. The picture opened at the Fabian Theater in Paterson and the place was full of stars that night. Bud and I were there, of course, and the money we raised paid for a beautiful tower for the church.

I THOUGHT of all these things as I lay flat on my back. Somehow I felt that Abbott's and my work wasn't done yet.

The old question still troubled me. Why had I fallen ill of a child's disease? There must be a reason.

And then the answer came to me, as I talked to my doctor about rheumatic fever. He told me that many people suffered from terrible aftereffects because they got out of bed too soon. This was often true of children.

I thought of the poor underprivileged children who were smitten with this terrible disease right in the midst of hovels and tenements; and of how often they got out of bed too soon.

All of these children needed a place where they could get well, under supervision.

The doctor and I did some research on the subject and we found rheumatic fever was the No. 1 enemy of the heart



and that it was even more prevalent than infantile paralysis. We found that the most blessed climate to relieve rheumatic fever is that of Palm Springs.

So Abbott and I decided that as soon as it was humanly possible we would start a rheumatic-fever foundation in Palm Springs, where sufferers could convalesce under the care of the finest doctors.

Now Abbott and I know that such a project will take millions. But we are going to devote a generous portion of our movie and radio earnings to this. Universal has agreed to release "Buck Privates" again.

When it's re-released in various cities, Bud and I will, whenever possible, make a personal appearance in each city where it is being shown. All the money we make from these appearances will go to the project that is so close to our hearts.

It is our dream to be able to do for the sufferers of rheumatic fever what President Roosevelt has done for those stricken

with the dreaded infantile paralysis.

THIS dream is close to other people's hearts, as well as ours. During my illness I received two cables from Clark Gable. In the first he offered me the use of his entire collection of 16-millimeter films, covering both his and Carole Lombard's pictures. When I was in danger of the blues, those pictures, shown in my private projection room, cheered me up a lot.

When Clark Gable heard of our plans for a rheumatic-fever foundation, he cabled me again. He himself had suffered with rheumatic fever eleven years ago so he sympathized with the poor kids who get it and can't afford the long period of care it requires. Clark offered to give a generous donation to the foundation.

Bud and I have already had papers drawn up organizing the Abbott and Costello Rheumatic Fever Foundation as a nonprofit group. Our business agent has gone to Palm Springs and looked over likely sites of land. When we get a site that is just right, I hope to do the landscaping for it myself.

In the past, I took for granted such simple everyday pleasures as walking in a garden. I took the use of my legs so much for granted that sometimes I didn't even bother to use them much, but let myself be driven from one place to another. This time, when I walk again, there will be a prayer of thanksgiving in my heart.

By the time you read this, I will not only have taken those first steps, but I will be back on the air, back in the movies again, my doctor believes. My first picture when I return to Universal will be "Abbott And Costello In Society." I will also be making those personal appearances with Bud Abbott that will help us carry out the work to which God guided us, through my illness.

THE END

DANDRUFF HAD ME WILD!

My wedding day was only a week away! And my hair hung dull—lifeless—and worst of all, thickly sprinkled with ugly dandruff! I was frantic! Then on Sunday evening, I heard the FITCH BANDWAGON* over the radio. The announcer said, "Fitch Shampoo is the only shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application bears the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms." I bought a bottle of Fitch Shampoo that night. I found that even in hard water it is effective. It really goes into the tiny openings of the scalp. And it certainly rinses out easily! I believe it actually reconditions the hair! "The season's loveliest bride!" they said of me. And today, my husband says Fitch Shampoo keeps my hair as lovely now as it was the day we were married!



GOODBYE DANDRUFF



1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.



2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

*LISTEN to the FITCH BANDWAGON, presenting your favorite orchestras and five minutes of World News every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., EWT, over NBC.



Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER Shampoo

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LOVELY GLAMOR-GOWNS

or

DRESSES TO CONCEAL—

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Women who take special pride in their personal appearance might easily find the solution to this perplexing problem by investigating immediately the merits of **SIROIL**. The use of **SIROIL** has altered the dressing habits of thousands of others affected by psoriasis and might help you. So why not try **SIROIL** at once? **SIROIL** tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of **SIROIL** will help keep them under control. Applied externally, **SIROIL** does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

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DR. MILES NERVINE has been bringing relief to nervous people for sixty years. Why not try it when tense nerves make you Cranky, Wakeful or Fidgety? Dr. Miles Nervine is now made in two forms, liquid and effervescent tablets, both equally effective.

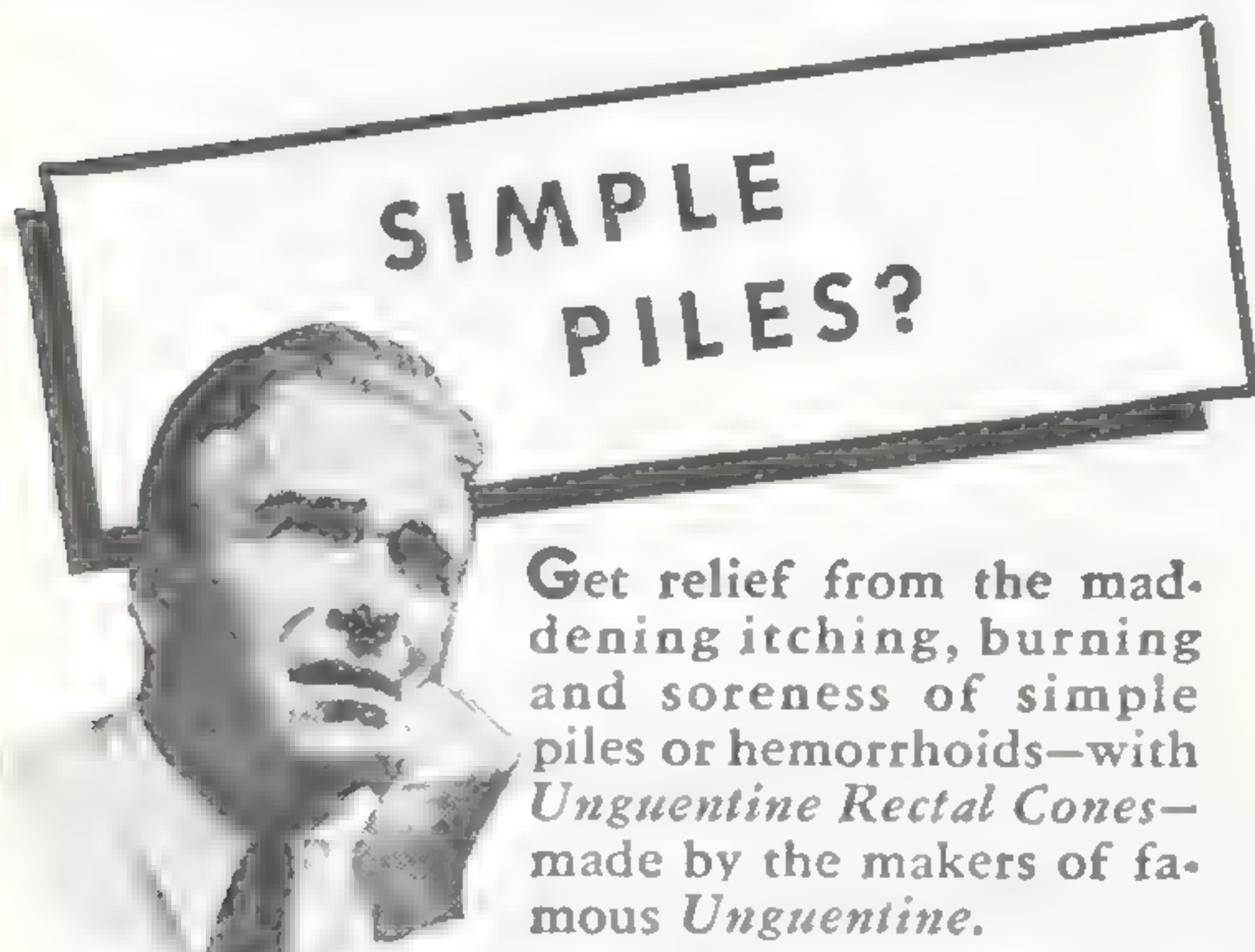


**DR. MILES
NERVINE**

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Get a bottle or package of **DR. MILES NERVINE** at your drug store. Take it according to directions. If you are not entirely satisfied go to the druggist and get your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and \$1.00.

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Get relief from the maddening itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids—with **Unguentine Rectal Cones**—made by the makers of famous **Unguentine**.

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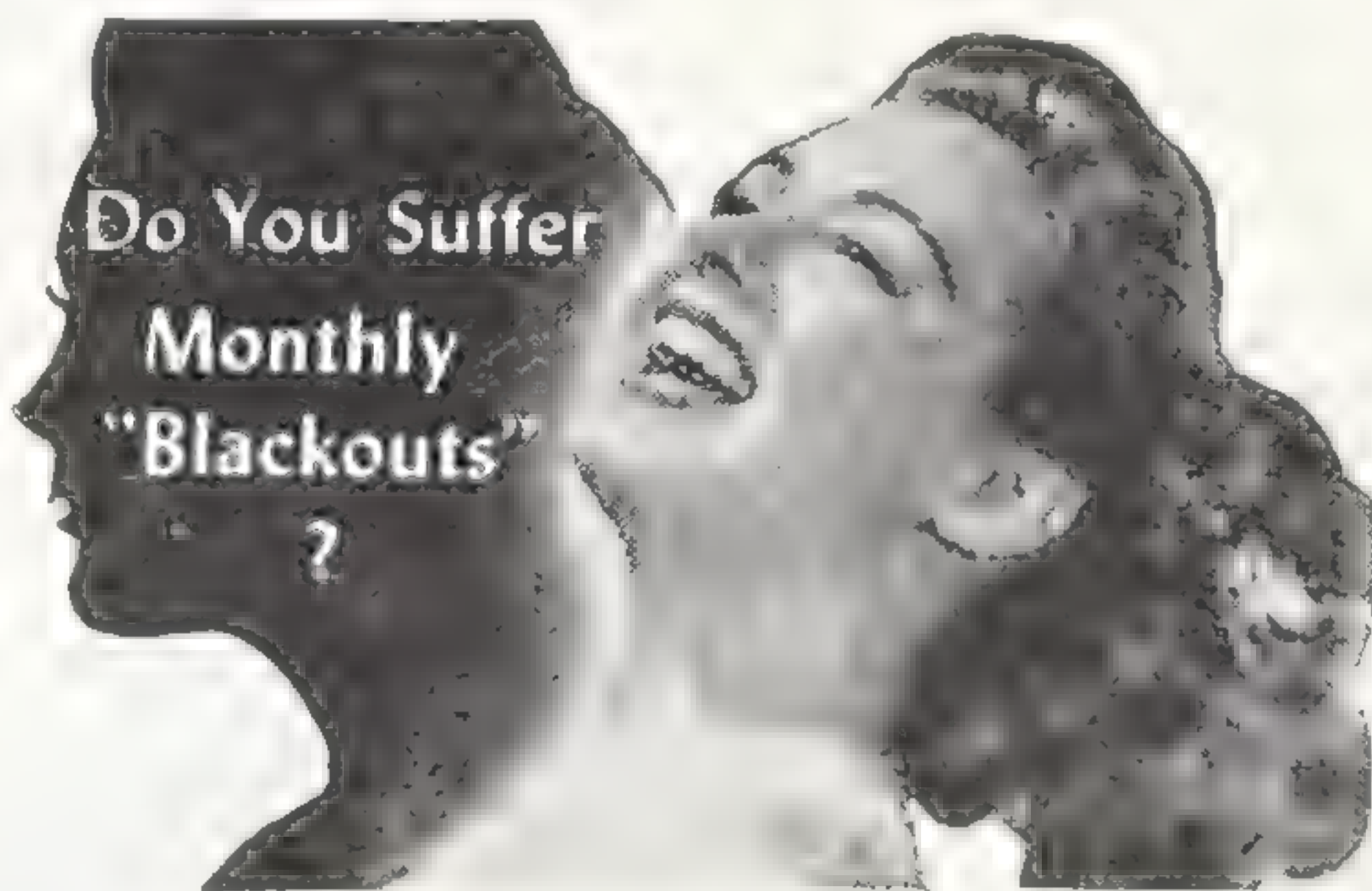
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By the Makers of "Unguentine"



Do You Suffer
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Do functional periodic pains upset you? Try the preparation that's specially compounded for functional distress—the **new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills**. They've worked wonders for thousands of women. They should help you. For they do more than merely deaden pain. One of their ingredients tends to aid in relaxing the cramping and tension that causes distress. The added iron factor they contain is intended to help build up your blood, too. Ask your druggist today for a 50¢ box of the **new Chi-Ches-Ters Pills**. Then try them, as directed, for next month's "difficult days".

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Don't Be Afraid

(Continued from page 34) of the dream is real, too . . . that it will all come true. His fear, his purely imaginary and fantastic fear, nearly defeats him. Possibly it does defeat him. That depends upon how you, yourself, view the story. But it is true that imaginary fear is sometimes more devastating than fear based on fact.

WELL, I thought I had learned my lessons pretty well and that I was getting along nicely. I had overcome the usual, foolish motherly dreads when Dion was very young. I had reached a stage of placid (I thought) poise. And one day Bob announced that he wanted to take up flying. I was innately terrified of the air and this was a new hurdle for me to take. Of course Bob didn't know how I felt.

I sat down and tried to analyze all the affirmative things I knew about him . . . the fact that he is naturally cautious, that he is sensible, that he never goes recklessly into anything, that he is always sure of himself and makes me sure of him. I kept telling myself these things until I was on solid ground again and could rationalize the extraordinary qualms I had been feeling. But his mother was even more frightened than I was and she came to me and asked me to plead with Bob to give up the whole idea.

In my talk with her, I said, "We can't do this to Bob. Here is something he wants to do, something he has no fear of. We dare not, we must not make him aware of fear. We must none of us . . . ever . . . suggest or instill fear in another person."

So the two women who loved Bob Taylor conquered the fears they had for him so that he wouldn't be hampered in doing something he felt was right for him. His mother overcame hers so well that she has flown with him. We both have.

Right now we must realize, as we never did before, how important it is that we do not pass fear along to anyone else—to our neighbors, our friends and most of all to our men.

NOW that Bob is in the service, all the men in my family are in uniform. I have a brother in the Coast Guard. We don't know where he is. I have two nephews (my sister's sons), one in North Africa, one in the South Pacific. I am taking the "affirmative" attitude that they will all come home.

I don't want to seem to be lacking in common sense or realism. We know that not every fighting man is coming home. But let's not riddle our days and our lives with the terror of anticipating that they won't. The sheer waste of so much unnecessary anguish is appalling.

Have no doubt about it—Mrs. Rickenbacker's faith helped Eddie Rickenbacker when he was floating on that open sea. Have no doubt that complete faith of myriads of mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters will protect their men . . . if they don't send them fear. Call me a Pollyanna, if you will. But I know that the attitude will make us stronger, brighter—yes, sweeter women—for our men to long to come home to. And that alone will be worth the effort.

Don't be ashamed of fear. Be ashamed only of anything that can conquer you. Use your fear to make you strong. Don't let it abuse you.

Another thing I learned about conquering my own qualms. That is to look at your neighbor's problems. They always seem so much easier to solve than your own. You can see how clearly and sensi-

You might buy too few War Bonds!
You can't buy too many, or too soon.

bly the woman next door can defeat her own alarms. Later on, if you will analyze a little more, you will turn, discover that you can defeat your own by the selfsame methods. You see, it's easier to be objective about other people's troubles than it is about your own.

Of course, there are hysterical women, the kind who jitter about their loved ones whenever they are out of sight, who become menaces to everyone. I knew a woman who had an unreasoning fear of water. She didn't know why, but the thought of swimming, diving, boating—anything to do with water—frightened her stiff. She had three strapping sons and, as a result of her fear, not one of those boys ever learned to swim. Her influence was so strong that now that her three boys are married and have children of their own, the little ones aren't allowed to swim, either. One of those children may drown one day because his grandmother was afraid of water! She has passed her own private fear on to the third generation.

EVERYONE has some worry to conquer. They differ in degree and quality. But the girl who is afraid she won't have the right frock for the party and that her whole life will be ruined on account of it may suffer only a little less than the girl who is out of a job and desperate for food. They have different perspectives and senses of values but their personal troubles loom very large. The fact that a worry is a silly one doesn't make it any less sharp if you let it get the best of you.

Fortitude can meet whatever is besetting you. Persist in winning your battle, even if you have to fake your courage. You'll find yourself gaining valiance and gallantry by just trying—even by pretending!

Children, with the faith of their whole young hearts, have as much patience and bravery as the very old. I watched a little boy at the hospital yesterday, being given a Sister Kenny treatment. It's a long and trying proceeding but he never flinched or whimpered. It was as if he thought, "They aren't doing this to me. They're doing it for me." And he put all his little will and gameness into helping "them" to help him. They will, too. But he will have done as much for himself as they have done for him.

THERE never was an actor worth his salt who didn't suffer from "first-night jitters," that awful panic that grips you when the curtain goes up on an opening performance. When I was very young I stood in the wings one night, waiting for my cue, my mouth full of cotton, my breast full of ice. I was watching an experienced actor on the stage . . . calm, poised, elegant. "Gad, I envy him!" I kept muttering. The stage director heard me. "Don't!" he advised. "He'll read his notices in the morning papers. No one who has no jitters on opening night deserves a job in the theater!"

He was right. That actor gave such a dull, such a smug performance that every critic in town singled him out for caustic comment next day. He didn't want to be good hard enough. That's why he wasn't afraid. If he had wanted to be good he would have been afraid and he would have generated the energy and the will to overcome his obstacles, which were lethargy and conceit.

You see, fear is sometimes the symptom of the thing which brings you to triumph! Champions in the sporting world always have "butterflies in their stomachs" just before a big event. Fighting men know all about it, too.

Men who have been under fire, not once *He's fighting for you. Buy a War Bond for him.*

THE

Tragic Truth



This is not a story for smug complacent wives! It is for you who cherish happiness . . . and seek to keep it!

PEOPLE were talking . . . about how young Mrs. Smith had changed! In fact, how the Smith marriage had changed!

Those two had been the town's gayest, most devoted young couple. But now you seldom saw them together—and she went about with smiling lips but tragic eyes.

The truth was that lovely young Mrs. Smith was losing her husband's love . . . the tragic part was she didn't know why!

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

You SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, *the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life.* Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has . . . one which you may not suspect.* And what to use is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection) Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes, not by just masking, but by actually *destroying* odors. Leaves no lasting odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.

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**For Every Woman's
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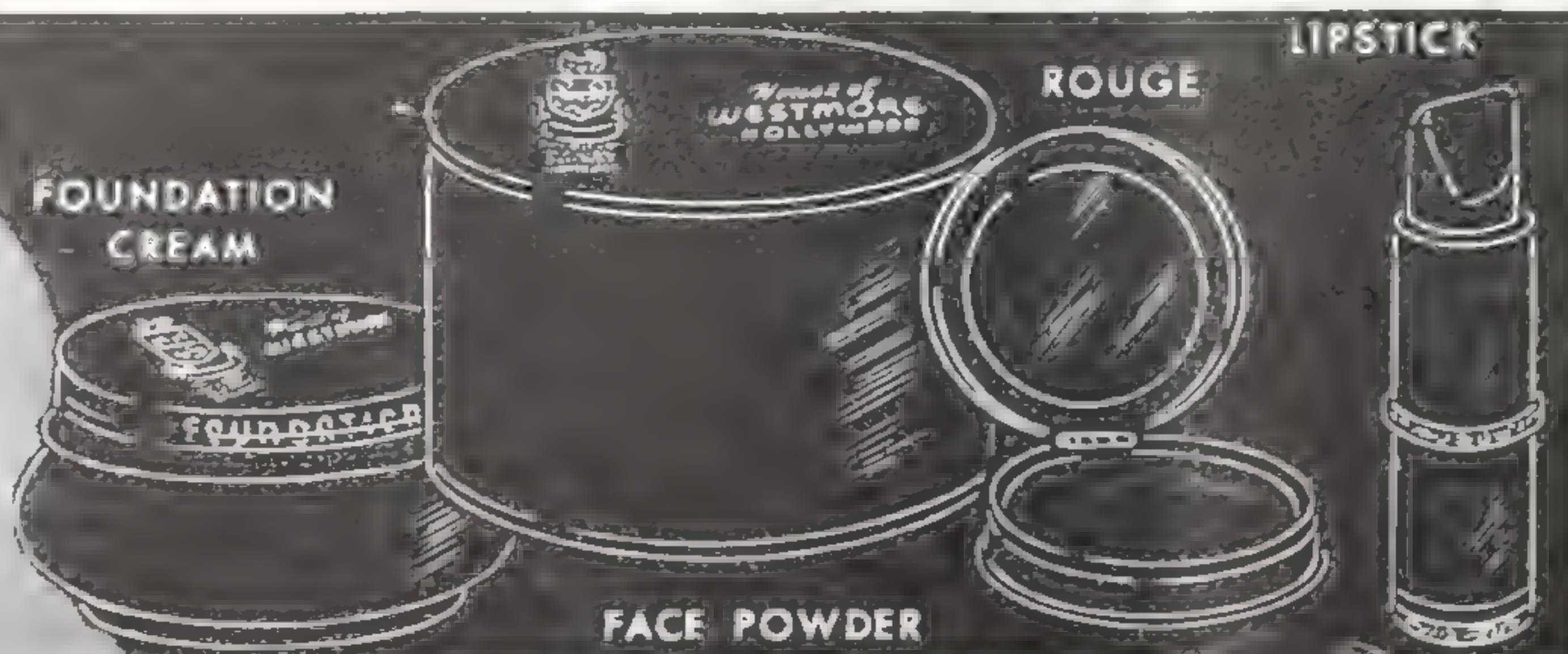


For Beauty

YOU CANNOT
BEAT THESE

MARY MARTIN in "TRUE TO LIFE"

—a Paramount Picture



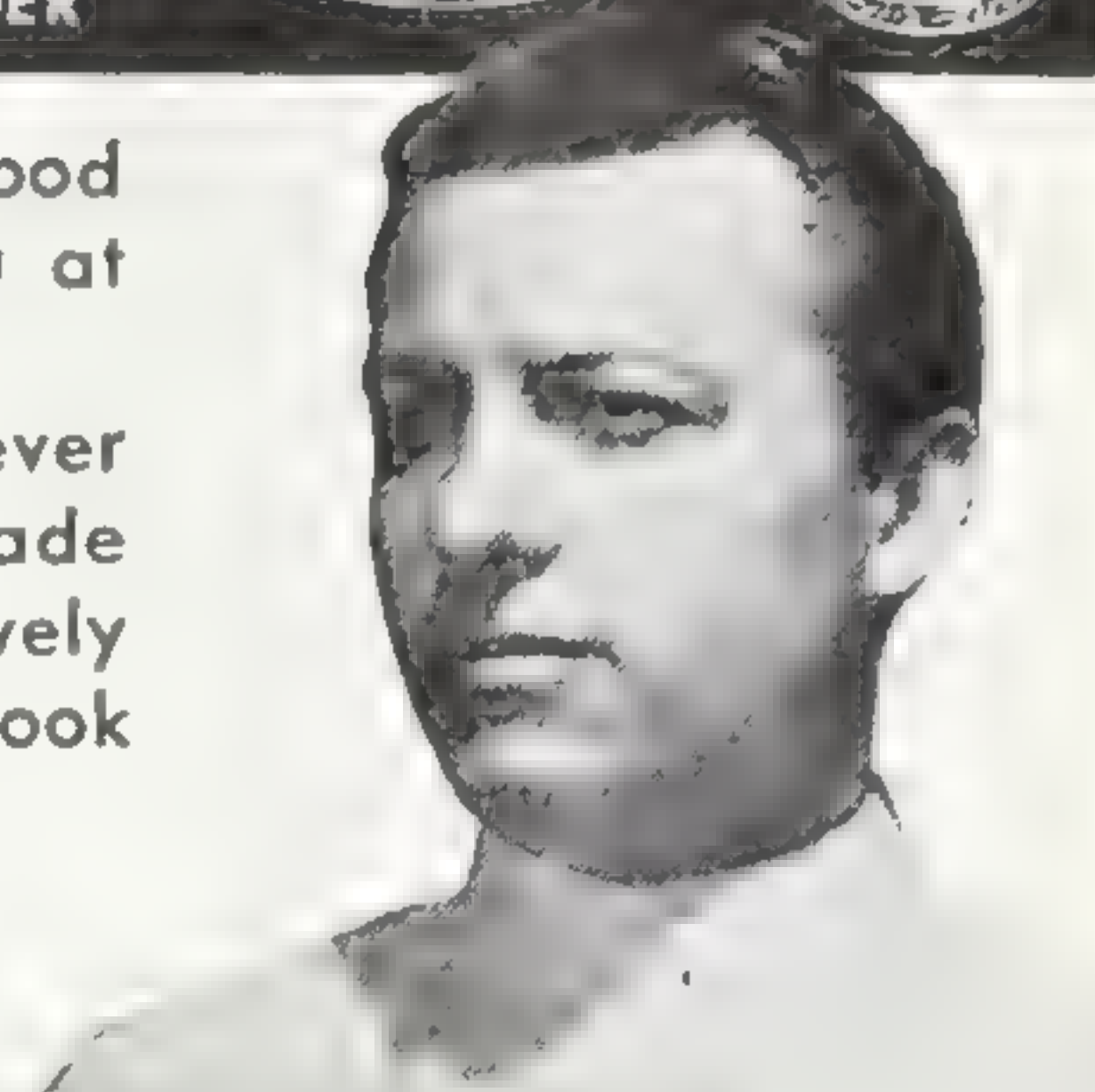
Originally created by the Westmores for a select group of Hollywood stars, House of Westmore Cosmetics are now available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Particularly outstanding is Westmore foundation cream. It will never give you an artificial masked look. It does not cause dry skin. Made with lanolin, it will help keep your skin smooth and soft. It effectively hides minor skin faults, and will give you a fresh, glamorous look without constant re-powdering.

House of Westmore Cosmetics come in 25c and 50c sizes. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

House of

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Wally Westmore, Director
of Makeup at Paramount
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but many times, will tell you that their first great fear was that they would be afraid, that they wouldn't conduct themselves honorably when the time came. After that first time under fire they know they can take it. They don't have to be afraid of being afraid. That is the greatest victory they ever win. They know they will be afraid again, but that doesn't bother them. They know their knees will shake and their hands will be clammy, but they know, too, that they will get on with the job.

They know that conquering the fear of fear is more important than their very lives.

"SKIP"—that's my ten-year-old Dion—rides a bicycle. If I had indulged my own anxieties he wouldn't be doing it. He has come home with bloody elbows, bloody knees, a bloody chin—and once with a broken arm. No matter how I feel, I won't let him know it. I won't interfere with a normal boy's activity and fun. Men are made by overcoming fear, not by nursing it. Certainly not by nursing and indulging the fears of their mothers!

When I put that motto on Skip's "dog tag" I wanted it to mean something to him. I wanted it to grow into his consciousness, become part of him. How could I explain it to him if I admitted that I was afraid for him to ride a bicycle? If I am to teach him courage, I must hang onto my own.

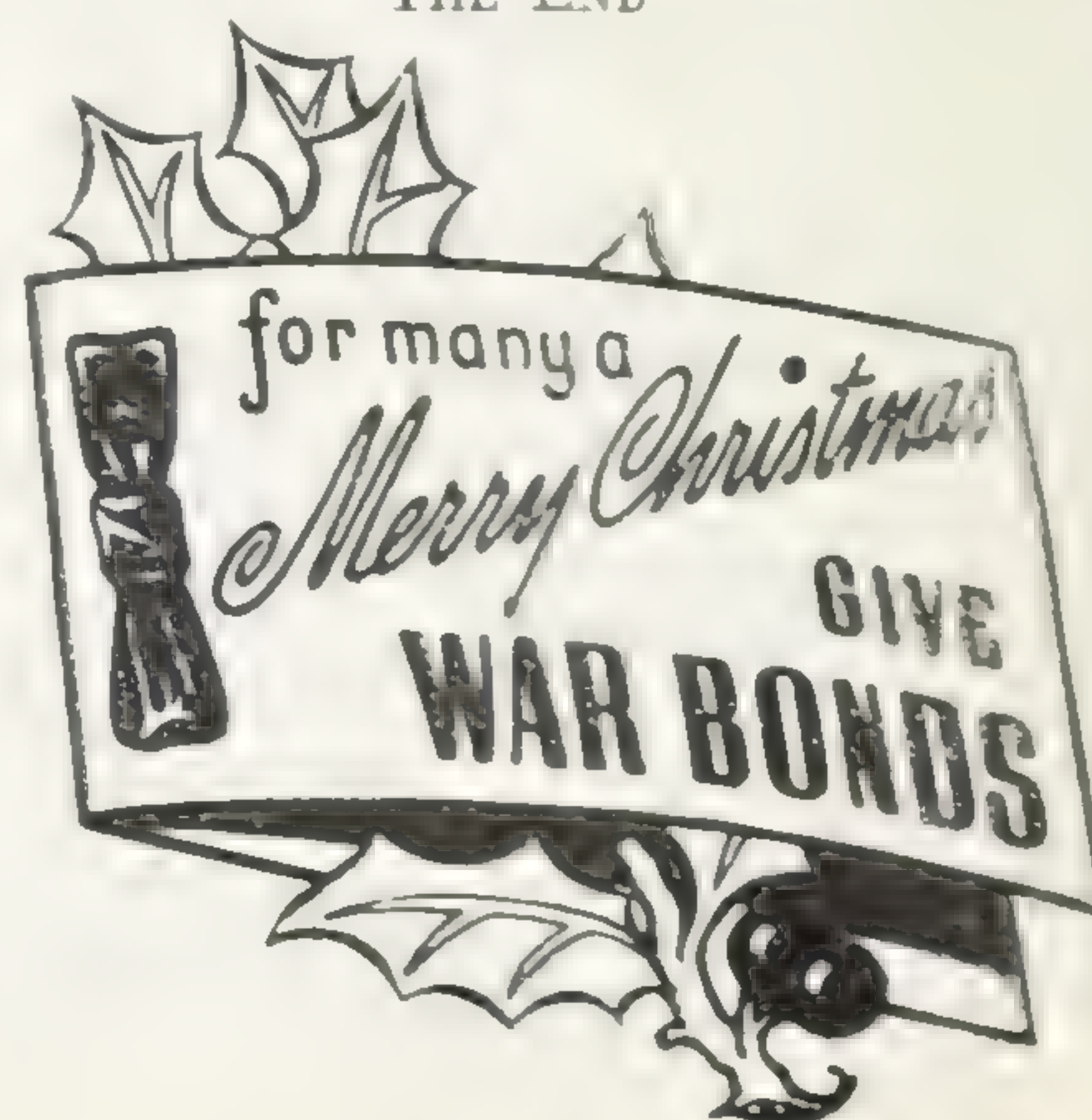
And so we all must now and in the days to come. First by looking fear in the eye and making sure that it can't defeat us. It can't keep us from the job to be done. It can't destroy our faith. It can't depress and hamper the people around us or the ones who are far away from us and need the strength and love we can send them. If you wait about your fears for your soldier, think what you may do to your neighbor who has a soldier of her own! Remember . . . courage is the most important thing in life. It's more important than life.

And now . . . Bob has gone and I have joined the ranks of all the women in the world whose men have gone to war. We're all learning the same lessons as we go through almost identical experiences. Some will learn them well . . . and their men will be proud of them. Some will whimper and flinch . . . and their men will be troubled.

I've made one concession to my own feelings and I think that I was right and practical about it. I've sold the big house, the home that Bob and I made together. My courage wasn't quite equal to the task of keeping myself contented there while Bob was away. And it didn't seem right to try to keep it up when it had become meaningless and empty. So I've taken a much smaller one, not far away, where Dion and I will wait together, just as thousands of other mothers and sons are waiting. And we'll go on telling ourselves:

"Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it."

THE END



Backdoor Debutantes

(Continued from page 57) gayly and we waved back, I using my best pale green handkerchief.

Robin is burned up just because I'm in love with Bogie. I admit I exaggerated things and intimidated that B. was also in love with me. Robin thinks I'm the most wonderful woman he ever met. He says I baffle him. Also, he thinks I'm very sexy beneath a frigid exterior. Would that the Bogart could see it! Barb says if he once became aware of the female in me it would hit him like a bolt from the blue.

Since his intentions were honorable I let Robin hold me very close while we were dancing, but I tried not to enjoy it, out of loyalty to Bogie. Also let him kiss me good night, as a matter of courtesy.

AFTER we got home Barb was a little depressed, so we raided the icebox. She thinks we should have accepted the proposals, had a whirlwind courtship and a double wedding at Las Vegas.

"And what then?" I asked. "They will be sent overseas and we will be left holding the baby."

"On the other hand," she said, "what have we got to gain by giving the best months of our life to a man who is happily married? We have no future with Bogie."

"I don't give a hoot about the future," I replied, "if the present only lasts long enough."

Naturally, we're sending "Fan Dust" glowing reports of the progress of our various liaisons with stars accompanied by some beautifully compromising photographs. I got a peach of Barb yesterday with Van Johnson.

He had dropped in to ask Bogie something about his boat. Their conversation was completely male and therefore uninteresting, but Bogie did call for drinks so we got a good look at Van—also the picture, in which he is grinning right at the glass. It's a shame Barb couldn't have caught his eye, but anyway, when we cut off the corner with the tray she's holding, it will look peachy. And this morning we got one I've been angling for for days. Bogie was having his coffee in the breakfast nook alone and Barb was serving him. I came in to arrange some flowers on the table and pretended to turn my ankle, so I sat down next to him on the bench. He looked at me sympathetically, which is better than nothing. The camera happened by some strange chance to be right in the bread basket Barb was carrying. As a news photographer Barb is doing all right. The picture will be captioned:

Humphrey Bogart caught in an off moment with his latest heart interest, Jane Lyons.

If Vera Bailey isn't absolutely incinerated, then my name is Mrs. Geo. Jessel. There's only one thing that would infuriate her more and that's if Mayo sued for divorce naming us as co-respondent.

THERE are times when that Barbara shows signs of arrested infantilism. Today, *par exemple*.

It's been an exciting day from the time Vera's night letter arrived. Bogie was rather annoyed because the telephone woke him at eight. But after all, how could Vera dream that he went to bed late last night? She wired that the club was thrilled at our adventures and the Joan Crawford Club and the Torch Bearers are burned up. Guiding Stars, Ltd. held a

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used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 517-F, Los Angeles 4, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.



special meeting and voted that we get forty-five photos of Bogie and have him autograph one to each subscriber of "Fan Dust" with a personal inscription. She is mailing the list of names. She hinted that Barb and I will probably be elected this year as the N. Y. State delegates to the Convention of the Federation of Fan Clubs.

It was during dinner tonight that Barb displayed her talent for idiocy and if it weren't that waitresses are impossible to get she would have been fired.

There was a party of eight (and what eight!) and Mayo had asked me if I would mind helping Barb serve. Would I mind!

THE first part of the dinner went off fine and I must say we served beautifully and didn't spill a thing on anybody. The conversation wasn't as Noel Cowardish as I had expected with Betty Hutton and Helmut Dantine and Alexis Smith. We were dying to know what Mickey asked Ava, how Maureen O'Hara keeps her hips down, what Gracie Field's secretary really did, who's Renovating and who's reconciling etc. Instead of discussing these burning questions, the men talked about the War and Churchill and the women about rationing and Victory recipes. It might as well have been West End Avenue. There wasn't even a sign of an orgy.

I passed the meat and Barb followed me with the vegetables and gravy. I got half-way round, right to Alexis Smith, which was most interesting because she was telling Helmut Dantine, who sat next to her, how she supposed for a person who loved to eat as much as she did it was absolutely a crime that she couldn't even fry an egg or boil water. Helmut said something about who wanted to eat eggs and water anyway and then Alexis just whooped out loud. I smiled politely, too, though to be truthful I didn't think what Helmut said had been so funny, but being a foreigner I suppose it is hard for him to crack wise à la American.

BARB was nudging me with her elbow as she wanted to get it on the conversation too, when suddenly the phone rang. It's just outside the dining-room door and Barb put her plates down to answer it. I didn't notice she hadn't come back and I had gotten as far as Peter Lorre when one of those lulls occurred and into the silence rang the high-pitched voice of my pal, little Babs:—

"How much? How much do you love me? Uh huh. Me too."

Betty Hutton started to giggle. Mayo was embarrassed and started for the door but Bogie stopped her.

"You were young yourself, mommer. Don't you remember back in thirty-nine?" He's always kidding her, even when they're alone.

Everyone's meat was getting cold, waiting for the gravy, and I was torn between serving it and going out to warn Barb.

"This Vennerson," said Mayo, "claims he owns a piece of Sinatra."

"I wouldn't mind owning a piece myself," said Betty with a broad wink as she jumped up to get the gravy herself from the side table. I had one ear cocked and thought I detected baby-talk, so I rattled some plates and then we all heard:

"Honest, baby, he's nothing in my life. It's Jane who has the pash."

By that time my stomach was doing handsprings and I must have turned pale because Peter Lorre said, "Don't be afraid, little girl, I'm quite kind in private life." That drew Bogie's attention to me and he must have seen how I was suffering because he did the sweetest thing. He got

Another War Bond is another crack in the Axis armor.

up and turned on the radio, which he loathes having on during meals. I threw him a look of gratitude and under cover of Robert Arden's voice I slipped out to shut that goon up. I was about to take the receiver out of her hand and slam it down when she turned to me and said: "Janie, dear, would you mind turning that radio down. I can't hear a word he says."

The rest of the dinner was uneventful except for one dropped tray of Limoges cups.

The above story is Off the Record. I sent "Fan Dust" a glowing account of the dinner party and how Peter Lorre is falling for me. Of course I didn't say it in so many words but by innuendo. "Peter Lorre," I wrote, "seems strangely absent-minded when a certain young lady who is Victory Gardening for the Bogarts is present." If Vera sends the item on to Winchell can I help it?

BARB and I are celebrities.

But alas, what price fame? I am the most unhappy person in the whole world, and Barb is second. The most terrible tragedy has happened to Bogie and I am the cause of it! I don't know how I'll ever face Vera Bailey and the readers of "Fan Dust" again.

My temperature has gone down but last night it was 100 point 5. The doctor thought I was delirious, but Barb told him that was the way I sometimes talked.

If it weren't for Barb and Aunt Helen and Bossy and my parents and my innocent little sister, I'd kill myself. I'm dictating this to Barb as I have to stay in bed quietly. The nurse says I can only have fifteen minutes.

The garden party began with a bang (unfortunately that's what it ended with too). Everybody came looking simply wonderful including me and Barb. We had gotten the glamour make-up and artificial eyelashes. I wore a pale gray chiffon with a tiny hat that practically cost five dollars an inch and Barb wore light green which brings out the glints in her hair. I walked right up to Bogie and said hello and he couldn't place me. He sort of fished around, pretending to know who I was and I hinted darkly about "that wonderful night" and he said yes of course, he would never forget it. But he looked a little vague.

Considering rationing, the food was marvelous with caviar and lobster sandwiches, etc. There were hot dogs with sarongs and all kinds of pickles and cakes and drinks. Barb and I decided not to mix drinks but to stick to all kinds of rum. Spencer Tracy kept passing trays around. He said he had references as a waiter from the Canteen.

I had an intimate conversation with Roland Young about Art. I said I thought the Old Masters were best after all. He said that was a very profound observation. Then he had to go, but not before Barb had snapped us.

Claude Rains and I discussed Victory Gardens. He told me he has a scarecrow in his, cut out as a replica of himself in "The Phantom Of The Opera." I said that was all right for him, but a replica of Bogie would only attract the birds. I didn't like the way he laughed—I wasn't trying to be funny.

Johnny Weissmuller who looked wonderful even in his clothes introduced me to C. Aubrey Smith. He said he was the foremost contemporary veteran of the screen, but I wouldn't know as he was before my time. I asked him if he had ever seen Lincoln personally.

Barb and I introduced each other to people as if we knew them and it worked

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Lovely TAFFY MILLER, winner of the Stardust National Beauty Contest says, "Flame-Glo lips helped me win!"

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5 & 10c
STORES



beautifully. We were especially friendly to Hedda and Louella and Irving (Tales of) Hoffman and Edith Gwynn.

There were a number of Warner Brothers floating around, and L. B. Mayer and Harry Cohn and the Great Goldwyn.

About six o'clock everybody gathered on the lawn for the big announcement and the newsreel men started panning the whole gathering and Barb and I always managed to be right in front. Jack Warner stood up on the steps near the swimming pool and they focused a long shot on him and then a close-up as he began to make a speech.

"During this time of world conflict, the Government of the United States has entrusted the various members of the Motion Picture industry with the privilege and the duty of making a picture designed to recruit the manhood and womanhood, etc., etc."

(Flash shots of celebs, everybody expectant.)

I can't remember everything he said, but he ended up with:

"... the role of Ulysses S. Adams has been awarded to that distinguished artist, loyal American and unimpeachable character, Humphrey Bogart."

There was terrific applause and Bogie stepped toward Mr. Warner holding out his hand. The cameras were all on him when suddenly he tripped over a rake which I'm afraid I forgot to put away and he went splash into the deep end of the swimming pool.

Without thinking, I plunged right in after him. It wasn't until I hit the cold water that I remembered I couldn't swim a stroke!

For Jane there could be nothing but a dramatic climax to her Hollywood adventures. Read it and laugh in January Photoplay.

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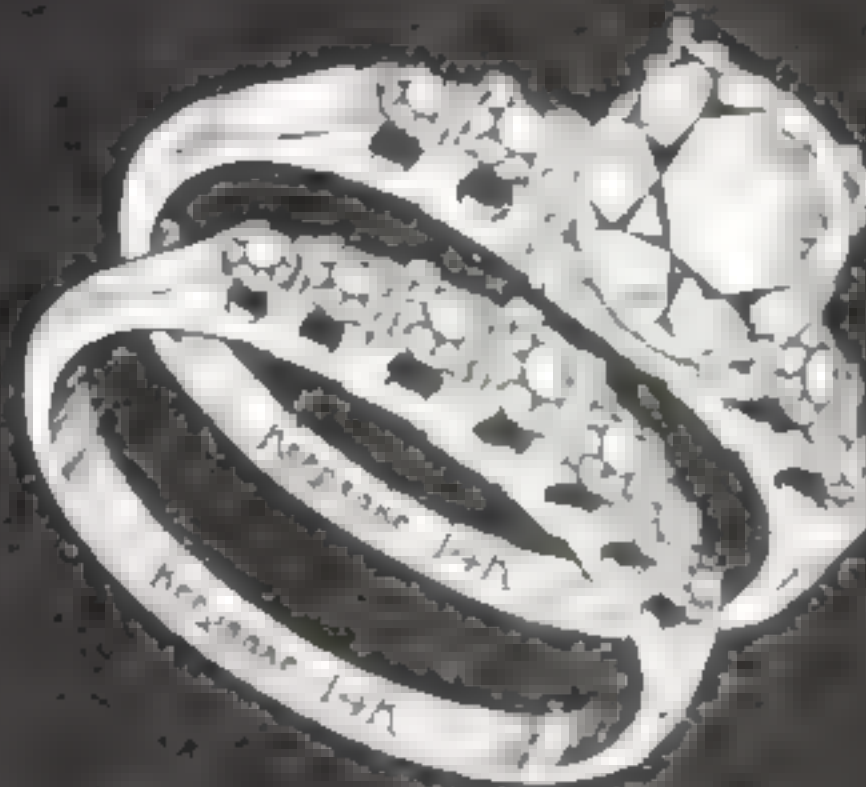
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gives you the

inside track on

THE

HOLLYWOOD MEN

HOLLYWOOD WOMEN

LIKE

Lots of fun—with an

eyebrow-raiser or two!

Remember—January!

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 18)

mediately run into trouble when they find the water rights tied up. When meanie Victor Jory tries to frame the boys as cattle rustlers, plenty of action results. (Sept.)

✓✓**CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Warners: Women will love this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older musician. Joan Fontaine is so believable as the girl; Charles Boyer is the musician; and Alexis Smith gives a fine performance as his wife. Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Joyce Reynolds are the other *Sanger* sisters. With Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn. (Sept.)

DANGER! WOMEN AT WORK—PRC: Patsy Kelly inherits a truck and with Mary Brian and Isabel Jewel decide to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to Las Vegas, and the journey there is filled with weird adventures. (Oct.)

✓**DESTROYER**—Columbia: An exciting tale about a destroyer under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, a meanie who antagonizes the entire crew, including Glenn Ford who is in love with Marguerite Chapman, Robinson's daughter. It takes an attack by a flight of Nip planes and a submarine to bring out the fine qualities of the ship and her captain. (Nov.)

✓✓**DIXIE**—Paramount: Bing Crosby plays *Dan Emmett*, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South. This story of his rise to success, his love for Dorothy Lamour and his marriage to Marjorie Reynolds is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment. Billy De Wolfe, Lynne Overman, Eddie Foy Jr. and Raymond Walburn all do fine work. (Sept.)

✓**FALLEN SPARROW, THE**—RKO: This is a bit involved, but still an interest-holder and John Garfield gives a fine performance as the American who escapes from a Spanish prison and returns to New York to find his pal is murdered. Walter Slezak is the Nazi who watches Garfield to find the hiding place of a flag standard, and Martha O'Driscoll, Maureen O'Hara and Patricia Morison are all good. (Nov.)

✓✓**FIRED WIFE**—Universal: A gay, sprightly little tale about a pair of newlyweds, Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton, who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno. When Louise keeps her marriage secret because her boss, Walter Abel, is allergic to

married women, and when Paige becomes involved with Diana Barrymore who chases him all over the place, the resulting confusion is just too much. (Nov.)

✓✓✓**FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**—Paramount: In many instances this is a breath-taking, magnificent thing of sound and color, although the telling is long and some sequences too slow. Gary Cooper, the American who sets out to dynamite a bridge during the Spanish Civil War, and Ingrid Bergman as *Maria* are superb, but Katina Paxinou emerges as the picture's star. It's a must-see. (Oct.)

✓**FRONTIER BADMEN**—Universal: A good Western, telling how an honest market for Texas cattlemen was established with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Beery Jr., doing most of the establishing. Anne Gwynne is the girl loved by both boys and Diana Barrymore is the lady owner of a gambling house. Lon Chaney is the villain. (Nov.)

GALS INCORPORATED—Universal: Leon Errol's so girl-struck he even opens a night spot so he can be constantly surrounded by cuties. But Leon's sister threatens to cut him off if he doesn't marry and settle down, so Errol pretends to be married to Gracie McDonald. Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra furnish some swell music and Betty Kean and Harriet Hilliard do good work. (Oct.)

GET GOING—Universal: Gracie McDonald comes to Washington in search of a job, which she gets easily; a room, which she obtains with three other girls; and a beau, which she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all cute. (Sept.)

GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE—Monogram: Huntz Hall's sister moves into a bungalow next to a house occupied by Nazi Bela Lugosa. Whereupon Huntz, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan set out to trap the spy and, after much trouble, succeed. (Sept.)

✓✓**GIRL CRAZY**—M-G-M: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are together again in this musical, noisier and better than ever. Mickey's a girl-crazy playboy sent West to a stag college where Judy, as granddaughter of the school head, is the only girl. But Mickey stages a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and the school goes co-ed. It's got Gershwin music, girls, and fun. (Nov.)

✓✓**HEAVEN CAN WAIT**—20th Century-Fox: Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times

is this Lubitsch-directed yarn concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled, but well-meaning husband, very well played by Don Ameche. Gene Tierney as his wife has never been better or prettier. Laird Cregar is the devil, who hears Don's life story. The whole cast is excellent. (Sept.)

HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT—Paramount: *Henry*, played by Jimmy Lydon, takes music lessons from pretty Marion Hall and life becomes difficult for the *Aldriches*, what with *Mrs. Aldrich* leaving home, *Henry* getting caught in a raid. (Sept.)

✓✓**HERS TO HOLD**—Universal: Wealthy Deanna Durbin meets Joe Cotten at a blood bank. In order to get her man, Deanna gets a job as a riveter in the same defense plant in which Joe is working. Deanna sings delightfully and it's a charming, timely love story. (Sept.)

✓✓**HI DIDDLE DIDDLE**—U. A.: The farce of the interrupted honeymoon again, with Dennis O'Keefe, the sailor groom, attempting to aid his new mother-in-law, Billie Burke, recoup her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave with his bride, Martha Scott. Adolphe Menjou and Pola Negri are perfect, and Martha is cute, chic, and funny. June Havoc also adds to the fun. (Nov.)

✓**HIT THE ICE**—Universal: Abbott and Costello are sidewalk photographers who gangster Sheldon Leonard thinks are thugs. He hires them to cover him while he robs a bank. When the boys discover what goes on they leave town and follow the robber to Sun Valley where things really get going. With Ginny Simms and Elyse Knox. (Sept.)

HITLER'S HANGMAN—M-G-M: This is a pretty poor memorial to Lidice. Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison struggle like trapped animals with the romantic leads. Heydrich is played well by John Carradine. (Sept.)

✓✓**HOLY MATRIMONY**—20th Century-Fox: An original, charming, delightful comedy with Monty Woolley, a noted painter, taking the identity of his dead valet, Eric Blore, and marrying Gracie Fields. When Gracie secretly sells his new paintings and they're recognized as the work of the supposedly dead artist, a court trial ensues between Woolley and Laird Cregar that is wonderful. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 108)



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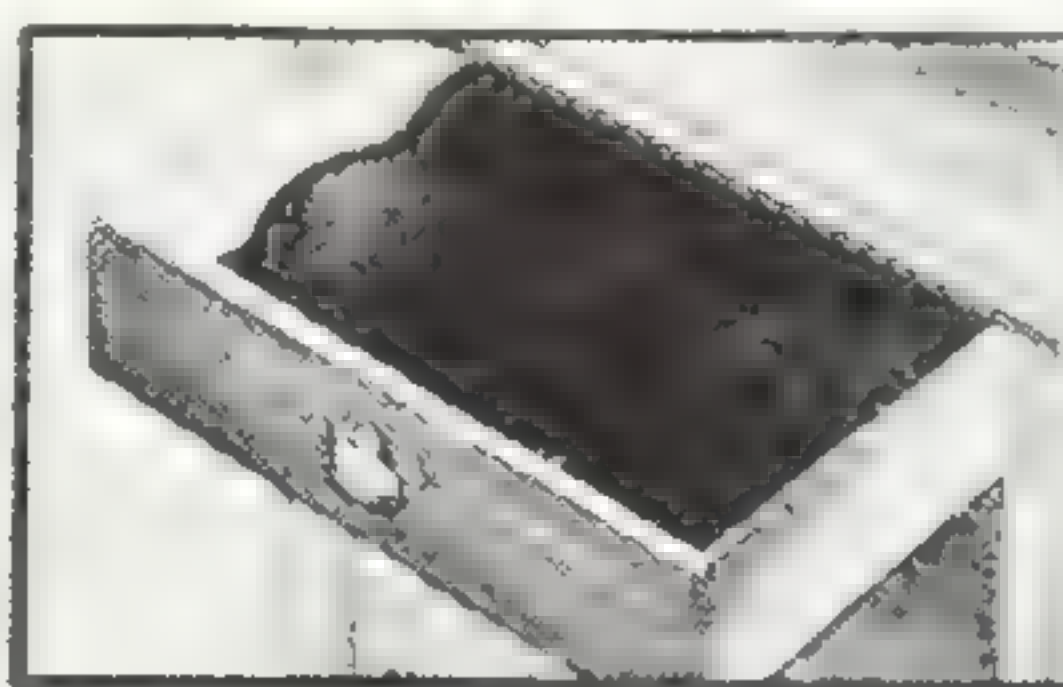
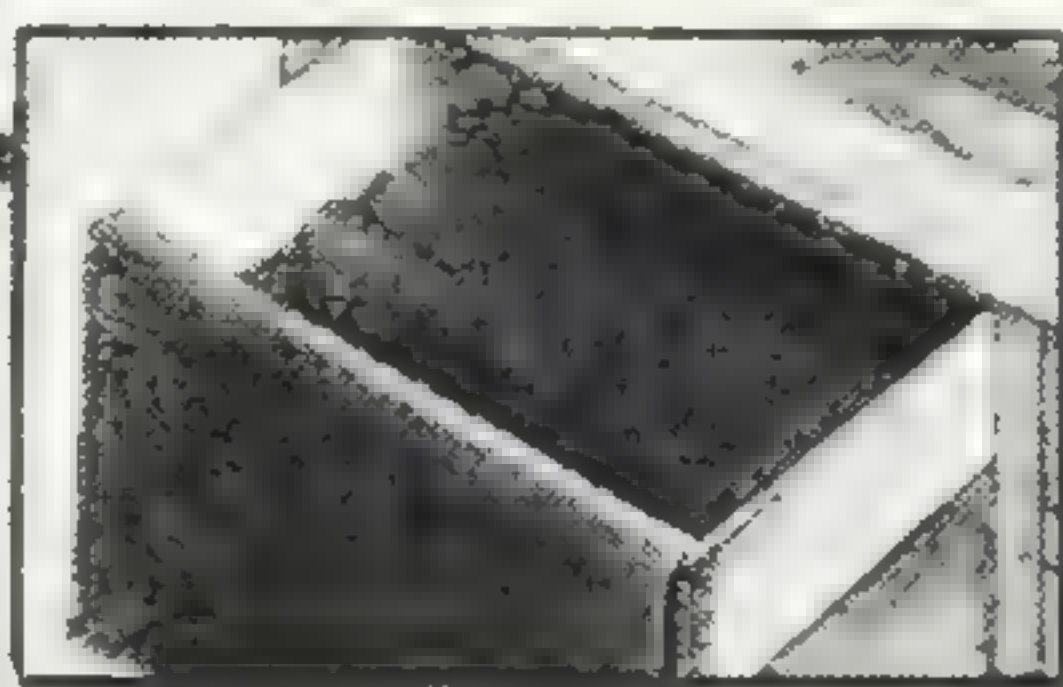
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HOSTAGES—Paramount: When a Nazi officer kills himself in Czechoslovakia, the Nazis seize upon the incident to vent their cruelty on certain Czechs. Bill Bendix, supposedly a stupid washroom attendant but actually the leader of the underground, gives a terrific performance. Luise Rainer has a thankless sort of role, and Paul Lukas and Oscar Homolka are excellent. (Nov.)

✓I DOOD IT—M-G-M: Good fun about a valet in a swanky hotel who adores stage queen Eleanor Powell, marries her when she becomes jealous of her stage partner, Richard Ainley, and travels from despair to happiness. Red Skelton gives the role of the valet all the business that riots the customers and Jimmy Dorsey, Hazel Scott and Lena Horne all add to the entertainment. (Oct.)

✓✓JOHNNY COME LATELY—U. A.: James Cagney is a tramp newspaper man charged with vagrancy in a small Midwestern town. Grace George, who runs a local paper, bails him out and gives him a job, and in gratitude Jimmy helps in her campaign to run the local grafting politician out of town. It's a quaint and entertaining story with Hattie McDaniel, Marjorie Main, William Henry and Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

JUNIOR ARMY—Columbia: Billy Halop befriends English Freddie Bartholomew, so Freddie's uncle sends him to military school as a reward. Hoodlum Billy almost wrecks the school before he finally melts under the good sportsmanship of Freddie. (Oct.)

KANSAN, THE—U. A.: Banker Albert Dekker elects Richard Dix as marshal; Dix exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick scheme and the result is a shootin', tootin' mix-up. Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. (Sept.)

✓✓LADY TAKES A CHANCE, A—RKO: That champion comedienne, Jean Arthur, outdoes herself in the matter of grabbing the laughs as a New York working girl who takes a bus trip out West. At a rodeo she meets cowboy John Wayne and becomes so entranced she misses her bus. What goes on while she's waiting for the vehicle to gather her up on its return trip is the basis for some very funny business. (Nov.)

✓✓LASSIE COME HOME—M-G-M: When Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester sell the dog Lassie to Nigel Bruce it almost breaks the heart of their son Roddy McDowall, but Lassie refuses the separation and begins the perilous trek from Scotland back to England and Roddy. The tale of Lassie is a tender story to fill the heart with warmth and courage, love and faith. (Nov.)

✓✓LET'S FACE IT—Paramount: Bob Hope is an Army private in love with physical-culture teacher Betty Hutton who runs a near-by milk farm. When Bob and two buddies spend a week end with three old girls who want to make their husbands jealous and the husbands turn up with three young girls and Betty arrives with the buddies' fiancées, the picture skyrockets. It's all for laughs. (Oct.)

✓MAN FROM DOWN UNDER, THE—M-G-M: Australian soldier Charles Laughton adopts two orphans at the end of World War I and takes them home with him. One grows up to be Richard Carlson, a prize fighter, and the other is Donna Reed. The two fall in love though they've always believed they were brother and sister. Binnie Barnes is the girl Laughton jilted. (Nov.)

NOBODY'S DARLING—Republic: Mary Lee is the unpretty daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George, who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help their offspring bring about a new understanding between them. Mary sings several songs well and Jackie Moran and Lee Patrick give excellent support. (Nov.)

PETTICOAT LARCENY—RKO-Radio: Joan Carroll is a child radio star who tires of her trite material and sets out to find more realistic stuff, in the course of which she meets up with three burglars whom she convinces she herself is a miniature robber. Ruth Warrick, Walter Reed, Wally Brown and Tom Kennedy have quite a time for themselves. (Oct.)

✓SILVER SPURS—Republic: Cowboy Roy Rogers puts an ad in a Lonely Hearts column; his boss, Jerome Cowan, wants a wife. Phyllis Brooks, reporter on the paper, answers the ad herself and is forced into marriage with Cowan, only to have him killed immediately after the wedding. Rogers is blamed and it all becomes quite exciting. (Oct.)

✓SKY'S THE LIMIT, THE—RKO-Radio: Fred Astaire is a Flying Tiger, tired of being lionized, so he escapes from his buddies and goes to the big city in search of love and adventure. He finds it in the person of photographer Joan Leslie, who dances with him beautifully. Robert Benchley's after-dinner speech as Joan's boss is a classic. (Oct.)

✓SOMEONE TO REMEMBER—Republic: This story of an old lady, Mabel Paige, who refuses to move from a residential hotel that has been sold as a boys' college dormitory, has originality and quaint charm. She takes an interest in John Craven, helps him make his grades, and also promotes his marriage to cute Dorothy Morris. Charles Dingle lends excellent support. (Nov.)



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✓✓✓**SO PROUDLY WE HAIL**—Paramount: Seldom has a picture packed the power of this one, based on factual experiences of the nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. Claudette Colbert is their leader who falls in love, marries and leaves behind George Reeves. Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake give the performances of their careers and Sonny Tufts is a find. It's a film you'll long remember. (Sept.)

SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS—Monogram: Billy Gilbert, a barber, teams up with actor Frank Fay to become a riotous success as a vaudeville team. But then Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie Baker and when he becomes involved in the death of a chorus girl Gilbert gallumphs back into the picture. With the Radio Rogues and Harry Langdon. (Oct.)

STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE—Universal: A fantastic tale of a man who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband has been shot by the Nazis, so she vows vengeance and is finally brought before the man she believes is Hitler. Unfortunately she unknowingly murders her husband instead of the real Hitler. (Nov.)

SUBMARINE ALERT—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an engineer, finds himself employed by Axis agents under the watchful eye of the F. B. I. Wendy Barrie is cute as the girl. (Sept.)

SUBMARINE BASE—PRC: John Litel, former detective and only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship, is dragged from tropical waters by gangster Alan Baxter and taken to an Island base where he discovers that Baxter is aiding the Axis. Eric Blore, Lewis Alborni, Georges Metaxa and Fifi D'Orsay make up a pretty good cast. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS**—Warners: The slim story thread in this giant revue has S. Z. Sakall and Edward Everett Horton attempting to put on a benefit which is taken over by bossy Eddie Cantor. Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie attempt to crash the benefit, in which such stars as Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson and Olivia de Havilland shine brightly in their various routines. (Nov.)

✓✓✓**THIS IS THE ARMY**—Warners: A magnificent job is this tremendous musical film turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. George Murphy plays the instigator of the 1918 soldier show "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan his son who puts on the 1938 show. You'll see Irving Berlin, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, Sgt. Joe Lewis and Uncle Sam's soldiers. (Oct.)

THUMBS UP—Republic: Brenda Joyce, an American singer in London, goes into a British defense plant when she learns that a producer is going to recruit talent from such plants. She meets heartaches when her true motives are revealed, but is regenerated through patriotism and flyer Richard Fraser. Gertrude Niesen sings a number and Elsa Lanchester is Brenda's pal. (Oct.)

TORNADO—Paramount: All about the unhappiness caused a man by his socially ambitious wife, with Chester Morris as the coal miner who marries show-girl Nancy Kelly, who goads him on to success only to prove unfaithful. Nancy does a swell job and Morris has never been more likable. Gwen Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support. (Nov.)

✓✓✓**TRUE TO LIFE**—Paramount: Dick Powell and Franchot Tone are a team of radio writers who are slipping fast. When Dick discovers Mary Martin singing in a little cafe and she takes him home to her erratic family, he decides to put their antics on the air. His radio serial is a success until the family catches on, and then the trouble really starts. Vic Moore, the father, is a scream. (Nov.)

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON—Universal: A poorly constructed story, with Alan Curtis as a merchant seaman accused of being a traitor. When a bomb hits the train carrying him to London, he escapes with Michele Morgan and the two become fugitives from justice. C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Gordon and Oscar O'Shea do their best. (Sept.)

✓✓✓**VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER**—Disney-U.A.: The most unusual film of the year, and one which every American should see, is this history of aviation, past, present and future. It's a plea by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force; and with the aid of Disney's men of genius, the type of bomber needed to smash at the heart of Tokio itself is pictured. (Oct.)

✓✓✓**WATCH ON THE RHINE**—Warners: Paul Lukas is the active German anti-Nazi who returns with his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her home in Virginia, and the soul-searing events following their arrival are almost unbelievable. Lucille Watson as Bette's mother is superb, George Coulouris is splendid as the would-be Nazi, and Lukas gives a wonderful performance. It's a must-see for all. (Nov.)

✓✓✓**WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED**—Universal: This is all about the training and the social and romantic life of the students of famous Texas A and M college and is an interesting, informative and exciting picture. Richard Quine is a student who becomes a target of suspicion through his friendship with two Japs and how he turns traitor to aid his country is thrilling. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery Jr. are very good. (Oct.)



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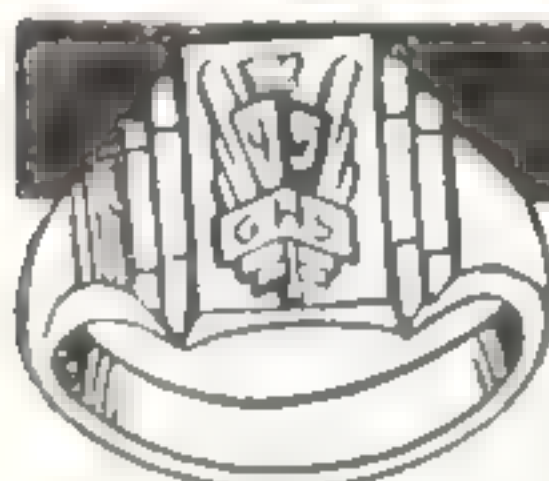
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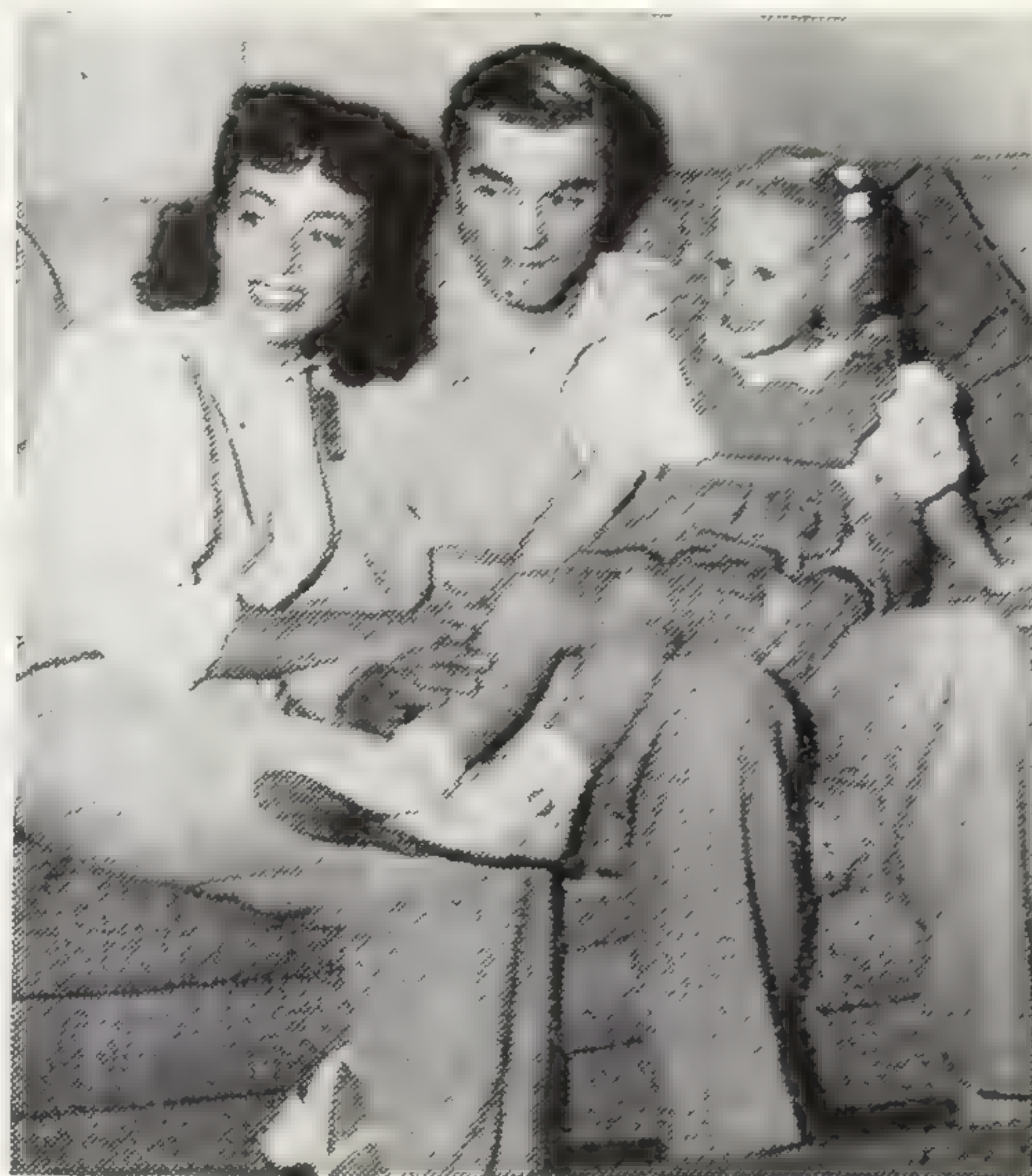
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Letter from Joan Crawford

EDITOR'S NOTE: In an article published recently in Photoplay this passage appeared: "Joan Crawford gives her little adopted Christina everything she asks for, believing that spoiling means loving and that if a child has anything sensitive and good in her, she will respond to love and will not abuse it. If she hasn't, there is not much you can do about it anyway."

So distressed was Mrs. Terry that she wrote us the following letter which we believe in all fairness should be presented to the readers of Photoplay because it is a more eloquent rebuttal than any words of ours could possibly be.



Lady who wrote a letter she wants Photoplay readers to see:
Joan Crawford, husband Phil Terry, small daughter Christina

"LOVE does play a great part in our relationship with our children, Christina and Phillip II. Why shouldn't it? What are children for if not to love? But the fact that one lavishes love upon one's children does not mean that one can't be a disciplinarian. Of course we love our children, but there is a great deal of old-fashioned discipline in our relations with them. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is an adage that I strictly follow in our home.

"Recently Maria Cooper (Gary Cooper's small daughter) was giving a party to which Christina had been invited. Maria is one of Christina's best friends and you can imagine how anxious Tina was to attend that party. Well, as she was getting ready to leave the house for the party she was very rude to me. Christina did not go to that party.

"Christina and Phillip II must earn all the privileges and things they desire. Phillip and I demand that our children be respectful, obedient and honest. You do not get that from children by letting them grow up any old way. They must be guided and guided firmly.

"There is another point involved which does not appear at first glance but which is very important to Phillip and me. Christina and Phillip II are both adopted children. There are many laws which govern the adoption of children. The various States set very high standards to which potential parents must measure up. Even after a child has been placed with you, you are on probation for a period of a year. During that time the State may walk in at any time and if you are not bringing up the child to their satisfaction they can take it away from you. You are made most aware of your responsibility. More so, I think, than natural parents. These are not idle words as we have proof of what we say. We shall let our children speak for us."



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Speak For Yourself

(Continued from page 20) made me realize what a grand job he's doing.

Julie Shore,
Hollywood, Calif.

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Uncommon Common Man

THERE has been so much talk about the "common man" and the "typical American family" that I got rather disgusted. I always told myself that in the movies there was no "common" man. There were glamour and lights and make-up, and dreadful tragedies and glorious triumphs, but nothing and no one common. About two years ago my little theory was tossed on the rocks, because I had found my common man.

You see, everyone has his idea of the common man—all very different ideas, but good. My idea was one who liked to smile and enjoy the little things in life. He likes people—rich people, poor people, sad people, happy people. He is humanly understanding. He can make the little people feel big and the sad people happy. He's full of fun—not sultry and suave. In short—he's real. His name is Bob Cummings. I wouldn't want him to change for the world.

Delaine Brown,
Great Neck, L. I.

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Canadian Comment

AS a number of Canadians and Americans alike, look upon the movies as a means of entertainment in this war-torn world of today.

Last night I went to my neighborhood theater to see "So Proudly We Hail." In my opinion, this was not only the most inspiring, heart-warming and exciting picture of all time, but it gave its stars a chance to prove their ability. It is impossible to say which star drew the top-draw, as each one lived up to his reputation as actor and actress.

It was comforting to look around at intermission. To see the audience tensed and poised in their seats, instead of spreading the latest gossip among themselves. On each face was written the grim determination to work harder and dig deeper to bring their sons, daughters, husbands and sweethearts, smiling victoriously, home again on that glorious day of victory.

Lillian Bell,
Ontario, Canada.

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Pretty Insult

I'VE been excited over the moustache of Clark Gable and Ronald Colman, thrilled over the sideburns of Tyrone Power and Cesar Romero, charmed over the hair of Gene Raymond and Dick Powell, but this is the first time I've ever been interested in (of all things!)—a beard!

I've just seen "Holy Matrimony" and Monty Woolley, beard and all, has really won me over! Second only to his beard in popularity is his barbed-wire tongue. In "Holy Matrimony," during the courtroom scene, when, in answer to his wife's admonition that he "be polite," he assured her calmly that he "hated them all and had not the slightest intention of being polite," a ripple of delight ran through the theater.

So please give us more Monty Woolley pictures—and the more insulting he is, the better we like him!

Adla Mickwee,
Birmingham, Ala.

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HERE at this Government hospital where I am one of the patients we have our movies and go for them in a big way. Twice a week we always have movies—talkies—in the auditorium of the Recreation Hall, and sometimes three a week, such as around some holiday like Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Some of the fellows are bedfast and cannot attend and others are not in condition to come, but of the 1500 patients we have here there are, I should say, 900 who do see the show. Some go in the afternoon and the rest at night, as on Monday and Thursday, or in winter, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Many others see from a Bell and Howell 16 mm. Portable, taken around to the bed wards, and that is two more shows.

There are other forms of entertainment, but the movies reach more and do it more directly.

We have a weekly paper here called "The Coatesville Flyer," and carry movie announcements and reviews.

There are all forms of therapy and, from the good done, let us add another: Cinematherapy. Give our love to "the industry."

Daniel T. Balmer,
Coatesville, Penna.

HONORABLE MENTION

IF I don't write you about the wonderful thing that happened to me today, I'll never forgive myself!

I saw eleven Hollywood movie stars, and Kay Kyser and his band. I think the movie actors and actresses who make such appearances to help the War Bond drives deserve a lot of credit. And how wonderful it is to actually see them in person!

If the stars could only realize how happy it makes us little "insignificant" people feel, they'd certainly make such appearances more often. Seeing them gives us such a grand feeling!

Evelyn Wickey,
Washington, D. C.

WALT DISNEY has done such a marvelous job in presenting Major de Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power" that I can't help wondering why these educational movies haven't been used to greater extent in the schools. Why not have educational pictures to teach boys and girls history, geography, science and many other subjects?

Lynn Davis,
Chicago, Ill.

IN John R. Franchey's article, "Craig's Life" in the September Photoplay-Movie Mirror, the statement was made that James Craig is "the likeliest replacement for Clark Gable in sight." Craig is not a replacement, he's an improvement.

Gable was admittedly the top actor during the nineteen-thirties. But Craig is better. Craig is more affable, more jovial, more pleasant. Therefore more entertaining. As long as they let him alone, as long as they don't try to make a pantywaist out of him, he'll climb high in Gable's boots—perhaps even up to the Academy Award he's alleged to crave.

P. Capdeville,
New Orleans, La.

I'VE just seen one of the best pictures I've been privileged to see in a long time. It was "Salute To The Marines." The Marines deserve a hearty salute for their fine work on all the fronts. But there was

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one scene in this grand picture about which I'd like to voice a vehement protest. That was the one in which Wallace Beery spoke about the Merchant Marine.

These "sea-going civilians" have done a great job of braving torpedoes, seas of burning oil, waters infested with enemy submarines and bombing by enemy planes, and they haven't received any credit or glory for their bravery. I think they deserve more praise than Beery's comment after their splendid performances in this great war.

Ann Maloney,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

It seems that nearly every motion picture one sees these days contains at least one detrimental remark about Brooklyn or the people who reside in Brooklyn. These remarks are giving people in other sections of the country a bad opinion of us. I know that this is true, because when I was visiting some neighboring localities this summer, nearly everyone I met was spell-bound by the fact that I came from Brooklyn. "My," they remarked, "you don't talk like a person from Brooklyn."

That angered me, to have people expect me to say "dese," "dems," and "dose" as Brooklynites always do in the movies. In reality, the people of Brooklyn on the whole are just as well educated as the people in any other part of the country.

Olga G. Suydam,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR a "shut-in" old lady like me, unable to travel to the cinema, Photoplay is truly a Movie Mirror. When folks around me discuss the current movies I'm not a back number. No indeed. For, haven't I seen these pictures while intently gazing—not on a silver screen—but on glistening pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror?

Mary C. Moore,
Philadelphia, Pa.

AFTER seeing Warner Brothers' "The Constant Nymph," I proudly take my hat off to Alexis Smith.

The movie itself was excellent and Miss Smith's performance of *Florence* was outstanding. To me she is a second Bette Davis. I honestly feel that Miss Davis herself could not have played it better.

Leigh Filson,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE Yanks have done it again! They have given us the war film of the year. I refer, of course, to "Wake Island."

Now here is a film that is real. It needs no Technicolor, no voluptuous blondes to carry its message across the screen. Just the plain sincerity of the actors and the superb direction do all that is needed.

We in England applaud this picture because it helps us to understand a little of America's trials and great difficulties. And, what is more important, it brings America and her people nearer and makes us proud that we are her Allies.

Dorothy Burdett,
Waterlooville, England

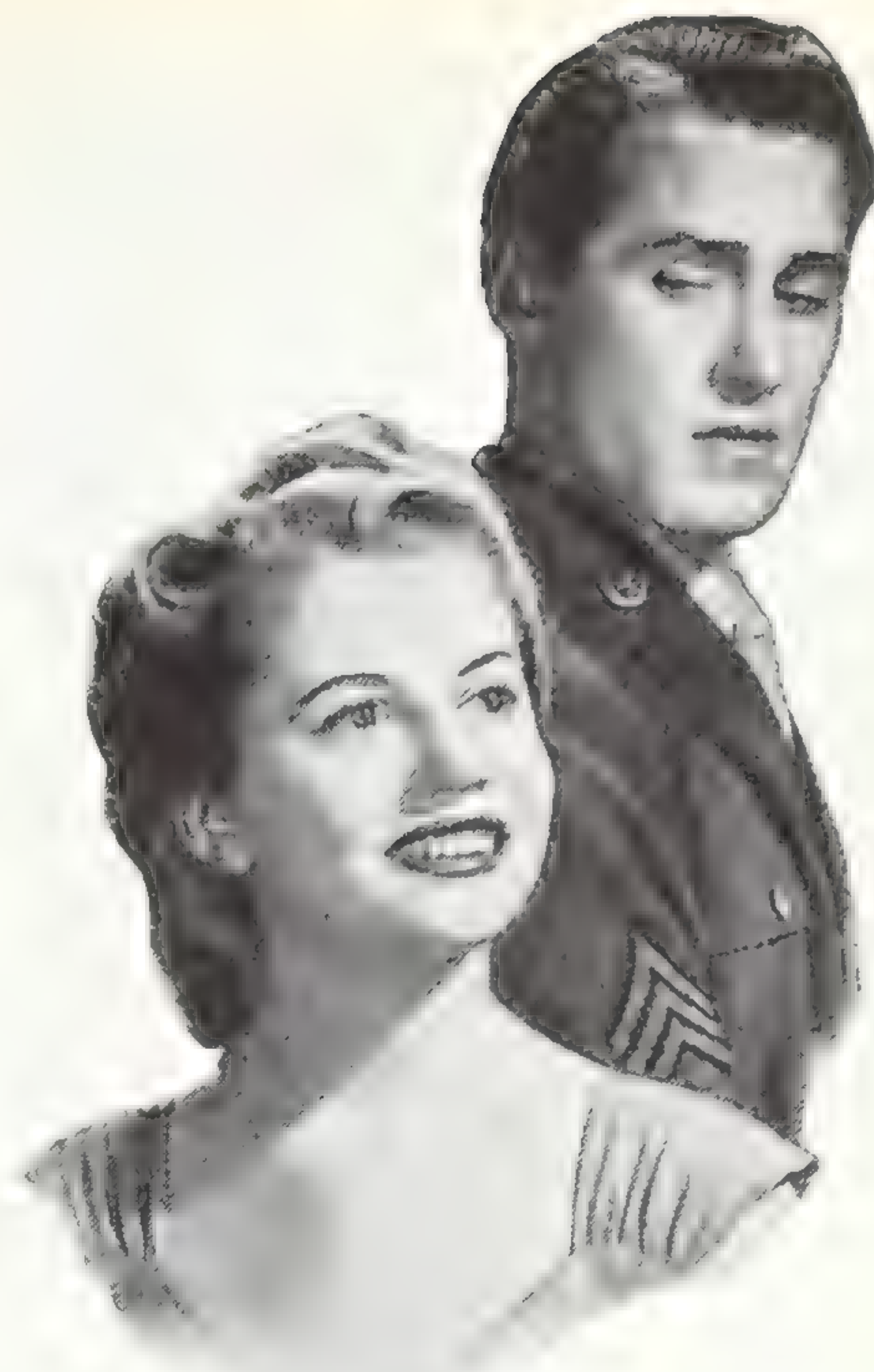
AFTER seeing "Stage Door Canteen" my foremost ambition was to meet Lon McCallister. Upon reading he was with a movie unit shooting scenes for "The Phantom Filly" in Fremont, my girl friend and I traveled over there.

When a technician came along, I asked him what chance we had of getting Lon McCallister's autograph. In a few seconds we were actually talking to Lon.

His many fans will be delighted to know that he is as cute, as charming and unaffected in person as he is on the screen.

Betty Freeman,
Sandusky, Ohio

More War Bonds—Speedier Victory.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

executed. But outside of that we wouldn't give a fig for any of it despite the fancy cast that includes such troupers as Jack Oakie, Cesar Romero, Carole Landis, S. Z. Sakall, Cornel Wilde and others. The trouble is, there is not enough plot for the characters and as a result they keep getting into each other's way trying to find their proper niche in the story.

Jack Oakie, part owner of a defunct resort hotel with Cornel Wilde, manages to mug a few scenes his way. S. Z. Sakall, a Norwegian tycoon who, with his niece Sonja come to the hotel believing they are visiting a swanky resort near by, is good as always. As a jowl-shaker he has no equal.

Carole Landis chases Cesar Romero who in turn chases Helene Reynolds, very fetching as a fashion-magazine editor. But outside of the ice routines nothing matters much.

Your Reviewer Says: Chilly for wintertime, isn't it?

Larceny With Music (Universal)

It's About: A night-club racketeer who falls for a bit of trickery.

ALLAN JONES is a supposed heir to a fortune who is grabbed up on a fifty-fifty basis by Leo Carrillo, owner of a dying-on-its-feet night club. Jones warbles and Carrillo goes on his way believing all is well until—well, you can imagine.

Kitty Carlisle, as the singer who was let out when Jones walked in, starts off her comeback campaign with a bang. She sings delightfully and looks lovely.

William Frawley, manager of Jones and the Alvino Rey orchestra that provides swell music, gives a typical Frawley performance. The King Sisters should be renamed the Sing Sisters. Those gals are vocal honeys. Gus Schilling and Lee Patrick have too little to do.

Your Reviewer Says: The music goes round and round.

The Girl From Monterrey (P. R. C., Inc.)

It's About: Love in the fight ring.

ARMIDA, cute little Mexican singer-dancer, takes on the job of managing her prize-fighting brother, Anthony Caruso, and finally brings him to the States, where he eventually opposes the American fighter that Armida loves.

When a plot to break Caruso is exposed, Armida blames the man she loves until matters eventually straighten themselves out and both boys leave the ring for the Army.

Terry Frost plays the American fighter. Armida and Veda Ann Borg both sing several songs. Edgar Kennedy, as a fight manager, and Jack La Rue, as the villain, give a hand in helping things along.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little filler-in.

Sherlock Holmes Faces Death (Universal)

It's About: Murder in an old English castle.

BACK again are *Sherlock Holmes* (Basil Rathbone) and his eternal shadow (Nigel Bruce) in a new series of mys-

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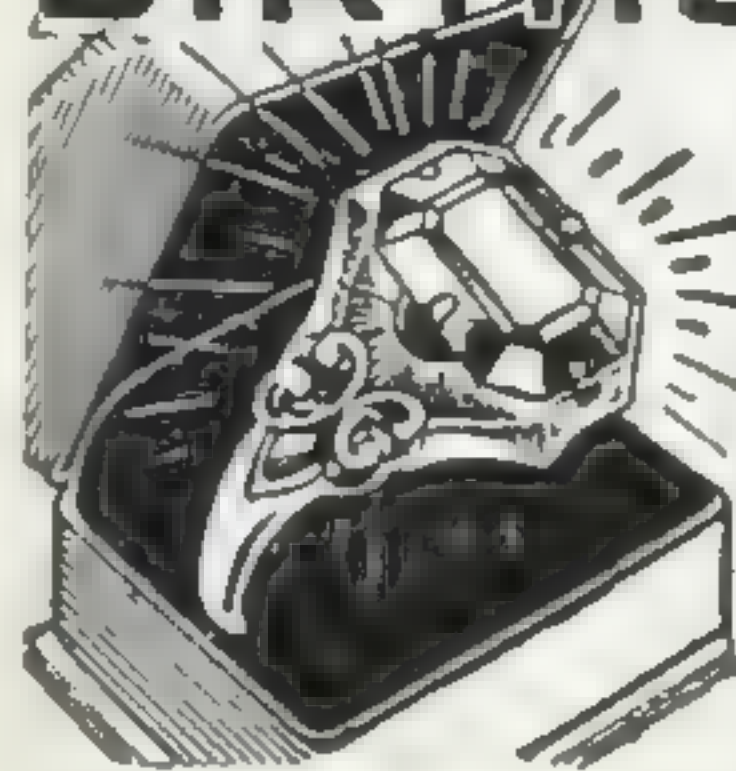
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tery-detective stories that portends some clever entertainment, if this forerunner proves a sample of the production quality. At least we seem to be rid of the Nazi-spy mysteries that rendered *Sherlock*, part of a pre-Nazi era, a rather ridiculous figure.

This time he's right in his element of castles on the moor where murder stalks and so does *Sherlock*. The castle, incidentally, has been turned into a nursing home with Dr. Watson at the helm. When Watson's assistant is murdered the doctor sends posthaste for his friend who finally succeeds in unraveling the mystery, but only after murder strikes again.

Your Reviewer Says: Nice little mystery yarn.

✓✓ Sahara (Columbia)

It's About: A tankful of allied soldiers on the Sahara desert.

IT'S been told before, but then, what angle of any conflict hasn't been told over and over? It's the quality of the story that counts in these war epics, not originality, and "Sahara" has plenty of quality.

Humphrey Bogart, borrowed by Columbia from his home studio, Warner Brothers, does a terrific job as the Sergeant of an American tank crew, whittled through conflict to three men, who, in their retreat to the south gather up a contingent of British soldiers, a Sudanese sergeant (Rex Ingram) with an Italian prisoner (J. Carol Naish), and a German flyer (Kurt Krueger) who has parachuted after an attack on the tank. Together this conglomeration of men seek a well near a stone fortress and eventually stave off an attack of several hundred Nazis.

Bogart is absolutely right as the American sergeant. His performance carries conviction without undue emotionalism. Kurt Krueger leaps out from the cast to demand instant attention. Here's a newcomer worth noting, mark our words.

Bruce Bennett, as "Waco," Ingram and

Best Pictures of the Month

Princess O'Rourke

Thousands Cheer

Jane Eyre

Sweet Rosie O'Grady

Sahara

Corvette K-225

Best Performances

Kathryn Grayson in "Thousands Cheer"

Gene Kelly in "Thousands Cheer"

Orson Welles in "Jane Eyre"

Joan Fontaine in "Jane Eyre"

Humphrey Bogart in "Sahara"

Randolph Scott in "Corvette K-225"

James Brown in "Corvette K-225"

Olivia de Havilland in "Princess O'Rourke"

Robert Cummings in "Princess O'Rourke"

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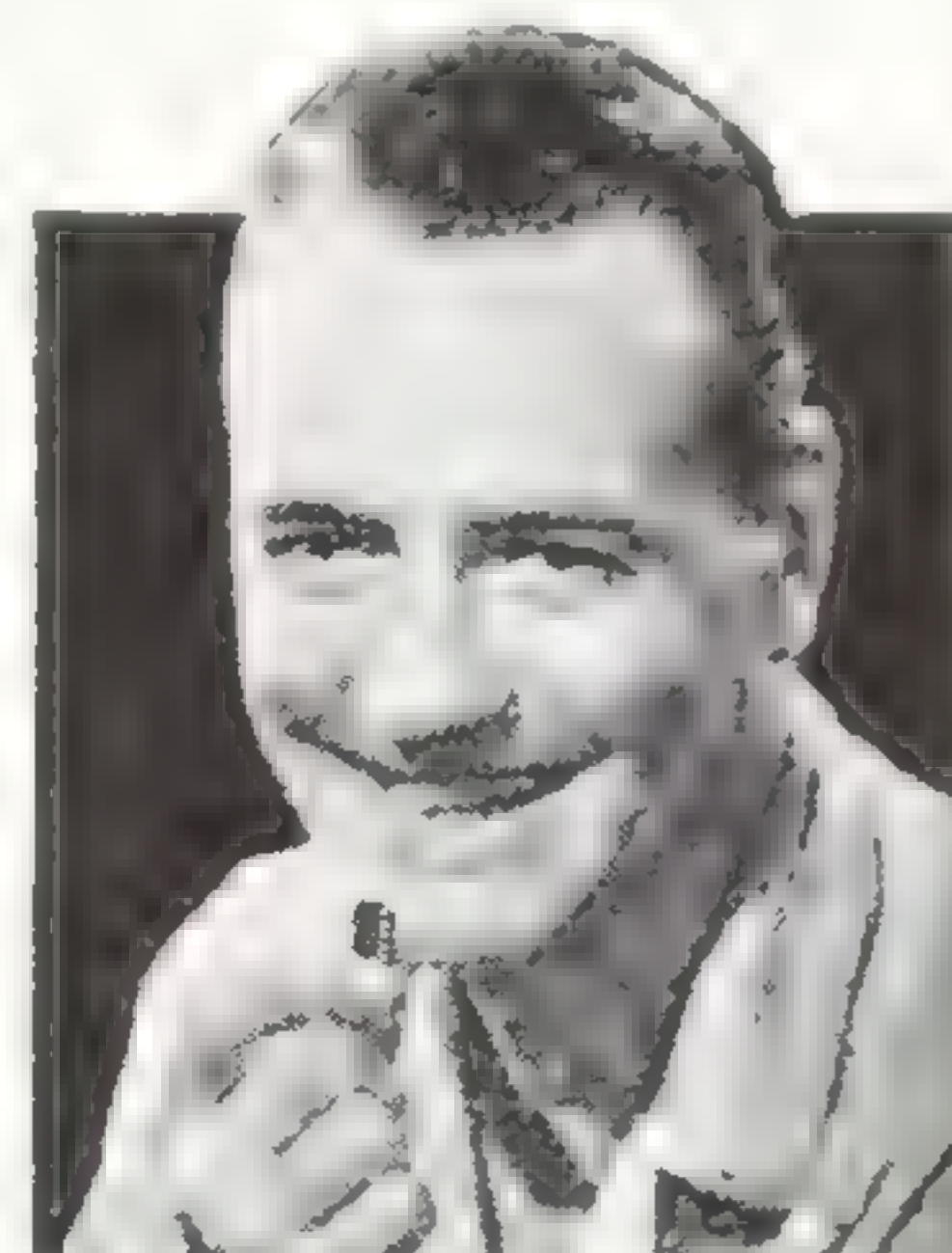


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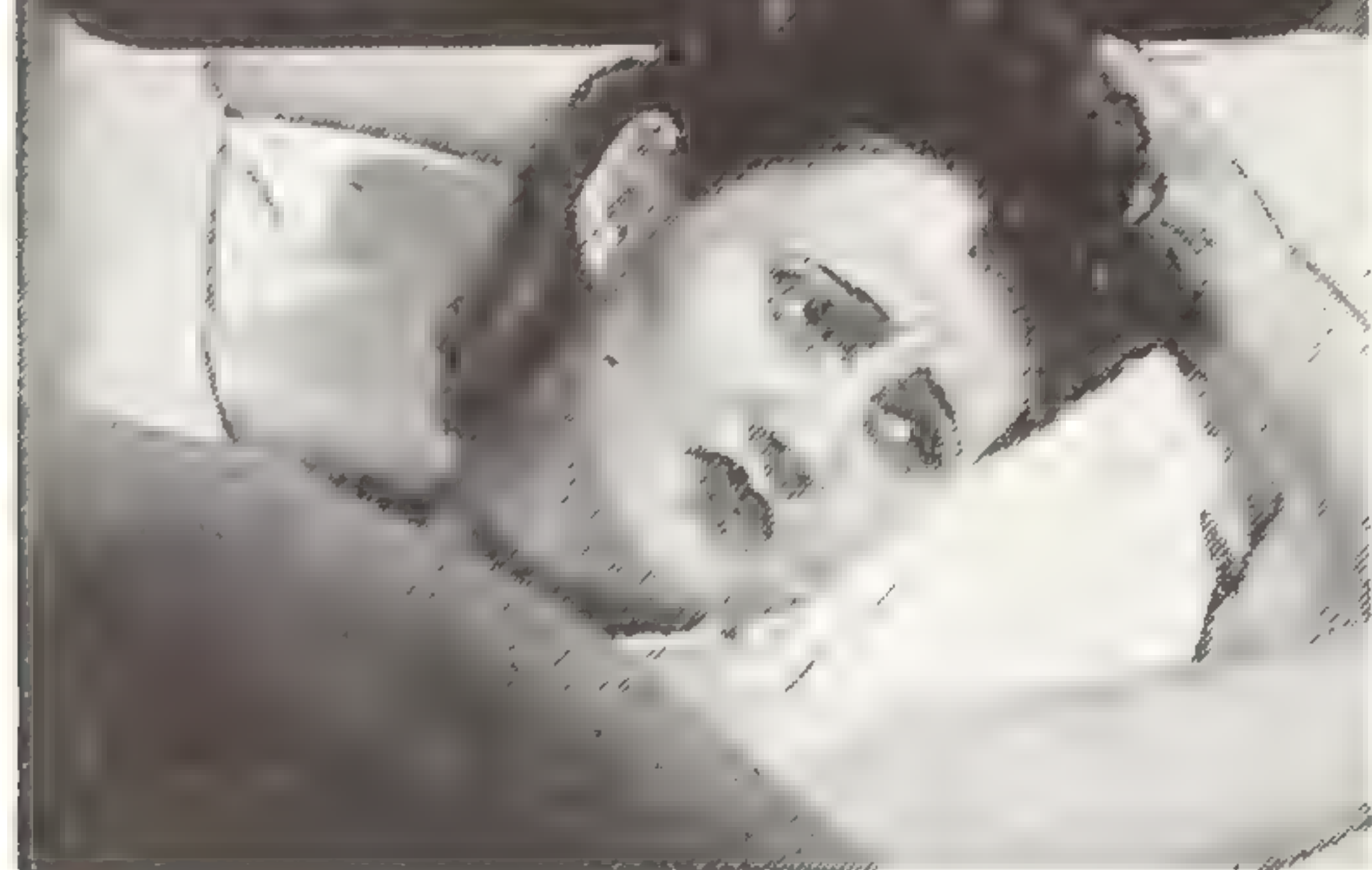
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Gas often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently it seems to work up into the chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothered and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel sluggishness may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas. Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get genuine KONJOLA Medicine, and take exactly as directed on the package. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied with results from first bottle.

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☐ Both compacts in Deluxe Duplex Kit, including FREE surprise gift!

I will pay postman for each Compact, plus few cents postage. (Shipped postpaid if cash is enclosed.)

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☐ I am blonde

☐ I am brunette.

Naish are all outstanding. But it's the wide desert scope, endless sands, the elements, thirst and hopelessness that give life and soul to this story.

Your Reviewer Says: An interest-commander.

✓✓ Sweet Rosie O'Grady (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The feud between a yellow journalist and a Brooklyn actress.

It's a typical Twentieth Century-Fox musical with Betty Grable's legs to adorn it. Not so strong as some of their musicals, "Rosie" still has plenty of drawing power. It has a cute story (that of a feud between a reporter and an actress), several good songs and a fine cast.

Betty in Technicolor is really something to see. What a face, and we mean face, ladies and gentlemen. Robert Young is the reporter who insists upon exposing Miss Grable as a former burlesque queen from Brooklyn and who tastes the revenge of Betty when she gives out gooey but untrue stories of their engagement. Mr. Young is, needless to say, splendid.

Phil Regan, as Betty's leading man in her stage revues, looks handsome and sings to match his looks. Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Gardiner and Virginia Grey trim up the story like anything. Mack Gordon and Harry Warren wrote the swell music.

Your Reviewer Says: Lovely to look at.

✓ Top Man (Universal)

It's About: High-school kids who lend their aid to a defense plant.

DONALD O'CONNOR has ease, charm and a lot on the ball if only Universal doesn't bounce it too fast and too often. It's so easy to wear out a performer of young O'Connor's type and some discretion should be used in this matter.

(Continued on page 117)



Girl cutting a nice figure on the dance floor: Mexico's Armida, shining-light starrer of "The Girl From Monterrey"

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Good News for Asthma Sufferers

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"Top Man" is actually a light comedy with a message. It tells of Donald's infatuation for Susanna Foster, a newcomer to the town, and how he eventually leads the town's hep cats away from their fun and frivolity into a defense plant where they inaugurate a new four-hour shift. An idea, too, if kids wanted to take it seriously.

Susanna sings divinely and O'Connor and his pal Peggy Ryan clown and caper all over the place.

Richard Dix and Lillian Gish are quietly natural as the parents. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery Jr. are the older romantic twosome.

Count Basie and his orchestra and the Borah Minnevitich Harmonica Group furnish the music.

Your Reviewer Says: Good fun for the whole family.

✓✓ Princess O'Rourke (Warners)

It's About: A royal princess who falls in love with an American pilot.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is the princess living in New York with her uncle, Charles Coburn, and guarded at every turn by the Secret Service. When she embarks on a plane trip to San Francisco, she takes too many sleeping pills. The plane is forced to return and the pilot, Robert Cummings, is unable to awaken her to find where she lives, so he takes her home with him and thus starts one of the gayest, most charming comedies you've seen in a long time.

Unaware of her identity, Cummings falls in love with her and proposes marriage. Olivia is heartbroken that she can't marry him because of her royal blood, but then Coburn gives his approval when he discovers that the pilot comes from a family with a record for bearing sons.

Much of the action takes place in the White House where Cummings is to sign the pre-nuptial contracts after learning of his duties as Prince Consort to a royal



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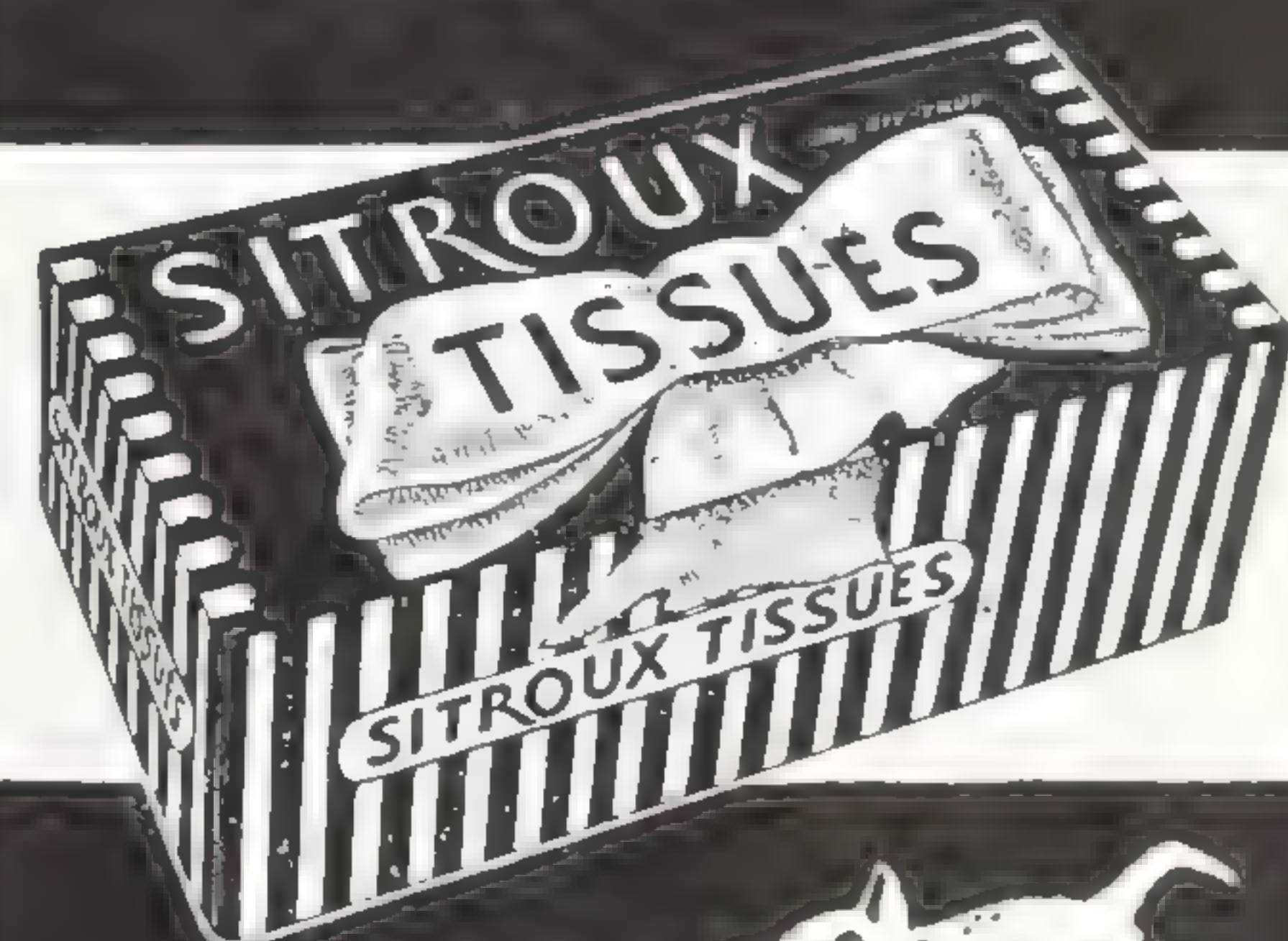
Storm the heart! Don't just wish and wait. Wear spicy, provocative BLUE WALTZ PERFUME tonight. Become the girl HE can't forget!

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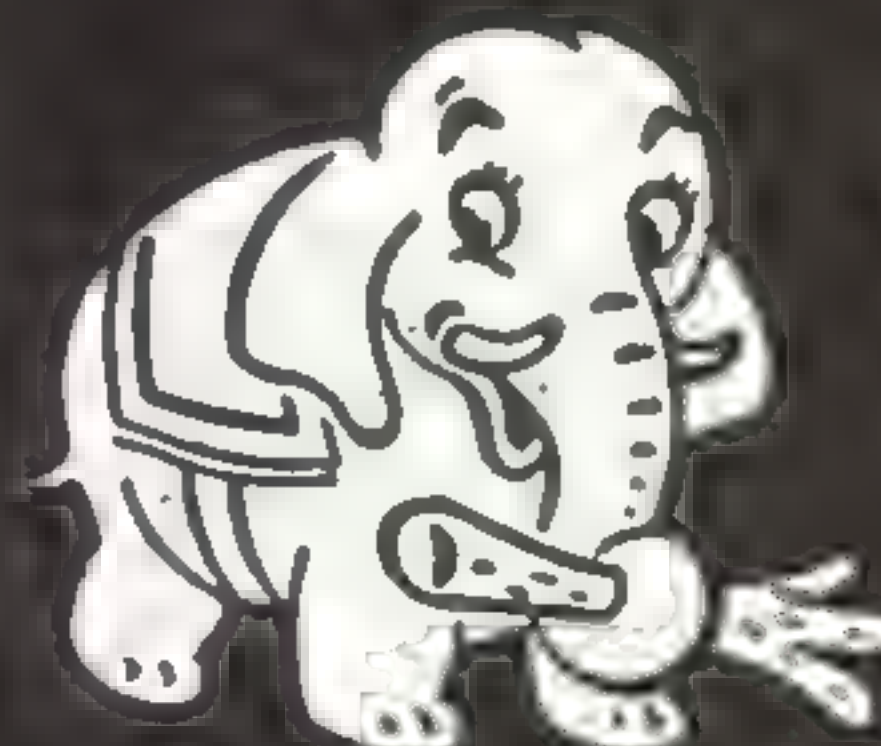
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Cleansing Tissues

princess—duties which are just too much for an American who wants to join his country's armed forces. The many contributing incidents and gags are timely and sparkling and you'll relish them.

Jack Carson is perfect as Cummings's copilot and Jane Wyman is excellent as Carson's wife. Coburn of course gives his usual fine performance and both Cummings and Olivia give conviction and charm to the comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love it.

Adventure In Iraq (Warners)

It's About: *Hostages held by a sheik in Iraq.*

THIS is an inoffensive little tale about a Flying Tiger pilot, played by Warren Douglas, who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. They're picked up by Paul Cavanaugh, a suave sheik, and he holds them as hostages for his three brothers who have been captured by the British. To make matters more interesting, Douglas is in love with Ruth Ford. The climax is the arrival of American planes.

The principals give as good an account of themselves as possible with the melodramatic material they have to contend with, but you really won't care very much.

Your Reviewer Says: None too good.

✓ So This Is Washington (RKO)

It's About: *Two country storekeepers who go to Washington to submit an invention.*

LUM and Abner have finally hit their movie stride in this satiric comedy of current life in Washington. The gags are

timely and hilarious and you'll enjoy the difficulties faced by the team in finding a room and trying to cut the red tape involved in getting to see Alan Mowbray, head of a bureau designed to promote the inventions of the average civilian.

When Lum and Abner hear a broadcast inviting everyone to submit inventions to help win the war, they start inventing like mad and come up with what Lum thinks is synthetic rubber. So they promptly leave for Washington, finally ending up dispensing advice to Government dignitaries on a Washington park bench.

Chester Lauck and Norris Goff are in top form; Roger Clark is the reporter who tries to help them present their invention; and Mildred Coles is Mowbray's pretty secretary with whom Clark falls in love.

Your Reviewer Says: Good fun.

Campus Rhythm (Monogram)

It's About: *A radio star who goes to college incognito.*

A BRIGHT tuneful little number with Gale Storm as the radio singing star known as the crunchy-wunchy Thrush who gets bored with her life and decides to continue her education at a small college. Naturally she takes an assumed name and soon finds herself the school belle, with studious Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. In the meantime her sponsor is conducting a frantic search for his misplaced Thrush and finally she's discovered when she sings a song over the air with the school band.

There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. Ge-Ge Pearson presents two com-

edy numbers in fine style and Candy Candido tries very hard to be funny.

Your Reviewer Says: You could do worse.

✓ Paris After Dark (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *French resistance to Nazi occupation.*

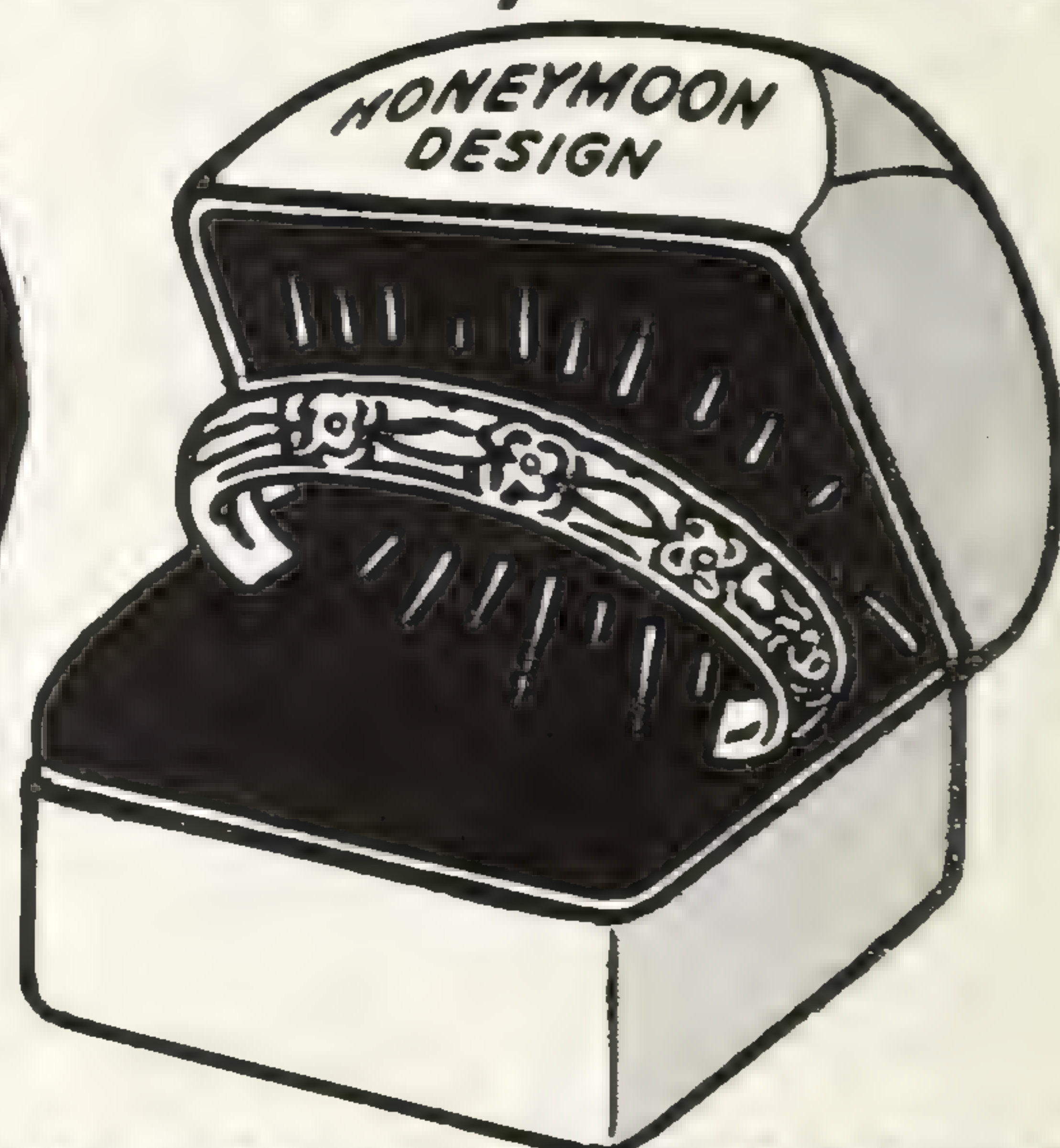
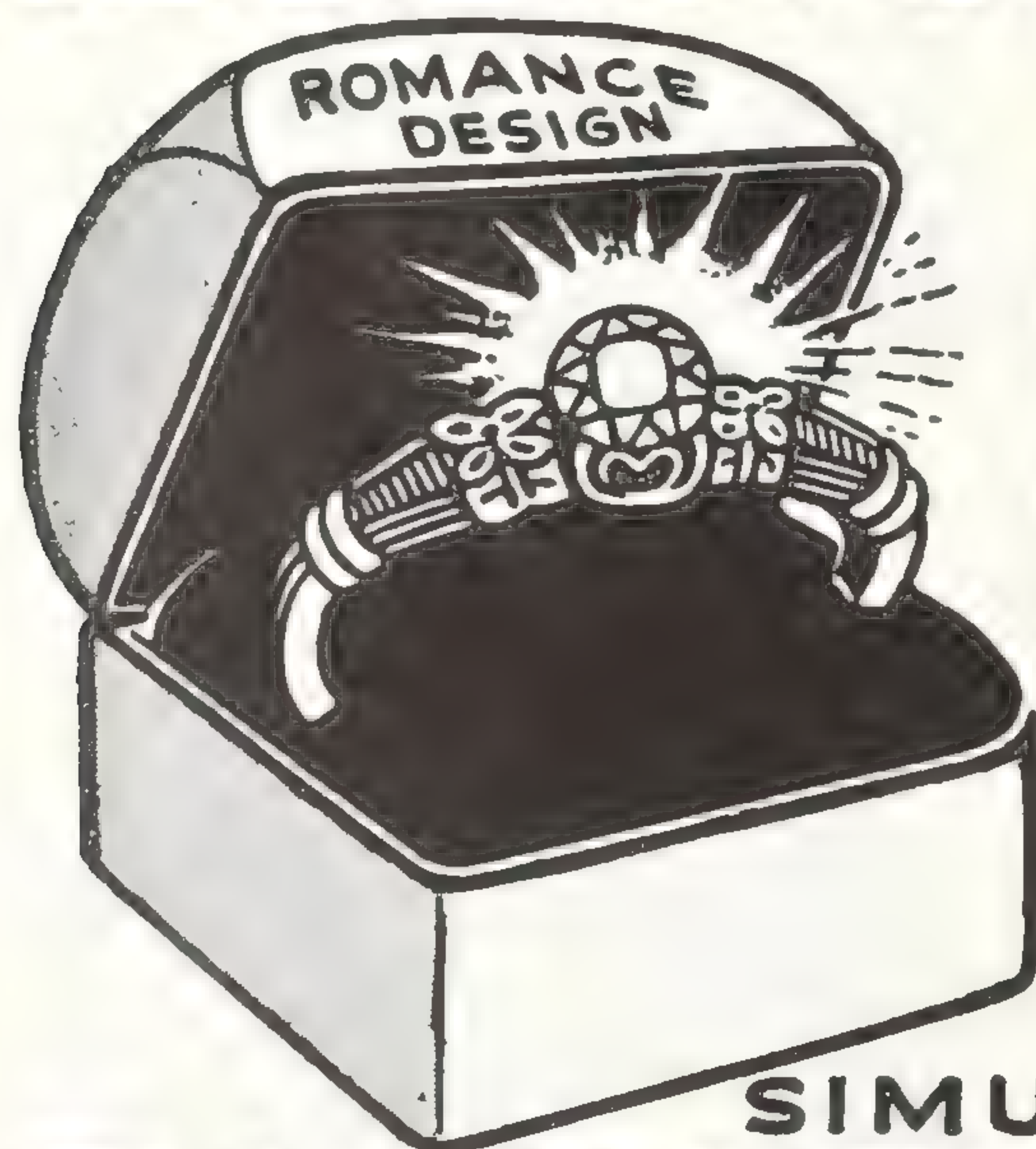
ALTHOUGH there has been a preponderance of pictures dealing with the French Underground, this is unusual because of its sincerity and its believable characterizations. Its a stirring and exciting picture of the courage and resistance of the French to the Nazis.

George Sanders plays a doctor who is head of the Paris Underground, in which capacity he writes tracts urging continued resistance, which are distributed to the factories. As chief surgeon of a hospital, his standing with the Nazis is unquestioned by them. Brenda Marshall is his assistant, both in the hospital and Underground work. Then Brenda's husband, Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and returns home. The torture he has suffered has broken his spirit so that he can no longer resist. Further complications occur when he's convinced his wife is in love with the doctor.

Madeleine LeBeau is the barmaid in whose establishment the secret printing press is hidden and Raymond Roe plays Brenda's younger brother who resists the German draft of French workingmen. Robert Lewis is the German colonel and Marcel Dalio the barber who turns spy for the Nazis. All performances are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Stirring drama.

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Continued from page 14

As a sort of advance information bureau Cal offers the following vital statistics department for those who are eager to keep not abreast but ahead of the times in movieland. Here are the new people you should know about, with some important facts to keep you ahead of the other fellow:

Trudy Marshall, born in Brooklyn, attended high school in New York City, was a magazine cover girl, is single. Pictures are "Roger Touhy, Gangster," and "The Sullivans."

Jean Heather, born in Omaha, Nebraska, attended University of Washington Drama School, was a model, is single. Plays with Bing Crosby in "Going My Way."

Gregory Peck, born in LaJolla, California, attended the University of California at Berkeley, played with Katherine Cornell in "Doctor's Dilemma" on the stage, is single, plays opposite Toumanova in "Days of Glory."

Barry Sullivan, born in New York, attended Temple University, played juvenile role in "The Man Who Came To Dinner," in New York company, is married, on the screen played the psychiatrist in "Lady In The Dark" with Ginger Rogers. Also romantic lead with Dorothy Lamour in "Rainbow Island."

Gale Robbins, born in Indiana, at-

tended Jennings Seminary in Aurora, Illinois, sang with Jan Garber and Ben Bernie's orchestras, and is single. Gets lead in "The Dolly Sisters."

Mary Anderson, born in Birmingham, Alabama, attended Howard College, did Little Theater work, is married. Plays in "Life Boat" and "Song Of Bernadette."

William Eythe, born in Mars, Pennsylvania, attended Carnegie Tech., was a radio announcer and played in summer stock. Is single and has the lead in "Eve Of St. Mark."

Gail Russell, born in Chicago, graduated from University High at Brentwood, California, has had no theatrical experience, is single and has lead in "The Uninvited" and "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay."

Diana Lynn, born in Los Angeles, attended Miss Grace's Private School, was a concert pianist under real name of Dolly Loehr, has had no stage experience, is single and has lead in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay."

Bill Edwards, born in New Jersey, graduated from Inglewood, California, High School, was a model, is single and plays a romantic lead in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay."

Joy Page, born in Hollywood, daughter of actor Don Alvarado and step-

daughter of Jack Warner of Warner Brothers. Attended U. S. C., played in school dramas, is single and has a romantic lead with Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich in "Kismet."

Ramsey Ames, born in New York, attended Edgewood Briarcliffe Manor, New York, led own rhumba band and is single. Picture is "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves" with Maria Montez.

Willard Parker, born in New York, played with Gertrude Lawrence on the stage in "Lady In The Dark," is married and has top roles in "Ten Per Cent Woman" and "When Ladies Fly."

Jess Barker, born in Greenville, South Carolina, won a scholarship to Theodora Irwin School of Dance, had no stage experience, is single and plays leads with Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl" and with Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl."

Bill Carter, born in Liverpool, England, a former lieutenant in the British Army and hero of Dunkirk, had no stage experience, is married and plays the romantic lead in "My Kingdom For A Cook."

Ella Raines, born in the state of Washington, attended the University of Washington, did campus plays, had no professional experience, is married and plays top roles in "Hail, The Conquer-

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ing Hero," "Phantom Lady," "Corvette K-225," and "Cry Havoc."

John Hodiak, born in Pittsburgh, attended school in Detroit, was a radio actor, is single and plays lead with Talullah Bankhead in "Life Boat."

Jeanne Crain, born in Barstow, California, attended St. Mary's Academy, has had no theatrical experience, is single and plays lead in "Home In Indiana."

June Haver, born in Rock Island, Illinois, attended Beverly Hills High School, organized, sold and acted in her own radio show, had Little Theatre experience and plays second lead in "Home In Indiana."

Robert Alda, born in New York City, real name is Alphonso D'Abruzzo, attended New York University, was junior draftsman with Cross and Cross, won a contest as a singer, joined burlesque, did local radio shows, night clubs, married, plays George Gershwin in "Rhapsody In Blue."

Dolores Moran, born in Stockton, California, attended Chico, California, High School, won a beauty contest, has had no stage experience, played Miriam Hopkins' daughter in Bette Davis's picture "Old Acquaintance."

Jean Sullivan, born in Logan, Utah, attended U. C. L. A., had no experience, is single and plays Errol Flynn's leading lady in "Uncertain Glory."

Gloria de Haven, born in Los Angeles, daughter of actor Carter de Haven, attended Mar Ken professional school, did Little Theater work, was a soloist with Bob Crosby's band, is single and plays the lead in "Two Sisters And A Sailor."

Casts of Current Pictures

ADVENTURES IN IRAQ—Warners: *George Torrence*, John Loder; *Tess Torrence*, Ruth Ford; *Doug Everett*, Warren Douglas; *Sheik Ahmad Bel Nor*, Paul Cavanagh; *Devins*, Barry Bernard; *Timah*, Peggy Carson; *Captain Bill Carson*, Bill Crago; *High Priest*, Martin Garralaga; *Radio Operator*, Bill Edwards; *Patrolling Guard*, Dick Botiller; *Native Officer*, Eugene Borden; *Priest*, Manuel Lopez.

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—Universal: *The Andrews Sisters*, Themselves; *Tony Warren*, Patric Knowles; *Linda Mae Perkins*, Grace McDonald; *Col. Winchester*, Charles Butterworth; *Nick*, Billy Gilbert; *Miss Cavanaugh*, Edith Barrett; *Martin Bolland*, Addison Richards; *County Clerk*, Walter Baldwin; *Deadpan*, Eddy Waller; *Saunders*, Charles Williams; *Motor cop*, Matt Willis; and the Jivin' Jacks and Jills.

CAMPUS RHYTHM—Monogram: *Joan*, Gale Storm; *Scoop*, Johnny Downs; *Buzz*, Robert Lowery; *Uncle Willie*, Doug Leavitt; *Hartman*, Herbert Heyes; *Susie*, Marie Blake; *Cynthia*, Claudia Drake; *Babs*, George Pearson; *Freshman*, Johnny Duncan; *Harold*, Candy Candido.

CORVETTE K-225—Universal: *Lieut. Commander MacClain*, Randolph Scott; *Paul Cartwright*, James Brown; *Joyce Cartwright*, Ella Raines; *Stooky O'Meara*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Walsh*, Andy Devine; *Cricket*, Fuzzy Knight; *Stone*, Noah Beery Jr.; *Admiral*, Richard Lane; *Smithy*, Thomas Gomez; *Rawlins*, David Bruce; *Jones*, Murray Alper; *Gardner*, James Flavin; *Evans*, Walter Sande.

FLESH AND FANTASY—Universal: *Marshall Tyler*, Edward G. Robinson; *Paul Gaspar*, Charles Boyer; *Joan Stanley*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Henrietta*, Betty Field; *Michael*, Robert Cummings; *Septimus Podgers*, Thomas Mitchell; *King Lamarr*, Charles Winninger; *Rowena*, Anna Lee; *Lady Pamela Hardwick*, Dame May Whitty; *Dean of Chichester*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Doakes*, Robert Benchley; *Stranger*, Edgar Barrier; *Davis*, David Hoffman.

GIRL FROM MONTERREY, THE—P. R. C., Inc.: *Lita*, Armida; *Doc Hogan*, Edgar Kennedy; *Flossie*, Veda Ann Borg; *Johnson*, Jack La Rue; *Jerry O'Leary*, Terry Frost; *Baby*, Anthony Caruso; *Harry*, Charles Williams; *Commissioner*, Bryant Washburn; *Perrone*, Guy Zanett; *Announcer*, Wheeler Oakman.

JANE EYRE—Twentieth Century-Fox; *Edward Rochester*, Orson Welles; *Jane Eyre*, Joan Fontaine; *Adele Varens*, Margaret O'Brien; *Jane (as a child)*, Peggy Ann Garner; *Dr. Rivers*, John Sutton; *Bessie*, Sara Allgood; *Brocklehurst*, Henry Daniell;

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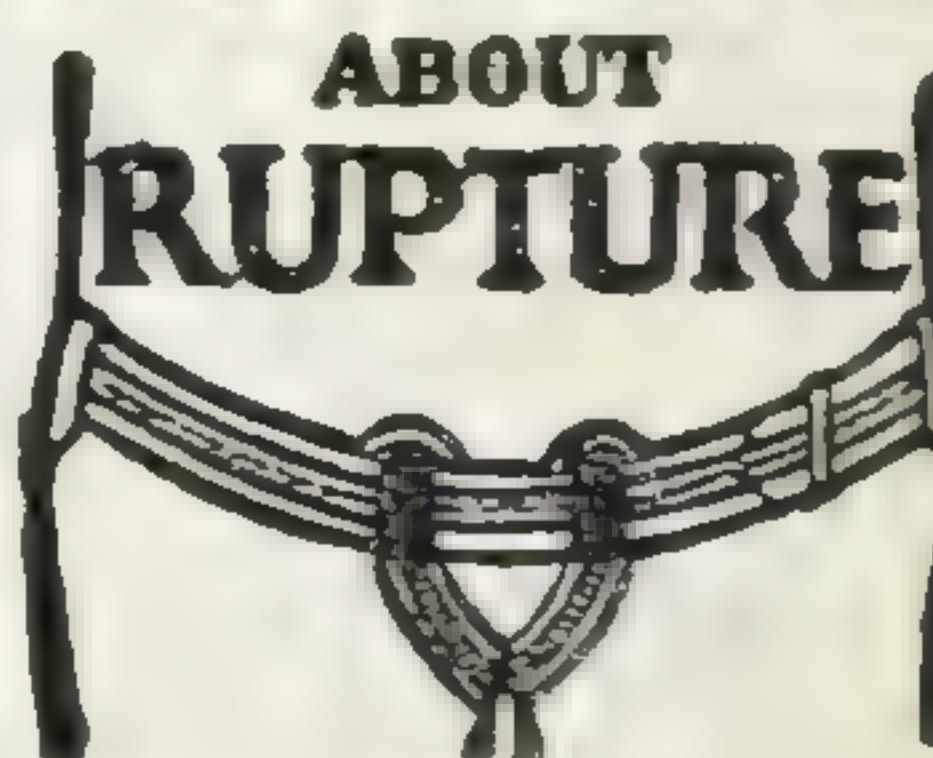
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LARCENY WITH MUSIC—Universal: Ken Daniels, Allan Jones; Pamela Mason, Kitty Carlisle; Gus Borelli, Leo Carrillo; Mike Simms, William Frawley; Austin J. Caldwell, Gus Schilling; Agatha Parkinson, Lee Patrick; Brewster, Samuel S. Hinds; Zybisco, Sig Arno; King Sisters, Themselves; Alvino Key & Orchestra.

PARIS AFTER DARK—20th Century-Fox: Dr. Andre Marbel, George Sanders; Jean Blanchard, Philip Dorn; Yvonne Blanchard, Brenda Marshall; Collette, Madeleine LeBeau; Michel, Marcel Dalio; Colonel Pirosh, Robert Lewis; Captain Franck, Henry Rowland; George Benoit, Raymond Roe; Victor Durand, Gene Gary; Papa Benoit, Jean Del Val; Max, Curt Bois; Madame Benoit, Ann Codee; Picard, Louis Borelli; Mannheim, John Wengref; Paul, Michael Visaroff; Nazi Agent, Frank Lyon.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE—Warners: Princess Maria, Olivia de Havilland; Eddie O'Rourke, Robert Cummings; Uncle, Charles Coburn; Dave, Jack Carson; Jean, Jane Wyman; Supreme Court Judge, Harry Davenport; Miss Haskell, Gladys Cooper; Mr. Washburn, Minor Watson; Singer, Nan Wynn; Count Peter de Chandome, Curt Bois; G-Man, Ray Walker; Butler, David Clyde; Mrs. Mulvaney, Nana Bryant; Mrs. Bower, Nydia Westman; Clara Stillwell, Ruth Ford; Stewardess, Julie Bishop; Greek, Frank Puglia; Greek's Wife, Rosina Galli; Mrs. Pulaski, Ferike Boros; Delivery Boy, Dave Willock; Elevator Man, John Dilson; Stranger, Edward Gargan.

SAHARA—Columbia: Sergeant Joe Gunn, Humphrey Bogart; "Waco" Hoyt, Bruce Bennett; Fred Clarkson, Lloyd Bridges; Tambul, Rex Ingram; Guisepppe, J. Carrol Naish; Jimmy Doyle, Dan Dur-yea; Capt. Jason Halliday, Richard Nugent; Ozzie Bates, Patrick O'Moore; Jean Leroux, Louis T. Mercier; Marty Williams, Carl Harbord; Peter Stegman, Guy Kingsford; Capt. Von Schletow, Kurt Krueger; Major Von Falken, John Wengraf; Sergeant Krause, Hans Schumm.

SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH—Universal: Sherlock Holmes, Basil Rathbone; Dr. Watson, Nigel Bruce; Sally Musgrave, Hillary Brooke; Capt. Vickery, Milburn Stone; Dr. Sexton, Arthur Margetson; Brunton, Halliwell Hobbes; Lestrade, Dennis Hoey; Philip Musgrave, Gavin Muir; Geoffrey Musgrave, Frederic Worlock; Capt. MacIntosh, Olaf Hytten; Major Langford, Gerald Hamer; Lieut. Claverling, Vernon Downing; Mrs. Howells, Minna Phillips; Mrs. Hudson, Mary Gordon.

SO THIS IS WASHINGTON—R.K.O.: Lum, Chester Lauck; Abner, Norris Goff; Preston A. Marshall, Alan Mowbray; Robert Blevins, Roger Clark; Jane Nestor, Mildred Coles; Aunt Charity, Sarah Padden; Mrs. Pomeroy, Minerva Urecal; Grandpappy, Dan Duncan; Stranger, Matt McHugh; Taxi-Driver, Barbara Pepper.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY—Twentieth Century-Fox: Madeleine Marlowe, Betty Grable; Sam Magee, Robert Young; Thomas Moran, Adolphe Menjou; Duke of Trippingham, Reginald Gardiner; Edna, Virginia Grey; Composer, Phil Regan; Joe Flugelman, Sig Ruman; Arthur Skinner, Alan Dinehart; Clark, Hobart Cavanaugh; Cabby, Frank Orth; Mr. Fox, Jonathan Hale; Danny, Stanley Clements; Rumpelmeyer, Byron Foulger; Gracie, Lilyan Irene; The Robert Mitchell "Boychoir"; Leo Diamond and his Solidaires.

THOUSANDS CHEER—M-G-M: Kathryn Jones, Kathryn Grayson; Eddy Marsh, Gene Kelly; Hillary Jones, Mary Astor; Colonel William Jones, John Boles; Chuck Polansky, Ben Blue; Marie Corbino, Frances Rafferty; Helen, Mary Elliott; Sergeant Kozlack, Frank Jenks; Alan, Frank Sully; Captain Fred Avery, Dick Simmons; Pvt. Monks, Ben Lessy; and Mickey Rooney; Judy Garland; Red Skelton; Eleanor Powell; Ann Sothern; Lucille Ball; Virginia O'Brien; Frank Morgan; Lena Horne; Marsha Hunt; Marilyn Maxwell; Donna Reed; Margaret O'Brien; June Allyson; Gloria DeHaven; John Conte; Sara Haden; Don Loper and Maxine Barrat; Kay Kyser and his Orchestra; Bob Crosby and his Orchestra; Benny Carter and his Band; The M-G-M Dancing Girls; and Jose Iturbi.

TOP MAN—Universal: Don Warren, Donald O'Connor; Connie Allen, Susanna Foster; Beth Warren, Lillian Gish; Tom Warren, Richard Dix; Pat Warren, Anne Gwynne; Jeane Warren, Peggy Ray; Ed Thompson, Noah Beery Jr.; Archie Fleming, David Holt; Erna Lane, Marcia Mae Jones; Tommy Haley, Richard Love; Mr. Fairchild, Samuel Hinds; Mrs. Fairchild, Barbara Brown; Cleo, Louise Beavers; Count Basie and His Orchestra; Borah Minnevit Harmonica Group.

WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN—M-G-M: Wally Benton, Red Skelton; Carol Lambert, Ann Rutherford; Elsie Pringle, Jean Rogers; Chester, "Rags" Ragland; Commissioner Holcomb, Henry O'Neill; Grover Kendall, Ray Collins; Steve Conlon, Howard Freeman; "Creeper," Sam Levene; and the entire baseball team of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

WINTERTIME—Twentieth Century-Fox: Nora, Sonja Henie; Skip Hutton, Jack Oakie; Brad Barton, Cesar Romero; Flossie Fouchere, Carole Landis; Hjalmar Ostgaard, S. Z. Sakall; Freddy Austin, Cornel Wilde; Mrs. Daly, Helene Reynolds; Jay Rogers, Don Douglas; Jimmy, Geary Steffen; Bodreau, Georges Renavent; Constable, Jean Del Val; Advertising Man, Arthur Loft; Moving Man, Jean De Briac; Drunk, Charles Irwin; Husband, Dick Elliott; Woody Herman and his Orchestra.

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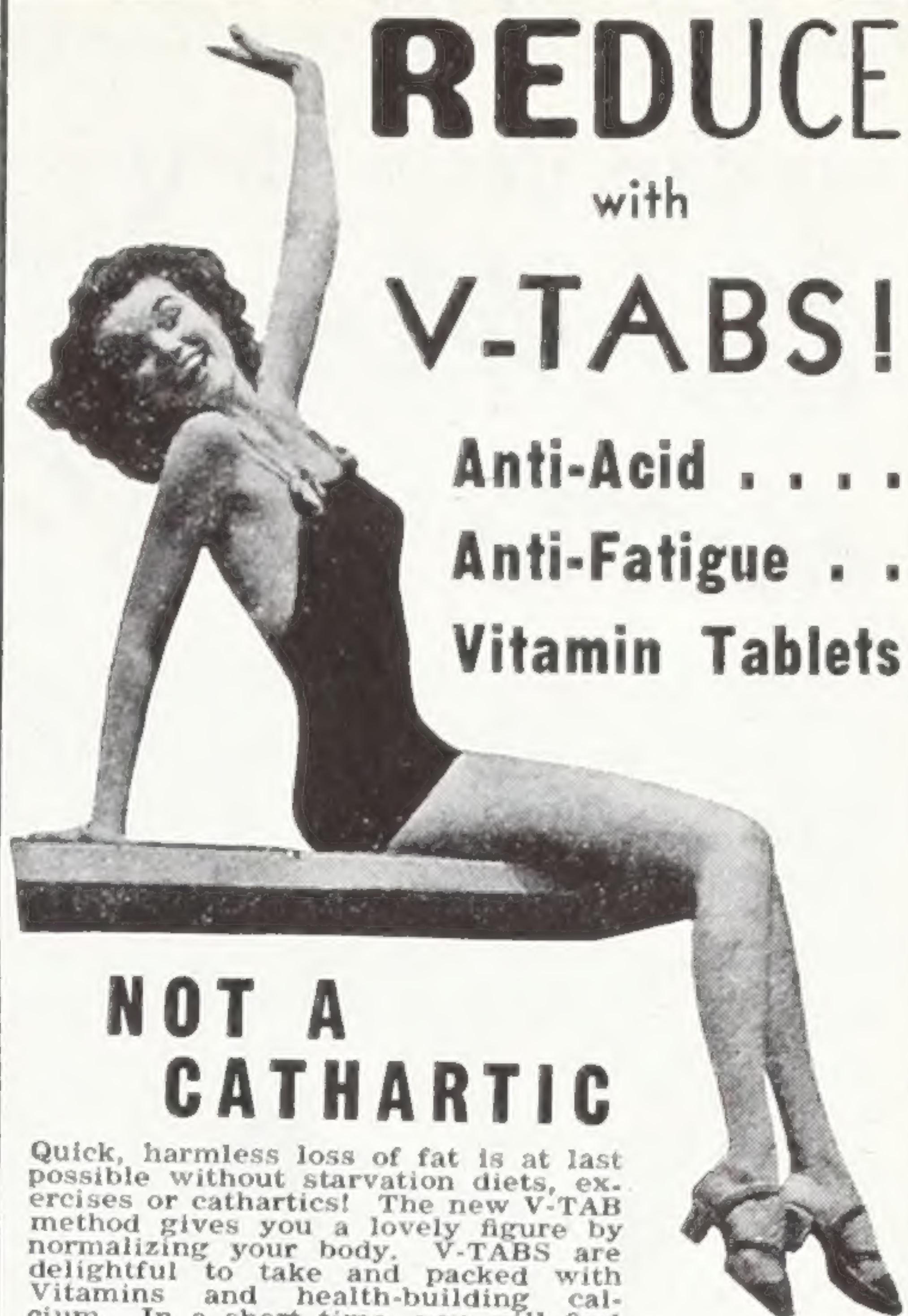
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Atlanta, Ga.—Regenstein's
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Company
Birmingham, Ala.—New Williams Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim-Collins
Charleston, S. C.—Annette's Blue Gown Shop
Charleston, W. Va.—The Diamond
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—Lindner Company
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion
Dallas, Tex.—W. A. Green Company
Dayton, Ohio—Johnston-Shelton Company
Denver, Col.—Joslin's
Detroit, Mich.—Himelhoch's
Ft. Worth, Texas—Monnig's
Houston, Tex.—Foley Brothers
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery-Bird-Thayer
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson
Little Rock, Ark.—M. M. Cohn Company
Los Angeles, Cal.—Diane Shop
Louisville, Ky.—Byck's
Memphis, Tenn.—John Gerber Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's Department Store
New Haven, Conn.—Style Frock Shop
New Orleans, La.—Maison-Blanche
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim-Collins
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Street's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim-Collins
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
Richmond, Va.—Kaufman's
Salt Lake City, Utah—Z. C. M. I.
San Antonio, Tex.—Frost Brothers
San Francisco, Cal.—Town Shop
Seattle, Wash.—Eastern
Springfield, Mass.—Muriel's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix-Baer & Fuller
Topeka, Kan.—Pelletier's
Tulsa, Okla.—Street's
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

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Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson-Paxon
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Company
Boston, Mass.—Jordan-Marsh
Bridgeport, Conn.—D. M. Read
Buffalo, N. Y.—F. Wedward Company
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley-Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—William Taylor
Dallas, Tex.—Sanger Brothers
Dayton, Ohio—Joseph Thal
Denver, Col.—Fashion Bar
Des Moines, Iowa—Yunker Brothers
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Ft. Worth, Tex.—Levy Brothers
Hartford, Conn.—Worth's
Houston, Tex.—Pollyanna Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres

Kansas City, Mo.—Palace Clothing Company
Los Angeles, Cal.—Broadway Department Store
Louisville, Ky.—H. P. Selmon
Miami, Fla.—Arthur Berel
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Company
New Haven, Conn.—Edward Malley
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
Portland, Ore.—Olds Wortman King
Providence, R. I.—Jean's
Richmond, Va.—Thalheimer's
San Antonio, Tex.—Wolff & Marx
San Francisco, Cal.—Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
Springfield, Mass.—Steiger's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix-Baer Fuller
Topeka, Kan.—Palace Clothing Company
Tulsa, Okla.—Froug Company
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann Sons
Worcester, Mass.—Ames Company

#V

Asheville, N. C.—Bon Marche
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Birmingham, Ala.—New Williams Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim-Collins
Charleston, S. C.—Annette's Blue Gown Shop
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Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew
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